THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly
Founded A° D° 1728 by Benj. Franklin

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NOV. 20, 1926

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Alan Foster

Rob Wagner — Wythe Williams — Fanny Heaslip Lea — William Hazlett Upson
Thomas Beer — Mary Lowrey Ross — Meade Minnigerode — Vicente Villamin

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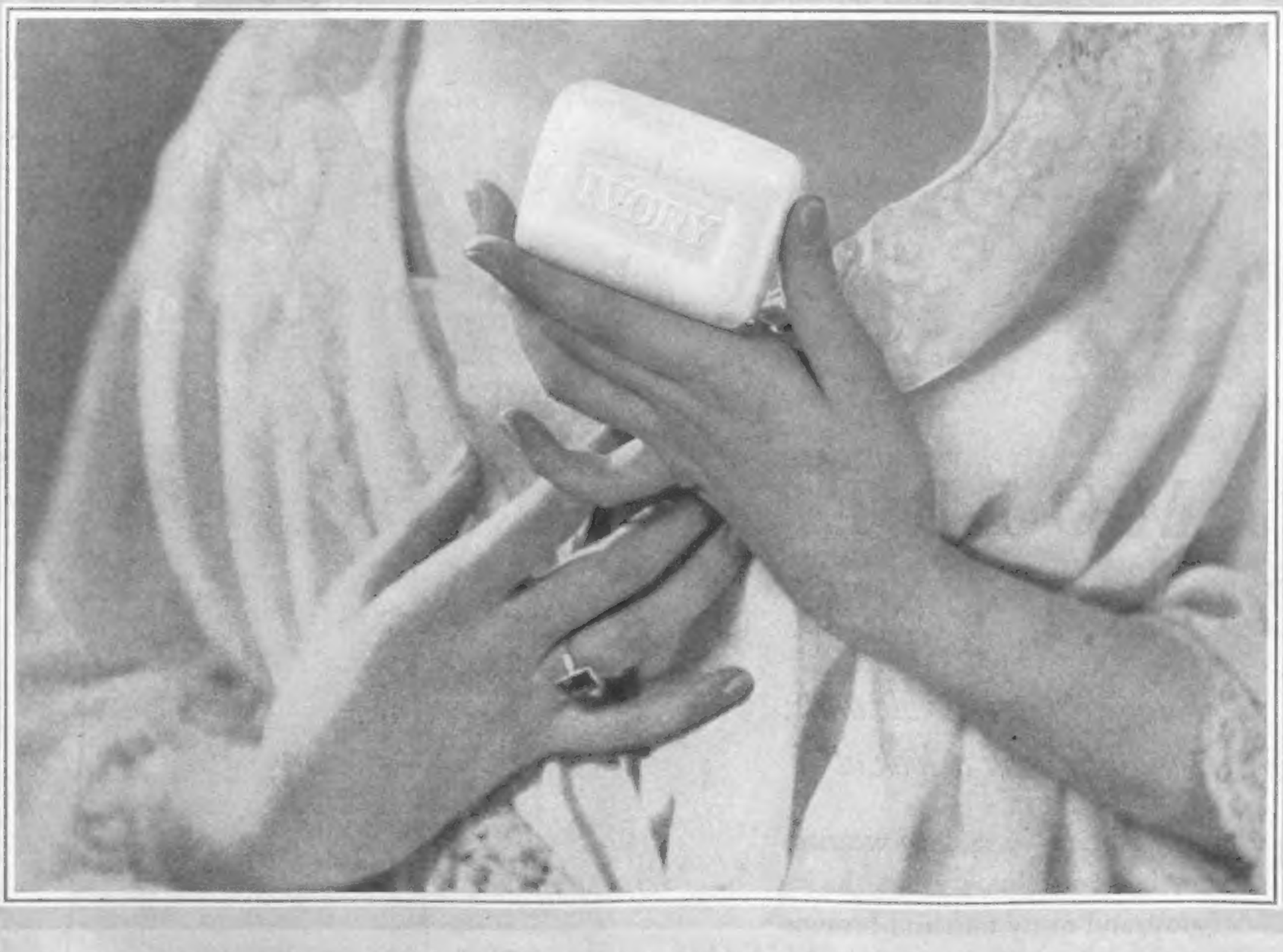

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It Floats

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American Notes on the League of Nations—By Garet Garrett

AS THEY pass Geneva the ugly militaristic waters of the River Rhone turn suddenly limpid and heavenly blue. Do not ask why. This going about asking Why? Why? as to other people's things that are what they are because they are not anything else shows how uninternational Americans really are. As well ask a Genevese why Geneva is. A city that knew how to accept an arbitrary fact 120 years B. C. and so embraced the Roman peace.

Suppose they ask you why Americans are as they are. Can you tell them?

You may think of one who all by himself had discovered a quaint old monument parked one block from the most expensive hotel. His curiosity was aroused. He tried first the no-trespassing sign on the right, which was in French; then the one on the left, also in French, and turned his irritation on the nearest bystander, saying, "Who's this thing to? Why are all these signs in foreign languages?"

You may remember how, pretending to be a deaf mute, you sheered off obliquely to the great stone quay and stood there watching a post-card boat on a post-card lake creaking in with a load of cut granite, until a forensic countrywoman appeared to examine you. She has seen you conversing in an amicable manner with the enemy, notably the American naval and military delegates to the Disarmament Conference, all afflicted with what she calls tetanus of the mind. Are you that kind? Shall you write like that? Why—why are Americans so blind?

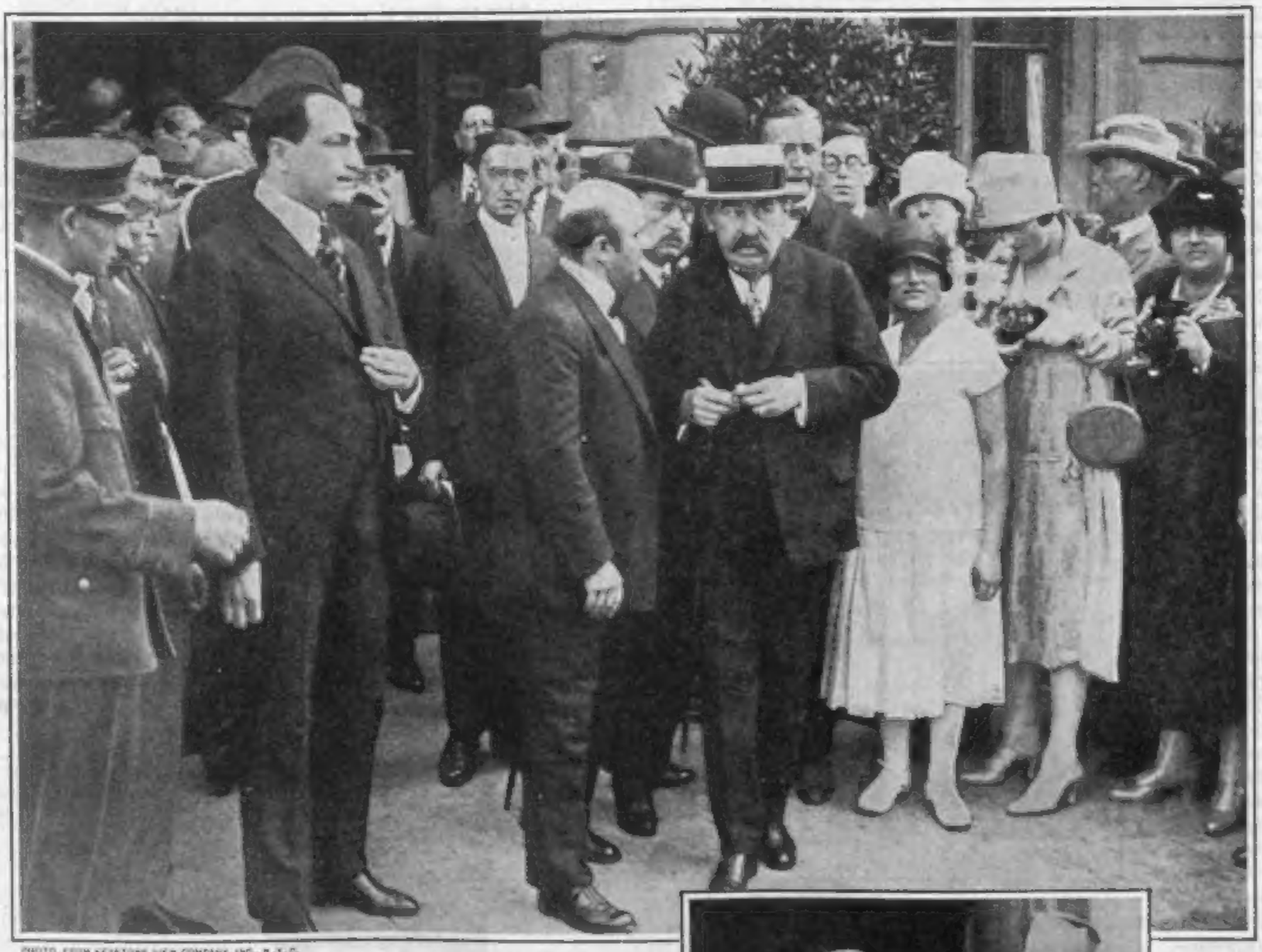


PHOTO FROM KEYSTONE VIEW COMPANY, INC., N. Y. C.

Monsieur Briand at Geneva. At Right—Mrs. Woodrow Wilson Outside the Hall of Nations, Where the Seventh Assembly of the League of Nations Was Held

PHOTO FROM WIDE WORLD PHOTOS, N. Y. C.

Nonmember Delegates and Unofficial Coöperation

SHE has cast them off for their blindness. Unable herself to join the League of Nations, since, alas, there is no provision in the Covenant for a pure democracy of one, she has acted upon the right therein conferred upon minorities—namely, the right of self-determination. She has come here to live. The time will come when Americans, weary and ashamed of their isolation, will prefer the light. Then they will understand.

There is no wonder in Geneva, natural or created, like the wonder of Americans. Pilgrims, zealots, jay gazers, joiners, stay-outers, critics, Republicans, Democrats; also—and not of this throng—official delegates, unofficial observers, acolytes, experts and collaborators. How to designate these is a confusion. The World Peace Foundation of Boston in its Yearbook of the League of Nations—1925—gives ten pages to a list of Americans acting in or with or adjunctively to the League of Nations. First are the United States representatives accredited thereto as nonmember delegates with specific errands. More than twenty-five of these. Then Americans coöperating unofficially.

A Long List

THIS is a long list of more than 100 names alphabetically arranged by sections. It contains the Hon. Elihu Root, who helped to write the draft scheme of the World Court; and the Hon. John Bassett Moore, who sits on the World Court bench for nine years; and runs all the way down to Ruth Bache-Wiig, identified as formerly an indexer in the library. The librarian is American. The secretary of the Mandates Section is American. The assistant director of the Information Section is American.

No other nation has ten pages of names in the Yearbook; and this is a nonmember nation. There is a natural reason. The motive of the World Peace Foundation of Boston is educational. Here in its Yearbook the opportunity occurs to present certain facts in a way to give Americans a sense of participation, of pertaining where they do not belong—simply personal facts. Seldom is the Yearbook obliged to deal with a controversial fact; but when it must, it deals therewith in a firm yet delicate manner, as when of the World Court it says: "Origin: The Permanent Court of International Justice—[that is, the World Court]—realizes a policy that has been advocated by the United States Government for more than fifty years."

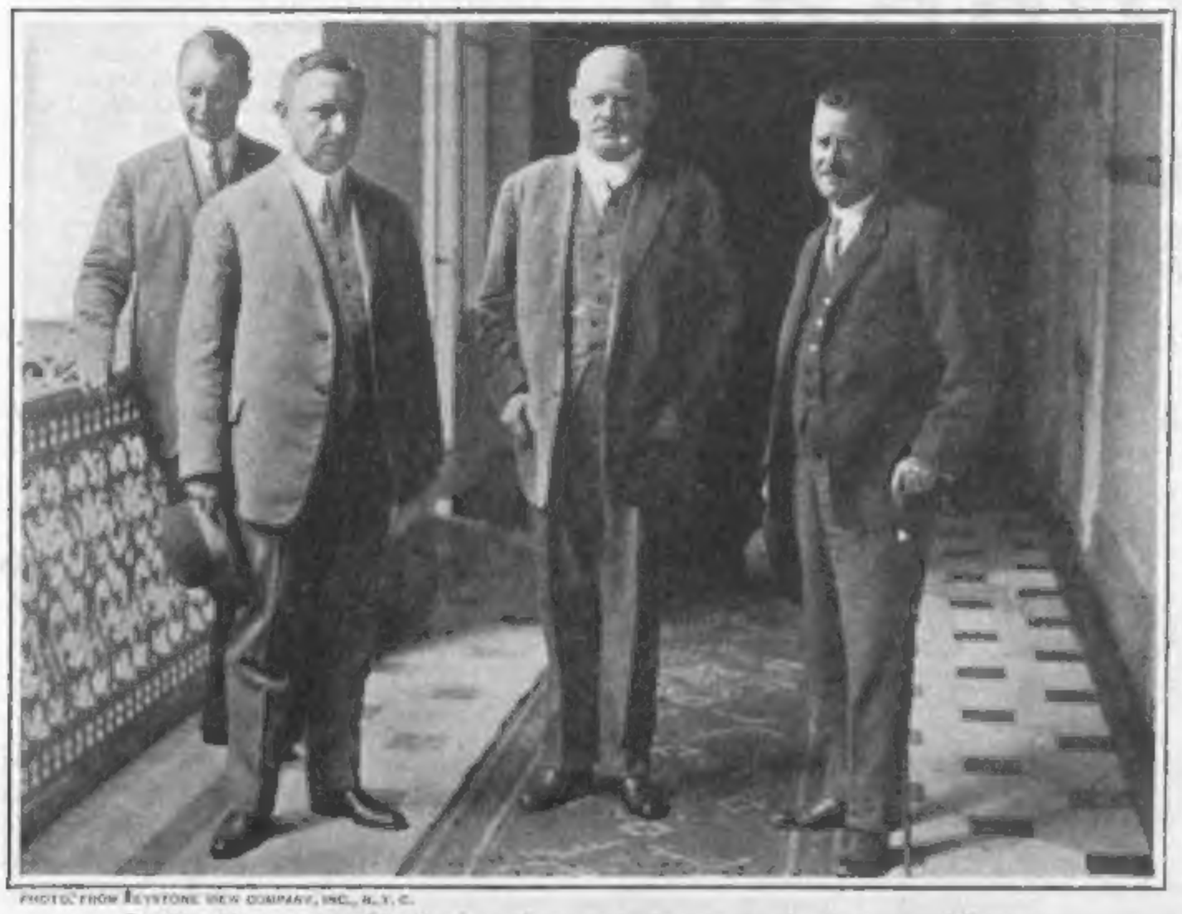


PHOTO FROM KEYSTONE VIEW COMPANY, INC., N. Y. C.

Doctor Stresemann (Center), a German Delegate to the League of Nations

No one in Geneva would think there was any need to stimulate in Americans a sense of pertaining. Anti-Leaguers, of course, are of no account. Anyhow, they pass away. Tourists out of darkness. The devotional pro-Leaguers tarry, some of them abide, and they are all filled with a fiery ether. They are twice vehement, once for the League and once in disapproval of their own country for having declined to adhere. In all cases they side with the League. When, for example, the United States delegates to the Disarmament Conference insist upon a procedure which shall keep the work free from the fixed mechanisms of the League, since the United States is not a member of the League, or when the United States Senate puts reservations to a resolution accepting membership in the World Court—then it is you will hear at every political vespers passionate American voices lifted higher than others, saying: "It's time for the rest of the world to tell the United States what's what. Why should our delegates always have their own way? Why should we demand privileged membership in the World Court? Send back the reservations."

Knowing our own, we see them under signs of tribal tradition. Eye-mindedness, Missourianism, the great Chautauqua spirit, insatiable curiosity of a naïve universal quality—so one accounts for the crowd. It has no deep meaning. Not so blithely to be explained are those who are emotionally attracted and ecstatically revolve about the League. They are, however, compounded of authentic American qualities—militant mysticism, love of crusading, pacificism, idealism, fanaticism, a passion for the beneficent edict.

We who understand them historically see them subjectively. The European sees them objectively. If he concludes that Americans are a little mad, it is not surprising.

Why should the nation most resolutely opposed to the League of Nations be the one to pack the gallery?

Why should these unbelonging Americans behave as if they had invented the League?

The World in Single File

INDEED, they have that manner, as even the American eye can see. They cannot be unmindful of the fact that one of the very old streets in the world has a new American name. This was immemorially the Quai du Mont Blanc. Now it is the Quai W. Wilson. At the end of it is the seat of the League of Nations. When you come to it and begin to look for the entrance you find in the terrace wall a stone saying it was an American, Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States, who founded the League of Nations.

But you have missed the entrance, and so turn back to a little iron gate, not wide enough for two, always ajar. Can this be the main entrance? Do the nations of the world pass in and out through that little gate, single file? It must be so. There is no other way in. On reflection, how much more impressive than a rise of monumental steps!

As you come to the gate you meet a remembered figure, harmless oddity of the species human, never before observed in Europe, nor anywhere but in eccentric relation to American lawmaking bodies. True habitat, the Halls of Congress. He has the fictitious majesty of a wading fowl and a manner of grand diffidence. You will notice that in Geneva he is in every way a little exaggerated. This is explained by the fact that his delusions now are international; they comprehend the world. He bows you to precede him through the gate. Lord Cecil, whose courtliness he has adopted, could not do it better, could not do it half so well, if at all, in fact, in a black coat turning green at the edges and under his arm a preposterous manuscript worn and slick from years of grimy intimacy.

You hear him follow you through the gate into the garden; then suddenly his footsteps cease. If you look back you will see him seated on a bench in the evergreen shade, already lost in his precious scroll.

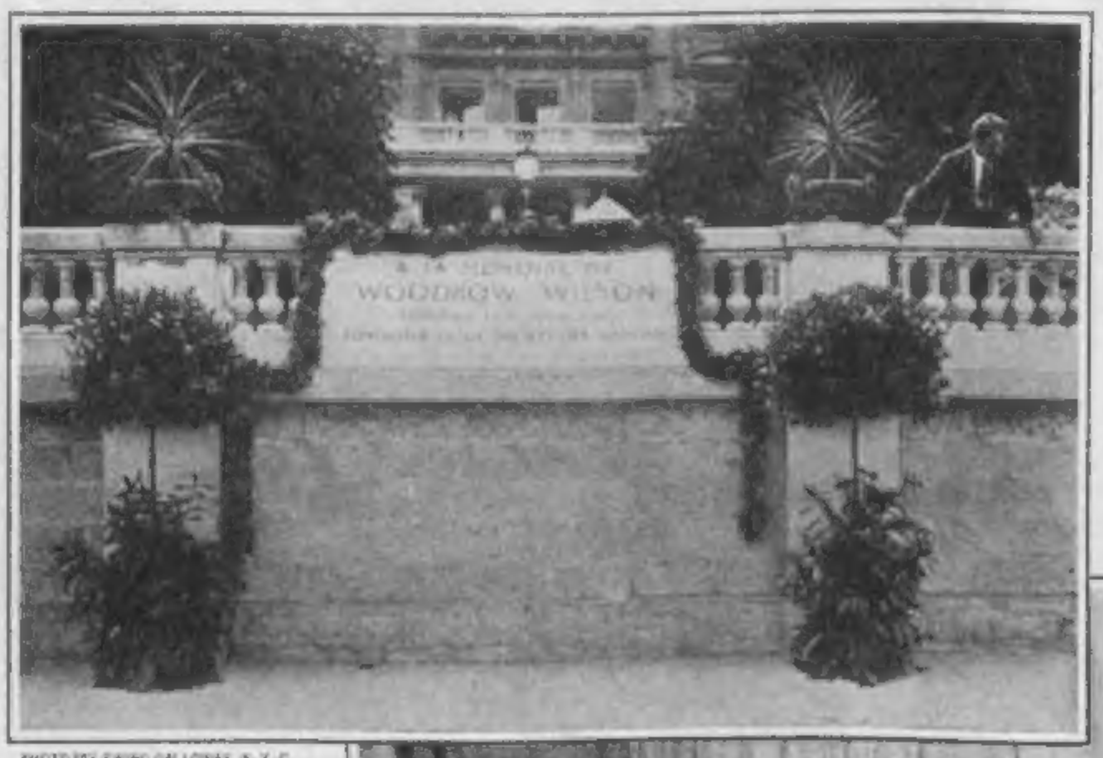


PHOTO BY EWING GALLOWAY, N. Y. C.

The Tablet in the Terrace Wall of the League of Nations Palace, on the Quai W. Wilson, Geneva

This is as far as he goes. The League of Nations has one serious disadvantage from his point of view. Its halls are not, as the Halls of Congress are, fundamentally public. One cannot be quite impersonal there; one will be noticed, perhaps regarded with indiscreet glances. So it is better in the evergreen shade. The world goes stumbling by, up and down the gravel path, seeking something it never finds. It does not know where to look for it nor how near it is.

Suppose a strange thing, and yet not too strange. Suppose the Council of the League, arriving once more at a stupid impasse, should rise in a body and come to him, saying: "The flight of birds, the sheep's liver and other omens have led us to this spot. Have you the secret that reconciles the principle of national sovereignty with the principle of international authority? If so we demand it."

The League's Sword of Publicity

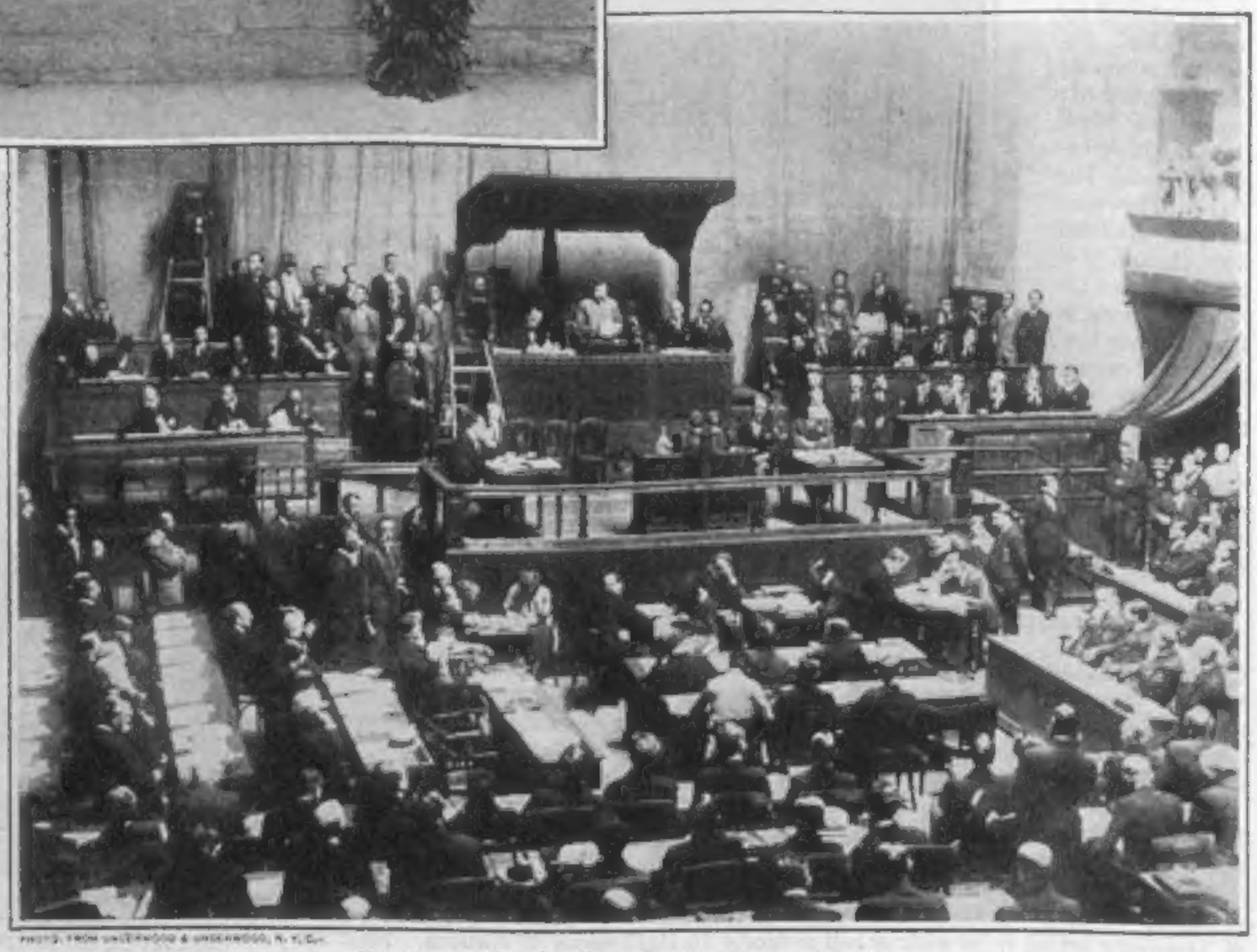
FOR a long time he has known precisely how he should act in that moment. No surprise. Only an air of weariness appropriate to wisdom. Then, rising: "I have it. It is written. I shall first read it in order that ——"

But as a matter of course—that is to say, really—he would run away in a panic, and the members of the Council would be left staring at one another, each one thinking to himself, "That's the American of it. Always leaving us in the lurch like this."

The garden is not lovely; it is strong, important, a little dour, made of trees. The gravel path divides. There are cardboard signs tacked to the trees: This Way to the office of Publications. That is to the left, to the old Hotel Beau-Regard, which you cannot see until you come quite on it. There is all the literature of the League of Nations, in English and French, displayed on tables in the vestibule and stocked within—tons and tons of it. Publicity is a sword. The catalogue of the League's bulletins, books and periodicals—the catalogue alone—is a document of sixty-six pages. This does not include the works of the International Labor Office, which does its own printing, and has a catalogue of ninety-six pages. You hesitate and decide to go right instead, to what was once the National Hotel. There the Council sits. There the Secretariat functions.

With every step you will be more impressed by the naïve informality of the premises. A gravel path to the international capital of the world! An idea brings the strife of nations and races to be composed by consent in this old hotel, so concealed by the trees of its garden that you come into view of it suddenly. In so far as all this may be real, in so far as the meaning of the idea works, it is good over evil. If it were quite real it would rationalize hope of human perfection. But as you stop on the steps of the hotel veranda to look back through the trees down the world-beaten path toward the little iron gate you cannot see, weighing the simplicities of the

(Continued on Page 69)



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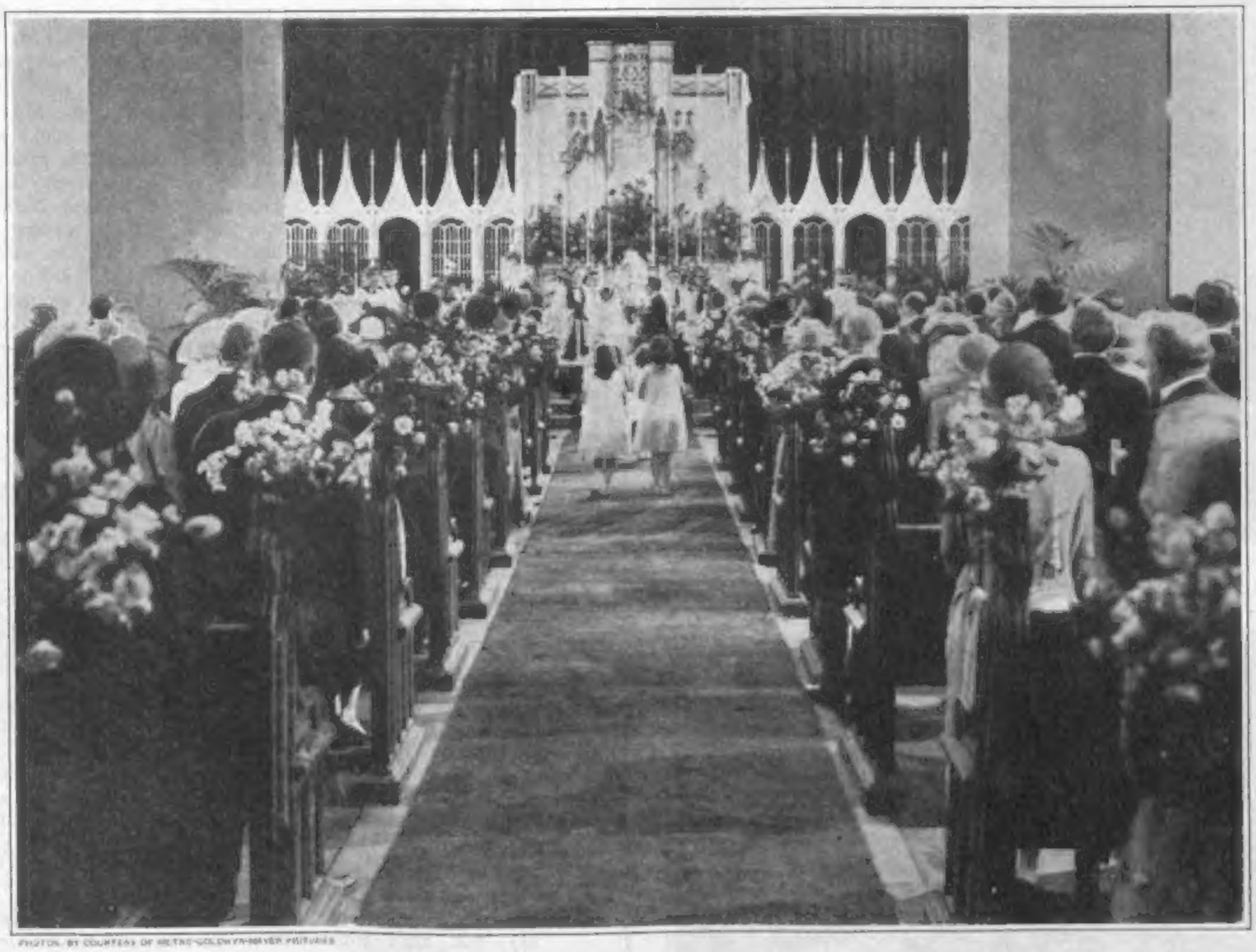
Monsieur Painlevé Addressing the League of Nations

THE QUICKIE—By Rob Wagner



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HIS proposal came to me out of a clear sky. "Joan, I'll dare you to take the great adventure."

My heart must have missed several beats, for when I tried to speak I couldn't utter a sound. Ever since Alan and I had worked together on the Passion Magnificent, Fitz Le George's great superspecial, I had been secretly and quietly in love with him. And now for six weeks, when we had been thrown so intimately together within my stuffy little cutting room, that love had grown until it nearly fitted Fitz's main title. Yet not even when I had cut in the final clinch, and with our heads together we had watched the hero and heroine hold their kiss during a long and breathless fade-out, did the suggestive action stir him in the least. "Slush!" he snorted. "You'd better shorten it with a chemical fade, or cut out every other frame." Then he went and sat in the corner and fell into a deep and tired reverie.

For fully five minutes he mused in silence while I rewound the last two reels. Finally, without so much as looking up, he asked the momentous question:

"Joan, I'll dare you to take the great adventure."

"I'll take your dare," I said faintly.

"Will you, Joan?" he exploded, jumping to his feet. "How far will you go with me?"

"To the end, of course," I replied.

"Then, by gad, we'll do it!"

But now the strangest thing happened. Instead of rushing over and taking me in his arms as any film lover would have done when his sweetheart accepted him, he began to pace up and down amid the tangle of film at his feet.

"We'll be through with this picture tomorrow!" he exclaimed, "then on Monday we will both go in and resign! And then—and then ——"

"—— and then how will we eat?" I asked in surprise.

"Oh, don't worry about that, Joan; you'll eat, if I don't. I'll pay you your sixty dollars a week just the same, but you may have to wait for your money."

A ghastly chill ran through me as I realized what he meant by the "great adventure." He was going to make a picture!

"Joan," he rambled on with an excitement that I could not in the least share, "this hundred-thousand-dollar-production stuff is the bunk. It's only literal-minded dullards who have to spend that much to make a good picture; it takes an artist to cheat one, and you know my middle name is Art. And now, with your invaluable assistance, Alan Arthur Allen is going to take the high dive and bet his wad on one grandly cheated film."

"But how much have you to risk?" I asked timidly.

"Oh, I can raise about four thousand dollars."

"But, Alan," I protested, "you can't make a five-reel picture on four thousand dollars! Why, the film alone——"

"Watch me!" he exploded, throwing his head in the air.

"I'm afraid you are putting a great deal of faith in me," I said fearfully.

Walking up to me, he put his hands on both my shoulders, and looking me squarely in the eyes, he said, "Joan, the cutters are the real story-tellers in motion pictures. If the bosses only knew how many rotten films have been saved by their cutters, they wouldn't be paying all their money to bad directors and bum actors. And I know, Joan, that you are the best little cutter in Hollywood, so if you will go along with me and pull some sort of a story out of the chaos I'm bound to turn in, we'll make a killing. And if we win you'll get something more out of it than just your salary."

Again my heart began to beat, and I would have given anything if he had understood the only reward I wanted.

"And what do you expect to make with your funny little four thousand dollars—a hundred-thousand-dollar production?"

"Exactly—with big names, big sets, big crowds, and ——"

"Alan," I said, "you are excited! A picture like that will cost you five thousand dollars a day on a twenty-day schedule, and that's shooting awful fast."

"Listen, little one," he said, taking from his pocket a folded sheet. "Here's the budget on this picture we have just finished. Now I'll show you where we will begin to save on the hundred thousand dollars.

"Overhead, twenty thousand dollars. We'll save that, because we won't have any overhead. Our studio will be right under our boyish bobs. Star's salary, twenty-five hundred dollars a week for six weeks—fifteen thousand dollars. We'll save that, for we won't have any star, and we'll shoot it in six days."

"Then how about your big names?" I asked.

"One baby star for a hundred dollars, and three big character names for a day apiece—big enough to stick up in electric lights; and all three won't cost over five hundred."

"Alan, you're not well—but go on."

"Director's salary for six weeks—six thousand dollars. Two cameramen for same time—two thousand five hundred dollars. We'll save that, for I will direct, and Bobbie will shoot it all by his little blond self. If we should need a second camera, I'll rent one for thirty-five dollars a day and help shoot. I guess I haven't forgotten how. Then there is the story, five thousand dollars, and the continuity, five thousand dollars. That's ten more, for we'll write our own."

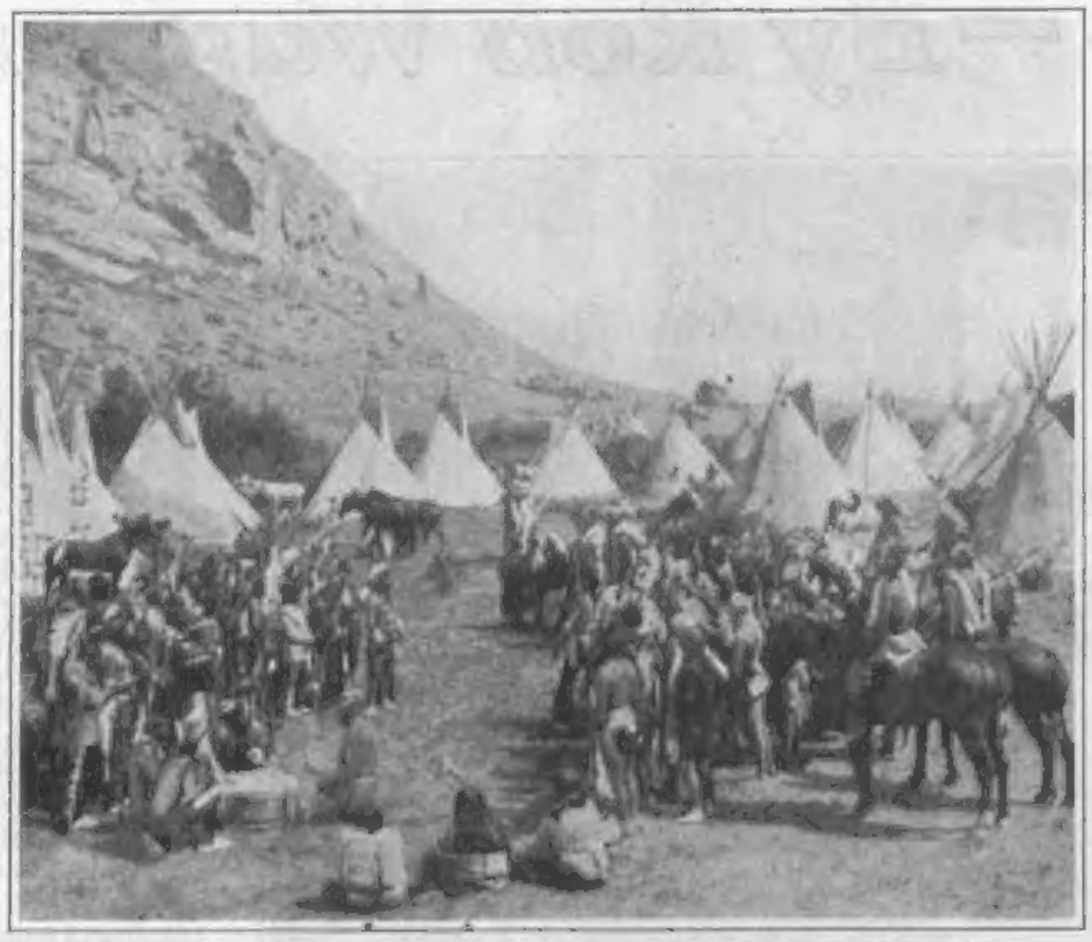
I began to jot down figures. "There's fifty-three thousand five hundred dollars saved!" I exclaimed with a laugh. "Proceed!"

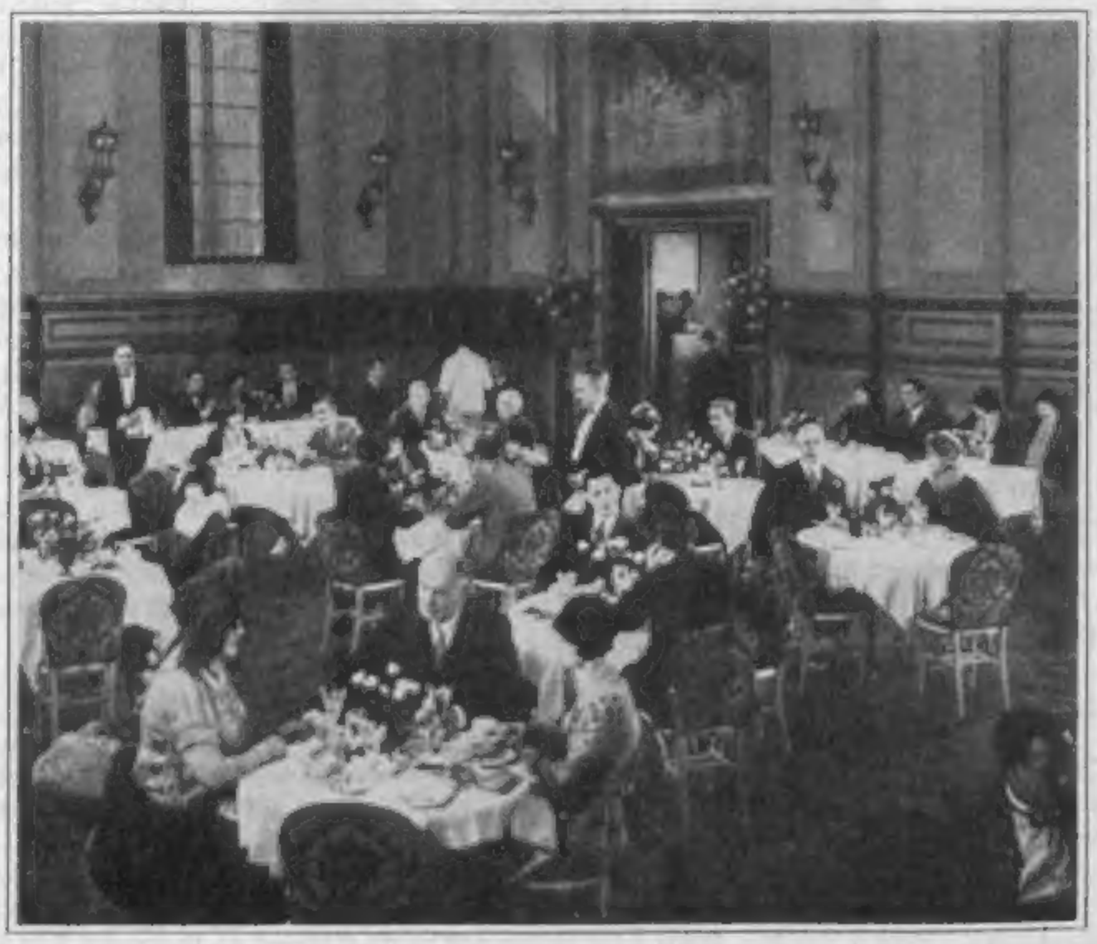
"Transportation—three thousand dollars. We'll save that, for we'll make all the extras come in their own cars and we'll use my old one for the company car to carry cameras, props and crew."

"Well," I said, looking at my figures, "you've still got about forty thousand dollars to save on sets, crowds and props, to say nothing of the film stock and laboratory work."

"Joan," said my cellmate, looking at me like a spanked child, "I don't believe you have confidence in me."

"Why, Alan," I replied truthfully, "I think you are the brightest fellow in pictures; I believe you are capable of anything. Why"—looking into that hurt face, I felt like taking him in my arms and petting him like a





PHOTOS, BY COURTESY OF METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURES

little boy, but I realized that I'd better hold tight to my feelings, so I added by way of diversion—"there's one other saving you haven't mentioned."

"What's that?" he answered, his eyes brightening.

"The cutter's salary."

"What do you mean, Joan? That you'll gamble with me on the picture?"

"Yes, on this, or any other great adventure," I answered daringly, hoping he would get my meaning.

"Joan, I could almost kiss you for that!" But he didn't.

"Hazel," I said to my roommate when she came in late that night, "on Monday morning I am throwing up my job at the Screenshow."

"Canned?" she asked in her usual frank and abrupt manner.

"No, promoted," I replied. "At least I am to become a promoter."

"Beach clubs or oil?"

"Nothing so safe. Alan and I are going to make a quickie."

"A quickie, eh? Well, the best part of promoting a quickie is that the pain of losing is over so quickly."

"But Alan is not the kind that loses!" I replied proudly.

"My, but ain't love wonderful?" she drawled as she picked up Alan's picture from my dresser and looked at it foolishly. "But you'll be back at the Screenshow when the storm is over."

"I can't go back. I'm burning my bridges behind me."

"Well, the bridge to the Morefilm will still be open. I guess I can work you in over there with me."

"Oh, Hazel," I said, "if you only knew Alan as I do."

"Oh, goo!" she exploded disgustedly, and turned out the light.

II

MAY 9, 1926, may never be declared a national holiday, but it was a momentous day in the history of the youngest and greatest of the arts, for on it was born the Mammoth Pictures Company, Alan Allen, president, Robert Allen, vice president, and Joan Girard, secretary and treasurer, with offices in Hollywood, California, the latter not being the tenth floor of a big white office building, as one might suppose, but the three-roomed apartment of the president and his brother in one of Hollywood's noisiest bungalow courts.

On this bright Sunday morning of the Mammoth's birth, the three high-sounding officers set sail on the celluloid sea that has seen more wrecks than the Tia Juana-San Diego boulevard on its rowdiest Sunday.

But as they gathered around the rustic table in the court of the apartment house on this historic morning, there was no thought of disaster, for nobody could have sat next to the skipper of our little ship and listened to his plans without sharing his flaring confidence in success.

"Don't imagine, Joan," he said by way of opening the conference, "that this is a flash decision of mine. I've been watching the game from the inside for eight years, and I've been planning for this very day. But, as Bobbie would say, 'Let's step on it. The light is going fast!'" Then with a magnificent gesture of dignity, he called the meeting to order.

"Officers of the Mammoth Pictures Company, we are about to make a picture that first of all must sell. Now what, in your opinion, is the surest-fire story we can make?"

"The Cinderella theme," I answered promptly.

"Abso-damlutely, Miss Secretary, and the Cinderella theme has other advantages. The heroine, being poor, her surroundings are cheap! So I've decided that we'll play all our principal locations around the docks at San Pedro. I know the manager of the Excelsior Packing Company, and he says I can shoot the works at any time, including the fishing fleet."

"But, Alan," I interposed, "in our case, don't you think we'd better know what pigments are available before we start to paint the picture?"

"Joan, you talk just like a woman," smiled Alan. "I suppose you want to know who is to be our leading man?"

"On the contrary, I am more interested in who is to be our leading lady," I replied pointedly, but I could see that again he didn't get me. For a clever fellow, Alan can be duller than a toy saw.

"Don't worry about her, Joan. She's all set. The story will be simple," went on the president, while Bobbie and I settled back to listen. "Olga, our Cinderella, is the daughter of poor fisher folk and works in the packing plant."

"Who have you in mind for the part?" I asked with apparent simplicity.

"Never you mind, but she'll be good," he announced stubbornly. "Now Olga is secretly and hopelessly in love with Ralph Drummond, the son of the rich packer, who is now a Federal officer in charge of the rum chasers. It seems, however, that when Ralph was a young boy around his father's packing plant, he used to take Olga sailing ——"

"That'll make a bully little retrospect in soft focus," interrupted Bobbie.

"—— but now that Ralph has gone out of her life, she has fallen under the sinister spell of Emil—German names are still food for heavies—who is in charge of the fishing fleet, but is a rum runner on the side. That will establish conflict right off the bat."

"How would you feel about George McKee for the heavy?" I asked.

"Not big enough name. Besides, he's under contract."

"Buck Burgess?"

"Still not big enough name. No, I'm going to use Marshall Tulliver."

"Good heavens, Alan," I exploded. "The heavy is one of the principals and runs right through the story. Do you realize what Tulliver would cost us? At least two thousand dollars a week."

"Joan," he replied, cocking his head, "we're not shooting at Screenshow now. We're making a quickie. . . . As I was saying, Olga attends a great outdoor meeting with her parents—we'll play the mother for comedy—and at this meeting, Ralph, our Prince Charming, now a handsome officer in uniform, addresses the gang on what the Navy is doing to the rum runners—this will put us right with the censors—and while he is speaking he sees his childhood sweetheart sitting in the front row. Gosh, how she has grown! And gosh, gosh, how beautiful she is! He can't wait to see her. Emil, of course, menaces the meeting some way or other. His rum runners probably start a riot. We've got to have action. In any event, Ralph rescues the girl and rushes her to his big auto ——"

"Where are we going to get the crowd?" asked Bobbie. "Of course we can buy stock crowds from the news weeklies for three dollars a foot, but they won't look like fisher folk." But Alan ignored the interruption.

"—— Ralph then takes Olga to his home—his fairy palace. We'll use the swellest dump in Pasadena for that—the Bancroft place."

"Fine chance," I tuned in. "Bancroft has given orders to shoot all movie people on sight."

"—— And in the next sequence our prince will take his sweetie to a fairy ball at the Café Royal, that gorgeous fifty-thousand-dollar set over at the Morefilm. Here we will pull the big-production stuff. Five hundred merrymakers at a big costume ball! Jazz orchestra! Then in the midst of the revel Emil blows up the works for the big punch, and in the confusion abducts the girl."

"Let him rave," was Bobbie's only comment.

"—— Then a good automobile chase, with Ralph in pursuit ——"

"Out!" snorted Bobbie. "At least as far as I'm concerned. I've promised mom I'd never again risk my fair young neck astride the hood of a speeding car. If you've gotta have a chase we'll hire a chase cameraman. Nobody cares if they get killed or not."

"—— But horrors!" Alan went on. "Ralph arrives too late, and in the early morning light Emil gets the gal aboard his fastest rum runner and beats it for San Clemente Island."

"I'll slow-crank on that stuff," chirped in Bobbie, "and make the darn boat jump out of the water!"

"Ralph, beaten, looks about for his rum chasers. They have gone to Catalina! But the U. S. Navy is at anchor in the harbor! He beats it out to the admiral, flashes his badge, tells his story, and the admiral orders out a destroyer manned by two hundred jackies! With Ralph in command the pursuit is resumed. Great patriotic stuff!" Bobbie and I just looked at each other.

"—— Arriving at the desert island, Ralph and the jackies surround the shack where Olga is held prisoner, and is being diabolically menaced by Emil and fifty swart Mexicans—Mexican villains still go strong in the small towns—and a big fight ensues. Emil now gets nasty and starts clawing at Olga ——"

"Ain't you going to have him lock the door and swaller the key?" asked Bobbie with a grin.

"—— Help! Help! Will Ralph never arrive? We'll hold it for suspense as long

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THE OLD WAR HORSE

The Next Morning, After Breakfast, Max Had a Talk With the Owner of the Farm

By William Hazlett Upson

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING

AT NINE o'clock one summer evening, in the smoking car of Number 37, westbound from St. Louis, sat Mr. Maxwell Pemberton, a large, imposing gentleman, some fifty years of age. He was engaged in his favorite occupation of sounding off.

"Yes, sir," said Max to the meek little man who happened to share his seat; "in about five minutes I get off at the town of Wheelock, Missouri, and proceed to sell half a dozen big ten-ton Earthworm tractors to old Mr. Wheelock of that place. You see, when I was through here last month I found that the old feller—not content with the two-thousand-acre farm he owned already—had just taken over a big new tract and was planning to buy a batch of a hundred mules to work it. I talked tractors to him till I was blue in the face, but he said he had always used mules, and he was going to keep on using them. Most salesmen would have been discouraged and quit right there. But never shall it be said that Maxwell Pemberton failed to rise to an emergency. Shall I tell you what I did?"

The meek little man sat in helpless silence, and Max continued:

"Well, sir, I made the old guy agree to let me give him a three days' plowing demonstration. I had the factory send over a tractor, and it's there now, with one of our best mechanics—Jim Borden—in charge. The factory will do anything for me like that. How long do you suppose I've been working for them?"

The meek little man had no idea.

"Well, sir," said Max, "it's just twenty years ago that I started in as a salesman for the Farmers' Friend Tractor Company, makers of Earthworm Tractors, Earthworm City, Illinois. I've been with them ever since, and I'm the oldest salesman on their pay roll. 'The old war horse,' they call me; 'the dean of all the salesmen.' And before I worked for the tractor company I put in ten years selling horses and mules. I was in partnership with old Pete Johnson, of St. Louis; he's still in the business back there. I could tell you a lot about Pete. He's a fine feller."

"Wheelock!" shouted the brakeman. "Wheelock!"

Max took his hat and suitcase from the rack, said good-by, and the meek little man passed out of his life forever. On the station platform Max was met by Mr. Wheelock and by Jim Borden, the mechanic, who reported that the tractor was all ready to start plowing in the morning. They all got into an automobile and started off through the moonlit night toward the farm, about two miles distant.

"Well, sir," Max remarked to Mr. Wheelock, "tomorrow we'll show you that Earthworm tractors are at least a thousand miles ahead of mules in every way except as producers of fertilizer."

"You'll have to do more than that," said Mr. Wheelock pleasantly. "You'll also have to show me whether your machine is better than the Steel Elephant tractor."

"What do you mean?" asked Max.

"The salesman for this other tractor—a man by the name of Jarney—was out here last week; and when I told him that you were going to give me a demonstration he said he would send a tractor too. So I told him to come along. His tractor arrived today, and it's out at the farm. Tomorrow we'll have a competitive demonstration."

Max scowled and then forced a smile. "Splendid!" he said. "I am always glad to have competition. There is nothing that brings out the good points of the Earthworm so well as to have it work alongside of some other machine. And I'll be glad to see Mr. Jarney. I've met him before, and I consider him one of the best salesmen in the business. If he represented a really strong company he could beat the world."

"You don't seem to think much of this Steel Elephant tractor," said Mr. Wheelock.

"Oh, I wouldn't say anything against the Steel Elephant. I never knock a competitor. Of course the Steel Elephant Company hasn't been in the business as long as we have. Their factory is small, and they haven't the facilities and the financial backing that we have. But considering the difficulties they have had to overcome, they have done remarkably well. Yes, sir, remarkably well."

"Here we are," said Mr. Wheelock. He stopped at a large white farmhouse, and took Max and Jim up to the room they were to occupy.

"You've had your supper?" he asked.

"Yes. On the train," said Max.

"All right, then. Good night. See you in the morning."

Mr. Wheelock went down the hall, and Max turned to Jim. "This is an outrage," he said. "Imagine that dirty little skunk, Jarney, butting in here with his Steel Elephant after I had the old man practically sold on an Earthworm. It ain't right. And the worst of it is the Steel Elephant is better than our machine at plowing; it has more power. If we don't watch out we'll be licked."

"Not so loud," said Jim. "Jarney and his mechanic have the room right across the hall."

Max lowered his voice. "This guy, Jarney," he continued, "is a slick baby. He's an old-timer like me—very different from these new-style, innocent college birds that are getting into the business lately. We're in a sweet mess—our most dangerous competitor right on our tail. But never shall it be said that Maxwell Pemberton quailed before the enemy. Where are you keeping our machine?"

Jim pointed out the window across the moonlit farmyard. "It's in that little shed right over there," he said.

"And where is the Steel Elephant?"

"In that other shed at the far end of the barn."

"Fine!" said Max. "It seems like such a pretty moonlight night that I think I'll take a little walk before I go to bed."

He tiptoed along the hall, descended the stairs and slipped noiselessly outdoors. He went around the house, crossed the barnyard, and entered the open shed which sheltered the Earthworm tractor.

The moonlight, streaming under the shed roof, lit up the big sixty-horse-power motor, the massive steel frame, and the two big steel tracks which made the tractor look very much like a wartime tank. It was a beautiful machine.

Max contemplated it for a minute or two, and then cautiously crept around the barn to the other shed, where the moonlight revealed the powerful form of the great Steel Elephant tractor.

This machine had slightly different lines from the Earthworm; but it was about the same size and it had the same endless tracks on each side.

Max did not waste any time admiring it. He took a pair of pliers from his pocket, climbed up on the track at one side of the motor, and using the handle of the pliers as a screwdriver, loosened the clamp that held the upper radiator hose on the water manifold. With a quick pull he jerked the hose off the manifold, and there was a sudden splashing as a gallon or so of water from the top of the radiator poured out.

Jumping down, Max walked over to the woodpile at the side of the barn. He poked around for a minute or two and finally picked up a small block of wood about two inches square. He took this block back to the tractor and tried to push it into the open end of the water manifold. The block was a little too large, so he whittled off the corners and then wedged it in so that it would cut off about half the circulation of the cooling system. After replacing the hose and tightening the clamp, he returned quietly to the house and went up to his room and to bed.

The next morning everybody was down for breakfast at six o'clock. Mr. Jarney, the Steel Elephant salesman, greeted Max with great cordiality.

"Hello there, old-timer!" he said. "You didn't expect to find me here, did you?" Mr. Jarney was a little man, with a shrewd, shifty look in his eyes.

Max smiled at him pleasantly. "Glad to see you!" he said. "If your tractor was any good I would be worried. But it isn't, so I'm not."

Right after breakfast Jim cranked up the Earthworm, Mr. Jarney's mechanic cranked up the Steel Elephant, and the two machines went clanking out to the big hundred-acre field where the demonstration was to take place. The tractors started on opposite sides of the field, each pulling a gang plow with six fourteen-inch bottoms, and moving at the rate of about three miles an hour. The motors roared, the tracks went round and round, and the sod slid off the polished moldboards in a way that was beautiful to see.

Mr. Jarney, Mr. Wheelock and a number of the neighbors watched the show from the end of the field, while Max, a short distance away, contrived to slip Mr. Wheelock's foreman five dollars, and promised him a hundred more if he would use his influence in favor of the Earthworm.

For a while the two tractors seemed to be doing equally good work, but after an hour or so the Steel Elephant began to slow down. Clouds of steam began rising from the top of the radiator. Max walked over to Mr. Wheelock.

"Too bad, too bad," he remarked. "That's always the way with these Steel Elephant tractors; they start out as nice as you please, but before long they begin to heat up. I've always wondered why they don't put an adequate cooling system on them."

"Our cooling system is all right," growled Jarney. "That fool mechanic must have forgotten to fill up the radiator or something."

By this time the Steel Elephant had come to the end of a furrow and stopped. Jarney ran over to the machine, and he and the mechanic disappeared in the direction of the barn. A minute later they returned with pails of water, which they poured into the radiator. The mechanic then climbed into the seat and resumed plowing, while Jarney came back to the group at the end of the field.

"The radiator was about half empty," he said. "No wonder the machine heated up. She'll be all right from now on though."

But she wasn't all right. After another hour of plowing, the radiator of the Steel Elephant was again enveloped in steam, and again the machine had to stop. This time the mechanic tightened the fan belt, inspected the oil level in the crank case and fussed with the adjustment of the carburetor. After fifteen minutes the motor had cooled down, and he started plowing again. Meanwhile the Earthworm had been roaring up and down the field without missing a single explosion.

"Well, Mr. Wheelock," said Max, "I told you that I never knock a competitor's machine. And I don't. All I ask is that you look at these two machines and judge for yourself."

Mr. Jarney had nothing at all to say.

And so the day wore on, with the Earthworm plowing steadily, and the Steel Elephant stopping about fifteen minutes out of every hour to cool down. Mr. Jarney and the poor mechanic spent every minute of these halts, and every minute of the noon hour, in inspecting their machine and making adjustments on the carburetor, magneto, valves and everything else in sight. But they never thought of taking off the upper radiator hose and looking for blocks of wood in the water manifold. A little before six a rough estimate showed that the Earthworm had plowed about thirty acres and the Steel Elephant a scant twenty.

At six o'clock sharp, Jarney and the disgusted mechanic unhooked and drove their machine into the barn. And at about the same time the Earthworm suddenly stopped right in the middle of the field. Max ran out and found Jim, the driver, very much worried.

"For the last hour or so," said Jim, "this motor has been developing quite a knock, and the last few minutes it has got so bad I don't dare drive any farther."

He got down from his seat, removed the inspection plate from the side of the crank case, and with a small bar from the tool box pried up and down on the crank shaft and the ends of the connecting rods. The main bearings had at least a sixteenth of an inch play, whereas they should have had none at all. The connecting-rod bearings were even worse, and a big piece of Babbitt metal had broken off and fallen out of the edge of one of them.

"That bearing," said Jim, "is all ready to go; I wouldn't dare drive ten feet with it."

"This is a sweet mess," said Max. "What's the cause of these bearings going out like this?"

Jim inspected the bottom of the crank case. "We have plenty of oil," he said. "There is only one answer that I can see; they just didn't scrape these bearings in right at the factory. They must be getting careless."

"How long will it take to fix them?"

Jim considered. "We'll need at least one—maybe four—new Babbitt bearings for the connecting rods. We'll have to send to the factory for them, because you never have much luck trying to pour these big rods. And after we get the bearings it will take about a day to scrape them in, and tighten the others."

"Good Lord!" said Max. "This sure is a mess."

"If I got on the train tonight," said Jim, "I could go to the factory, get the bearings, and be back here tomorrow afternoon. But how are you going to explain to Mr. Wheelock? You can't tell him the machine has gone to pieces after one day's work. And by the way, here he comes now."

Max looked up and saw old Mr. Wheelock striding across the field toward the tractor.

"The situation is certainly getting intricate," said Max. "But never shall it be said that Maxwell Pemberton gave way to despair. You can go back to the factory tonight, and I will do the explaining."

Jim put back the inspection plate, and just as he finished, Mr. Wheelock walked up.

"Aren't you going to drive your machine into the shed tonight?" he asked.

"No," said Max. "We're going to leave it here."

"But suppose it should rain."

"Inclement weather, Mr. Wheelock, has no terrors for the Earthworm tractor. Our carburetor is fully protected, the magneto is inclosed, and all working parts of the motor and transmission are triple sealed against dust and dirt, rain and snow. Furthermore, Mr. Wheelock, the tracks, sprockets and other outside parts are made of the highest-grade vanadium rust-resisting steel. Consequently you can leave the Earthworm tractor out in any kind of weather at all without doing it any damage whatsoever."

"Mr. Jarney is taking his tractor in "

"And he is very wise," said Max. "With any other tractor than the Earthworm, protection from the weather is most essential. Come, let us walk in to supper."

Max and Jim and Mr. Wheelock started for the farmhouse.

"And now," said Max as they walked along, "you have seen what a splendid machine the Earthworm is. Further demonstration is unnecessary. Why not sign an order for five or six of them right now so that I can get them shipped out as soon as possible?"

"Well," said Mr. Wheelock, "I have been very much surprised and pleased at the beautiful work your tractor does. My foreman is also very enthusiastic about it. But I want to see it plow another day or two before I make up my mind. You promised me a three days' demonstration."

"I know," said Max. "But one day is really enough."

"No," said Mr. Wheelock, "it isn't. Mr. Jarney tells me that your tractor always works well the first day, but he says that along about the second day the bearings begin to give out and the whole thing has a tendency to fall apart."

"What!" said Max indignantly. "Did that dirty little Jarney have the nerve to say such things about my machine?"

"He did," said Mr. Wheelock. "And that is why I want to see your machine run a day or two more before I buy it."

"I wish you would sign the order tonight," said Max, "because, unfortunately, my mechanic here has to go home for a day or two, and we'll have to postpone the rest of the demonstration. Poor Jim has a terrible toothache."

"Too bad," said Mr. Wheelock. "But he can come back and finish the demonstration after he gets his tooth fixed up."

"I should think," persisted Max, "you could make up your mind on the basis of the splendid work we've done today."

"No," said Mr. Wheelock stubbornly, "I want to see the machine run at least one day more "

By this time they had reached the farmhouse and they all went in to supper. During the meal nobody had much to say. Just as they finished, one of the farm hands came in with mail which he had brought from town. There was a letter for Max, and he went up to his room to read it. As he was tearing open the envelope Jim came in.

"That guy that brought the mail," said Jim, "is going to take me down to the station right away. I can get a train out of here in an hour that will get me to Earthworm City early tomorrow morning. I'll be back tomorrow afternoon."

"All right," said Max. "Good luck to you. While you're gone I'll try to think up some good excuse for you to work on the machine when you get back. I may even have to drive the tractor myself and run it into a tree or something, so it will look reasonable for us to do some repairing."

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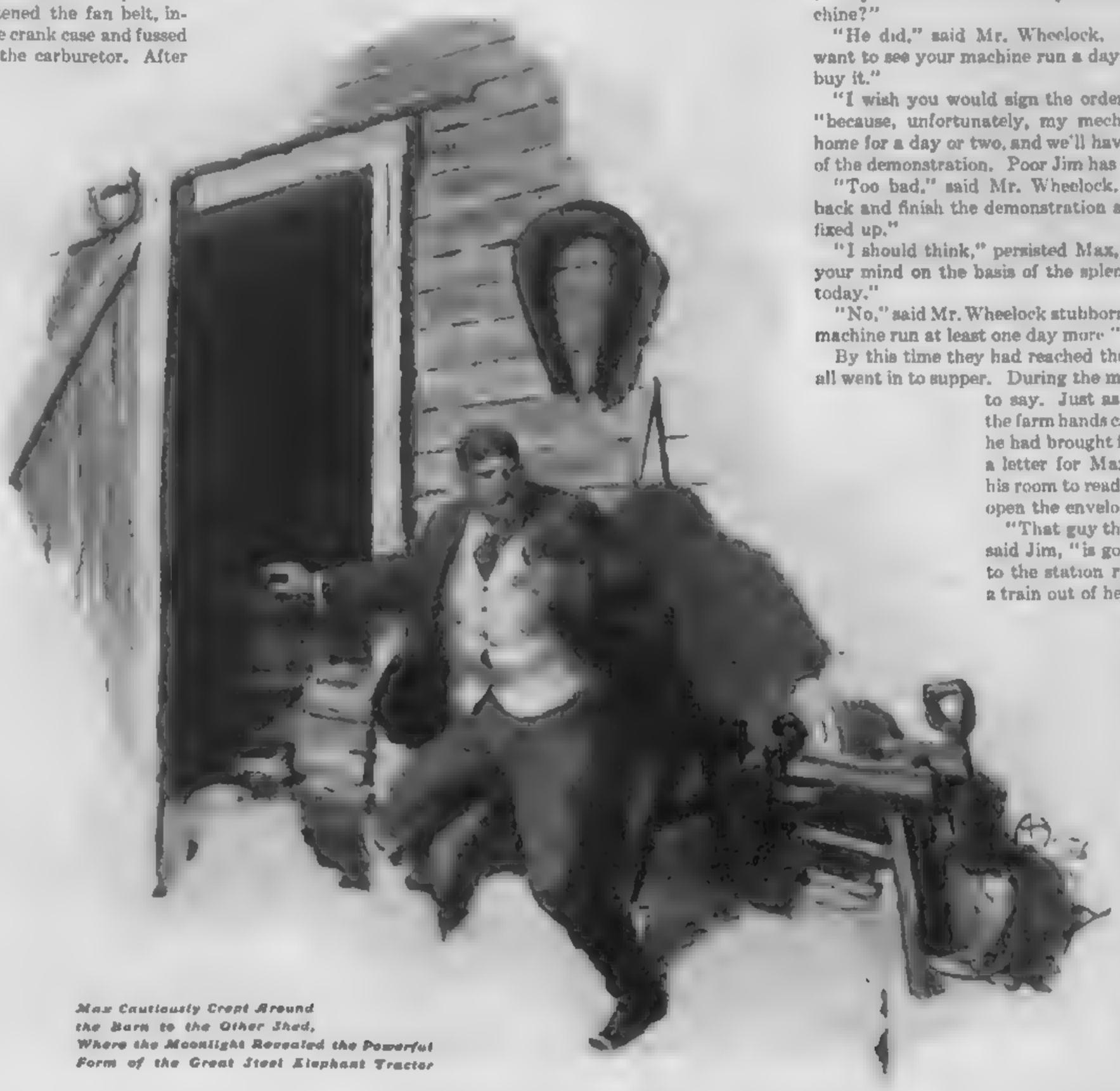

Max Cautiously Crept Around the Barn to the Other Shed, Where the Moonlight Revealed the Powerful Form of the Great Steel Elephant Tractor

PURPLE PATCHES

By Fanny Heaslip Lea

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

"Oh," He Said, "Do Come In—Do Come to the Fire!" "I'm on My Way," Said Audrey, Trying Not to Chatter Too Absurdly

RAIN streamed down the windows of the train, wind bent the trees along the track. Audrey sat in the chair car with her feet on her neat black bag, thinking of Lolly; of their talk a week ago, the day Lolly had come into town to do some shopping and asked Audrey out for a week-end. Very interesting talk it had been—gossip of the rankest k'nd.

Audrey sat remembering it; it kept her mind off the wind and the rain, which, whenever she found herself forced to observe them, seemed to be increasing steadily, mounting to some sort of sinister climax.

"He doesn't look it," Lolly had said; and—"you'll be surprised!"

An appetizing carrot, that, before the nose of whatever donkey. Imperceptibly, it may have been, Audrey's nostrils had quivered.

"Tell me more," she had murmured.

And Lolly, who—no blinking the fact—rather fancied herself as a *raconteuse*, had told more—than enough.

"He's not in the least spoiled, although his people are filthy with money. Harvard, then Oxford, then a year or so in Russia. Neither high hat nor brow. Who's he like? Let me see ——" Nibbling a bit of skin from the tip of one finger, Lolly had brought it out in triumph: "Rollo! Remember Rollo's Wild Oat? That's him exactly! Smooth brown hair, nice gray eyes, big mouth, bumpy nose, always embarrassed over something, apt to knock things off tables and slip on rugs, but rather a dear—oh, yes, a terrific dear! Heaps of women have been in love with him without his ever seeming to notice them—until this French girl."

"Oh, a French girl!" Shades of Du Barry and Mistinguette!

"Yes, disgustingly pretty. Dark big eyes, mouth too red and always a little-open: you know the kind of thing I mean. In a rabbit or a guinea pig, it looks innocent. In a woman—well, I mean to say it doesn't, d'y' see?"

Audrey had seen, with a wry little grimace for the open-mouthed sisterhood, and Lolly had continued: "He met her in Paris and married her when he'd known her a month. Then he brought her back to his home, down in Kentucky."

"Oh, Kentucky!" Horses and whisky and women, blue grass and sharpshooting!

"Yes, he has the most heavenly place down there. Big old white house full of family portraits and four-posters, porches and pillars, climbing roses and honeysuckle—d'y' see?"

Again Audrey had seen, with the vague addition somewhere at the back of her mind of a tenor voice and a Confederate uniform. Absurd, of course—Lolly hadn't said he sang. The setting misled one.

Lolly had said something much more startling: "His wife—the French girl—turned out a frightful little rotter in no time at all—all sorts of affairs with other men. He stood it like a lamb, poor dear. Used to explain to people that she didn't mean anything by it—just her *joie de vivre* and so on—hard for Americans to understand the Gallic temperament."

Audrey had said, "Well, I suppose it might be."

To which Lolly had snorted, "She didn't fool anyone but him. A temperament like hers is international."

"Did she die—or what?"

"Really, Audrey, you are too naïve! You're simply delicious. Of course, it's a line: but I'll say for you it's a good one. No, my dear, she didn't die. She continued to amuse herself with all and sundry until one night her husband came back unexpected from a hunting trip and surprised her in the ancestral garden with a second cousin or something—you know how clannish those Southerners are—behaving like Paolo and Francesca—moonlight and roses a *grande passion* with everything but the footlights—and he took his hunting knife and slashed the second cousin across the cheek—yes, really! Isn't it the most marvelous story? To remind him ——"

Audrey had said, "Yes—to remind him?"

And Lolly had answered with a delicate yawn—Lolly was the sort of person who held the pose even with another woman—"To remind him, I suppose, of a pleasant evening. After that, he sent her back to France, with five hundred a month—something of the sort. Very decent of him, considering the rate of exchange."

"Which exchange?" Audrey had inquired innocently.

And Lolly had said, with another snort of pure amusement, "Which, indeed! I do adore you, Audrey!"

Perhaps Lolly really did adore Audrey. Certainly, since the days of Miss Wren, the cultured and noble if not altogether inefficient financier, whose finishing school they had both attended, Lolly had kept in intermittent touch with Audrey, stretched out a friendly hand from time to casual time, proffered parties and contacts.

As, for instance, the house party to which Audrey was now on her way.

A simple week-end—Friday to Monday—at the Bay. Lolly didn't live at the Bay, but she had an old house there, where she played at being the country gentlewoman—fishing and tramping and so on. "Just ourselves this time," Lolly had assured her, "and Tim's newest girl."

Tim was Lolly's husband. "I always have Tim's girls on week-ends," Lolly had stated languidly "show 'em up—cure him of 'em. Any woman bores him after a couple of days. I always ask 'em for three. Well, only ourselves, and you and "

"The hunting knife?" Audrey had murmured, wide-eyed.

"Of course, you mean that to be funny"—Lolly had renewed the bloom of her rather thin-lipped but charming mouth with the help of a lip stick and a tiny mirror which she took from her pocket as a man might take out a pipe—"but I believe he does carry it around with him."

"To remind him ——" Audrey had suggested

"Why not?" said Lolly. "He might meet another some day."

"Second cousin?" said Audrey.

"Woman, my dear," said Lolly. "He's the only authentic woman hater I've ever seen. Under that friendly smile of his, he's simply silky with hate for the entire lot of us; cold, quiet, bitter hate. Of course, he hides it nicely. He's a thoroughbred; but I do think, myself, he's dangerous. That's why I like to have him around."

Rain streamed down the windows of the train. Wind bent the trees along the road beside the track into shapes of tossing fury. It had been raining slightly when Audrey left the city, about noon. Now, at five o'clock, nearing the Bay, skies had darkened, wind had risen, the slight rain had taken on all the proportions of a proper storm. Thunder grumbled intermittently, breaking with increasing frequency into loud cracking roars. Lightning laced the world beyond the rain-swept windows with appalling sharpness.

Audrey shrank back in her chair and reflected that if she had known what turn the weather was going to take, she would certainly have stayed in her own apartment and wired Lolly regretful excuses. True, the apartment was small and on an August night none too alluring. But rain and wind and celestial pyrotechnics allured even less.

Even Lolly's bitter Kentuckian, with his hunting knife and his second cousin and his faithless French wife, offered no particular appeal in the face of a thunderstorm. Audrey was terrified of thunderstorms. As a child, she had gone under the bed directly one broke. As a rather dignified young woman, of course, she couldn't go under beds; but she at least managed to remain indoors, well away from fireplaces and windows, telephones and bathtubs and trees—other points of attraction.

Here she was, tearing through the very heart of a thunderstorm at thirty miles an hour—approximately. Beyond question, the train wasn't running away from the storm; it was getting deeper into it all the time.

When the conductor came through he refused to commit himself beyond a shake of the head and a weary smile. It wasn't Audrey, however, who asked him what he thought of the weather; it was a plump young man in gray tweeds, who apparently had reason, since he got off at the next station into the thick of it, disappearing across an almost deserted platform, head down, collar turned up, carrying a bag and some golf clubs. A great many people got off, apprehensively and audibly complaining, in the space of one or two stops, so that before very long Audrey found herself the only occupant of the car. And that didn't tend to reassurance

The conductor came through and said, "The Bay? Last station on this run. Why don't you take your bag and sit up near the end?"

"Thanks; I think I will," said Audrey. She usually did as she was told, following the line of least resistance and caring only where she came out not so much how she got there.

"Do you think the rain is letting up?" she inquired diffidently

"I do not," said the conductor, without hope "This'll be the dirtiest storm this year."

"Oh, do you really think so?" said Audrey.

"I do," said the conductor.

Then he went away; and the lightning certainly did not let up, nor the thunder which came after it

"I do hope there'll be someone at the station to meet me," thought Audrey. Tim, perhaps—or even the Kentuckian Only, she infinitely preferred it should be Tim. She hadn't Lolly's interest in danger.

The rain came down in wild gray torrents. Yellowish gray the air through which the train hurtled forward. The countryside lost contour, became a matter merely of mass which might be a pond or a field or a wood, until lightning etched it with livid and leprous clearness—trees, road, fences, houses, come and gone in one breathless, hideous flash.

"This is too horrible!" thought poor Audrey, wincing. And it actually was the worst storm of the year. Papers next morning said so, which is datum—of a sort

She thought of her apartment in town with passionate nostalgia. There was a new book someone had lately sent her She might have supped in holy solitude on milk toast and taken the book to bed with her.

Now—no telling but what she'd be struck by lightning on her way to Lolly's house, arriving a blackened and twisted corpse, with her clothes burned off. Victims of lightning always had their clothes burned off. Even unstruck and still wearing her best new undies, her new navy crêpe, the hat Lolly herself had approved, she'd be drenched and ruined.

"The Bay—next stop," said the conductor. "Hail and farewell," he might have added, from the look in his rheumy eyes.

Audrey took her bag and got off when the train stopped, into dank electrified twilight. Lightning flared, thunder crackled, rain swished and wind howled—the incidental music of her entrance. She was drenched to the skin, crossing the platform. She was almost in angry tears by the time she induced a rattletrap flivver to take her and her belongings to the Fenner house—Tim and Lolly being the

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"Behaving Like Paolo and Francesca—Moonlight and Roses"

THE PUBLIC LIFE

When We Were Small Boys, He Used to Come in His Uncle's Cart When Preslow Was Delivering Mended Tinware Around the Island, and We Had Been Well Acquainted in Summers

By Thomas Beer

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

IT WAS an act of the alphabet which presented me to Jerome Byng. The alphabet's representative was a spectacled young clerk employed by Yale College, who stood shouting names into a crowd of damp freshmen and jerking a thumb at numbered seats when we came forward out of the muddle. He bawled my name and spiritually kicked me into the first seat before a professor's desk in this dreary cellar, and then he bawled, "Byng—Mr. Jerome Alexis Byng!"

"I'm not deaf, you know," a tall, very fair lad said slowly, coming slowly down the side of the low classroom from the mob in the doorway.

The clerk was silenced and awed. I was charmed and scared. Mr. Byng settled into the chair and composed his legs before him as two long arrangements in gray tweed. Nothing whatever had yet been heard in the freshmen dormitories along York Street about any Russian prince in the new class of 1911; but this was plainly a Russian prince, and a ball of legends rolled through my mind while I studied Jerome Alexis Byng sideways.

I had once seen a Russian prince surveying everything in the paddock at Saratoga with an air of being too polite to say how badly he thought of it. Here was another—the same pallid, flattened face, the cleft chin and lint-white frothy hair which broke above the ears into small waves of absolute curl. I thought of sables, Siberia, salt mines and the other sibilant properties of princes whose sleighs bore them, among serfs, down the Nevskii Prospekt to call on czars. I thought of caviar in cups of ice, of villas on the Riviera, of lustrous women whose necklaces of aquamarine and yellow diamond had been extracted from groaning provinces by the knout and the Cossack. Snow fell around me and I shivered becomingly when Jerome Alexis Byng turned his granite eyes on me—I'd coughed—and erased me from his considerations. He washed me from the earth. It was superb; somewhere or other the tall lad had learned how to stare.

In those days a freshman class weltered about successive sets of heroes. The football godlings, the more obvious dandies and the noisier rakes had their day; and then, when winter shut boys into the dormitories, the entertainers arose with mandolins, jokes borrowed from their fathers and recipes for novel drinks. Spring elevated the prospective captains of crews and track teams and the baseball men.

But through all this processional movement of young celebrities Jerome Alexis Byng extraordinarily continued his course. Boys rushed to report among the rooms in York Street that they had extracted a word or two words from the mysterious Byng. My roommate gave a dinner to celebrate a winning of three words, although it was argued that Byng's response, "Half past two," to a question about the time did not count as three words but as two if you make it "halfpast." I myself scored only once. I asked Byng for his pocketknife one day in a Greek recitation when my pencil broke, and he said, "Sorry," in his curtest English manner.

He, in short, was the man who never spoke to anybody and who cut those who tried to speak to him. He strolled alone in freshets of the class from York Street into the quadrangle. He was seen meditating in the library with a book opened before his hopelessly correct waistcoat and a rimless single lens adjusted to his right eye. He was observed naked but unapproachable, practicing dives in the tank of the yellow gymnasium. He wore a flat silver watch strapped to one wrist—remember that this was years before the war made wrist watches respectable to the virile—and he appeared—alone—in the most severely smart dinner jacket in the old Hyperion Theater and watched the evolutions of actresses with inhuman calm.

And who was Jerome Alexis Byng? The prevalent theories were: (a) A member of an exalted English family concealing himself in the United States; (b) a Russian nobleman; (c) a prize fighter in pursuit of education. This last theory was current among people who had seen Byng in swimming. As a matter of fact, there were a dozen better built and probably stronger lads in the class; but none, I admit, quite so imposing as Byng. He managed to tower in his husks of English tweed and serge, and it astonished me afterward to find out that he was scarcely six feet high. Well, there he was. Our dandies wondered where his clothes were made, and I, sitting three times a week beside this iced grandeur, wondered why on earth he was somehow so familiar.

"Very good, indeed," said an instructor one day in May, 1908; "but you pronounce Latin in the old style, Mr. Byng. Did you go to school in England, by any accident?"

"No," Byng said, closing his book; "I was privately tutored."

"Oh! But in England?"

"Yes, sir," said Byng; "at Holton Regis, in Devonshire."

The class—or that part of the class given to reading novels—at once thought of gorse, combs, clotted cream, fog, the Spanish Armada and huntsmen in red coats, and Byng's fame was augmented. If he had been handsome or shy, I suppose some adolescent sentiment would have quivered around him, and boys would have at least pretended to be sorry when no Byng appeared in the autumn of 1908 to begin a sophomore year; but his stare had made him no friends, and we said cordially to one another that we hoped he'd fallen off a rock in the Alps and broken his blamed neck. And so he was forgotten, as youth imagines that it forgets. Only I went on puzzling, when I happened to think of Byng, because we had met before somewhere, and I knew that in this somewhere people called him Lex.

Somewhere, of course, was as good as next door to a part of my childhood. In July of 1911 I drove a hired surrey down a lane in the tiered town of Nantucket and halted the drowsy horses at a gateway belonging to Jimmy Preslow, whose sign, nailed to the breast of a white giantess once the figurehead of a great ship, announced that J. Preslow was a tinker, plasterer and carpenter. I forget his preferred vocation. Anyhow, he had our wash boiler in his keeping, and I'd been sent seven miles in breezy sunlight to bring the thing home on a suspicion that a month was enough time to mend a small leak in it.

In those days motor cars were not allowed on Nantucket Island, and you drove from the eastern edge of the sandy crescent into the heap of white and gray old houses which heap up to the tower crowned with a golden cupola. This gold bell flamed in the rich noon high over trees and lawns. It hung at the world's top, and Jimmy Preslow's dooryard was on the level of the exquisite bay girt in pallid sands. I stared up at the gold and sat in the surrey, occasionally yelling, "Hi!" in the hope that Preslow might be at home and sober. The cupola, for which whalemen watched long ago, hypnotized me; and, periodically yowling, I sat squinting through half a mile of breeze and light until Jerome Alexis Byng said, "Well?"

He was standing a yard from my elbow in the lane and was giving me his famous stare, which, after all, was simply the stare given by pure-blooded Nantucketers to those silly creatures who weren't born on the island. But it was still a powerful instrument, even though he grinned.

"Well?"

"Is—is—is your uncle at home, Lex?"

"No," said Jerome Alexis Byng, resting a naked arm on the side of the seat; "he's gone to Boston on a bust. Home next week, if alive. . . . How are you?"

"All right," I murmured.

When we were small boys, Lex Byng used to come in his uncle's cart when Preslow was delivering mended tinware around the island, and we had been well acquainted in summers. Then they told me that Lex had gone to sea, as a Nantucketer traditionally should, and he'd faded into a kind of amiable specter inhabiting the dark coasts of memory, something seen and not important, a kind of remote cousin to an affection. He was not Jerome Alexis Byng in the tail end of the nineteenth century, but Lex, nephew of the unsober and mendacious Preslow, and generally soiled. He was now soiled, but his public dignity supported the grease coated on his bare arms and on his singlet of cotton, so thin that I knew he would have to scrub black muck off his chest before he went to bed.

"Where've you been lately, Lex?"

"Navy," Lex yawned; "just got out. Two years Pretty dull, but awf'ly healthy an' all that. Not sure it's any duller than college. Let's see. You've graduated now? My word! However did you stand it?"

Immediately the four years of my superior education dwindled into a blot of insignificance. I humbly muttered that I didn't know how I'd stood it, and wondered how the commonalty of the Navy had stood Lex's English accent.

"Come on in," he said, with no particular condescension. "I suppose Uncle Jimmy's got something of yours. I wouldn't know what it was, y'know. I only got home last week."

I followed his white shoulders, filthy tan trousers and collapsed cotton shoes through the cumbered dooryard and around into a disgraceful garden, where tinware, bicycles, bits of plumbing and several bathtubs were scattered among hollyhocks and the trunks of ailanthus trees. Beyond this untidy realm was a shaggy meadow and three hundred yards of salt-water marsh. Then the bay rippled as an uneasy turquoise.

"Pick out your junk," said Lex, sitting on a bathtub. "I've been mendin' bikes all morning. Uncle Jimmy's a disgusting character, ain't he? No system and less sense. He's a good egg though."

The phrase "a good egg" was not yet transplanted from England, and I thought that Lex had invented it. I perceived our wash boiler hanging—unmended—on a distorted little apple tree, and said, apologetically, "Don't think your uncle's had time to attend to it."

"Three months or so," Lex pondered, "is his usual time. . . . Say, what's the best hotel in Venice? I've never been in Italy. I'm goin' over again next winter and one ought to do Italy."

Of course, I didn't particularly believe that he was going to Italy. True, out beyond the marsh rippled his vehicle for the visit of inspection, but one never believes in sailors. At the age of fourteen, Lex started off to examine the world by simply going into New Bedford and planting himself on an English tramp. Having landed at Liverpool, he proceeded by the ordinary means of just walking to tour England.

But one never believes such things, because people do them too constantly. Yet in the face of his terrible dignity, I merely told him what someone had told me was the best hotel in Venice, and Lex nodded, picking at a hole in the rubber of his left sole.

"Thanks. The best pictures are at Florence, I suppose One ought to go there. If you're going in for public life, you have to know things like that. . . . Going to be here all summer?"

"No; I'm going down to Pennsylvania to fish," I said as grandly as I could, "next week."

Lex was not impressed. He remarked, "Dullish. I used to fish a good deal in England. It's one of those things one pretends to like. . . . Got a cigarette on you? . . . Say, what d'you know about Russia?"

At this point I believe that I influenced Lex's career. A client of my father had been fooling in Russia lately with one of the great foundries so amazingly administered by the imperial government in a mist of graft, suppressed strikes and the beginnings of the seethe toward Bolshevism. I spoke grandiosely of all that, and the fair, ugly personage listened, enlarging the hole in his shoe. He listened surpassingly, by the way.

"And you say a lot of the electricians and engineers are English?"

"Yes."

"Huh!" said Lex tranquilly. "I'm a pretty damn good electrician myself. . . . Oh, it was decent of you not to give me away at New Haven. Thanks."

If I had said honestly that I didn't know who he was at New Haven, it might have offended him; but again it might have amused him. The great are curious. I mumbled something and watched him stroll to pick our wash boiler from the apple tree

"I suppose," I said, while he hunted down a bar of solder in a bin of such trifles, "the island seems pretty tame after the Navy."

"M-m—yes. But islands are good places to think in, y'know. . . . Napoleon," said Jerome Alexis Byng, "was born on an island, and so was Alexander Hamilton, and El Greco. And Benjamin Franklin's mother came from here y'know, and so did Maria Mitchell, the astronomer. An island," he informed me, "concentrates racial forces. Lots of people in public life have been born on islands."

That left me nothing to say. Lex lighted some kind of burner and began to mend the wash boiler. He became pensive, and hardly spoke again before I paid him twenty-five cents and carried off my family's modest possession to the surrey. He let me carry it. The racial forces concentrated in him didn't permit Lex to be servile. And that was, finally, just as well. If he had been servile, he would have knuckled under to Philip Ten Broeck Harvey on the Lido outside Venice in August of 1913.

I don't quite know what happened on the Lido, because I wasn't there. Harvey told me about it a few weeks later in Trafalgar Square. His red hair and his feverish, beautiful face protuded from the door of a taxicab and he called to me over the sidewalk, "I say! Come here!" Then, when I didn't come, he got out of the machine and limped three yards to meet me.

"Remember that fellow in our class, freshman year—the big swine who cut everybody? Bangs—wasn't that his name?"

"Byng," I said; "Jerome Alexis Byng."

"That's it! Here, who the devil is he?"

Harvey was fairly yelling, and several Londoners were looking at the thin, extravagant charm of his face. Rain was falling and the day was cold as December. This face,

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"Pick Out Your Junk," Said Lex, Sitting on a Bathtub. "I've Been Mendin' Bikes All Morning. Uncle Jimmy's a Disgusting Character, Ain't He? No System and Less Sense"

Ambassador Herrick in Morocco

The Kutubia Tower, Similar to the Famous Giralda at Seville. It is One of the Few Remaining Works of Moorish Art at Marrakesh

Women of Fez Going From the Cemetery to the Marabout or Holy Man's Tomb, the Square Building Seen in the Distance

By Col. T. Bentley Mott

Military Attaché to the American Embassy in Paris

FOREWORD

I HAVE for many years had a deep interest in the French occupation of Northern Africa. In 1900, with a gay party of pleasure seekers, we sailed into the harbor of Algiers on a yacht. After a few days of sight-seeing and delightful occupation we sent the boat along the coast and drove with horses across to Tunis. Therefore ever since the occupation of Morocco by the French some fourteen years ago I have had a great desire to visit that country.

The first opportunity that offered was on the twenty-fifth of March last, when I left Paris in the evening of that day, accompanied by Col. T. Bentley Mott, military attaché to the American Embassy at Paris, Mrs. Mott and my daughter-in-law, Mrs. Parmley Herrick, and arrived in Marseilles in the morning. From there we sailed to Algiers on an excellent boat of the Trans-Atlantic Company. We arrived at Algiers in the early afternoon and motored about, noting the marked improvement of that city since my last visit in 1900.

Taking a train in the evening, we arrived at Oran next morning. There we met our motors and began our motor journey of 2500 miles through Morocco. The interest of our visit was intensified by the fact that this was just before the collapse and capture of that old scamp, Abd el Krim. Since the beginning of the administration of Marshal Lyautey about fourteen years ago, the eyes of Europe, and I may say of the world, have been looking with intense interest on Morocco. Its rapid development, its location and its potentialities have year by year become of increasing interest, until it has assumed a primary importance in the settling down and adjustment of European relations.

The following is a graphic and truthful account of our journey through this extraordinary country. I wish that many Americans might take this trip. Since the beginning and finish of the war the American people have, with no desire for territory and no desire for interference in foreign affairs, evinced a keener and deeper interest in all that relates to foreign countries, since our contact for the future must be closer. The relations between our country and peoples in a more backward state of progress are now and must continue to be a problem of the highest national importance. Our policy in this delicate matter cannot be decided, unaided, by our President or our Congress, but will be determined in its last analysis by the way the American voter looks at it. Therefore the more our citizens visit Morocco, or any other foreign country, the more they will have a first-hand knowledge of the latest and most successful experiment in what is generally called colonial administration.

Morocco is not a colony of France, but a protectorate. Now a protectorate is almost anything the protector chooses to make of it, and in Morocco, France is blazing an absolutely new trail, upon the ultimate success of which, I believe, will depend the future relations of powerful modern states with those having a less progressive civilization. Our contacts with other races are not only numerous, but they are intimate and delicate, and they bid fair to continue so. Therefore to see how France is solving her problem under conditions as complicated as those existing in Morocco is highly instructive. This is one of the reasons why I suggest that Americans visit that strange land, so old, so new, so crowded with history; so far away, so easily accessible; a land which often made me think of "the winning of the West" - our own Far West—lighted by the magic of Aladdin's lamp. I would not like the reader of the account of this little journey for a moment to search for any ulterior purpose in taking the trip. It was simply a brief release from an arduous task, or a little holiday in the sunshine, searching for rest and change, which we found in abundance.

MYRON T. HERRICK.

The Gate of Bab Mansur at Mequinez, One of the Most Beautiful Moorish Portals in Existence, Built About 1700

THE amount of advice we received as to route and season was equaled only by the variety of counsel offered us regarding clothes. As I had been placed in charge of the expedition, I solved these questions on general-staff principles. The time for operations was fixed by the political situation in France, the itinerary by Monsieur Dal Piaz and the clothes by the ambassador's valet. My own responsibility, it will be observed, was thus quite satisfactorily covered, which of itself is no violation of general-staff procedure.

Instead of sailing for Casablanca, the Atlantic port of Morocco, we decided to go to Algiers and penetrate the country from the east; and for the traveler who wishes to get some idea of what a new thing Morocco is in the long history of colonization, Algeria is a useful preparation. Its conquest was begun in 1830 under Charles X, and though each succeeding régime carried forward the business, no one plan was ever long pursued. The only idea which persisted throughout seems to have been to try to make Algeria a little France and turn each city into an imitation Paris. Frenchmen who understand and love Africa deplore both the method and the results; and although Algeria is now prosperous and her inhabitants are politically exactly the same as any other Frenchmen, it took a hundred years to accomplish this, and most observers believe that it will take a hundred more before native Algerians assimilate French virtues in equal measure with French vices.

The procedure in Morocco was entirely different, and the contrast between the results obtained there during only twelve years of well-planned effort and the results in Algeria is made all the more striking by the similarity of climate, population and religion, as well as by the nearness of the two regions to each other. What these methods would have saved in blood and treasure had they been applied

to Algeria or Madagascar is now too apparent; nor must it be imagined that there was no one to propose a wiser way for these earlier conquests of French arms and French administration. The pleadings of men like Bugeaud and Gallieni met a deaf ear in Paris, and their carefully reasoned plans were sacrificed to the exigencies of home politics.

Until 1914 it may be said that the interior of Morocco was closed to the whole world, and foreigners never dared to venture outside the few wretched seaport towns. Anarchy, as well as dire misery, had reigned for years, culminating in massacres, civil war and change of sultans. The French had been called in by first one and then the other, and finally in August, 1912, a treaty establishing the terms of the present protectorate was signed by Mulai Yusef, then and now Sultan of Morocco. Two years later the country had to a great extent accepted Mulai Yusef's authority and the French protectorate; the great chieftains had submitted, and the work of organization under Lyautey was getting under way when the World War broke out.

Mrs. Parmley Herrick, General de Chambrun, the Ambassador, Colonel Mott and Mrs. Mott in the Palace at Fez

An Impartial Customhouse

IF THIS event deprived the general of all assistance coming from France, it fortunately left him free to follow unhampered the inspirations of his own self-reliant genius; and what he accomplished in this vast, barely pacified country during the next four years is one of the marvels of history. He not only held it but he organized it from top to bottom, built roads, increased production and—last but not least—he sent to France thousands of magnificent troops to fight against her enemies.

The Morocco we were about to see was Lyautey's Morocco; the evidences of peace and prosperity were the work of his hands, the kind of government in operation a thing wholly devised by him; and as we traveled for days through fields of rolling grain, beheld whole cities sprung with orderly completeness beside their untouched ancient brethren, saw fleets of ships tied up in modern docks where creeks had lately run, it seemed beyond belief that all this had come to pass in twelve short years, during four of which a terrible war had held its sway.

From Algiers to Oran was a night's journey in a comfortable sleeping car, in which the snowy turbans and flowing robes of the Arabs who shared it with us seemed strangely out of place. At Oran we found our motor cars, also Brouca, the admirable courier whom M. Dal Piaz had picked to guide and guard the ambassador, and soon we were on our road to Fez. Our first stop was at the very old and once powerful Berber city of Tlemcen, where we spent two nights in a charming hotel. The officer who commands the troops here was fighting in the Riff, but we lunched with his wife and were surprised to find Harvard banners and American ensigns hanging in her hall. These, we learned, were souvenirs of Colonel Azan's admirable work in America during 1917.

Leaving Tlemcen, we lunched at Oujda, the first town across the Moroccan border. Here four weeks later was held the conference in which Abd-el-Krim's ambassadors refused the terms offered him, followed by the resumption of the war, his downfall and exile. We were surprised at the rigid customhouse formalities at the frontier, and they gave us the first practical evidence of Morocco's carefully guarded autonomy.

All goods that enter the country pay 12 per cent ad valorem, and it makes no difference whether they come from France, America, Algeria or the Sudan, the same duty is exacted. It was for this reason that, as we found out later, so many foreign things were cheaper in Morocco than in France.

On the road from Oran to Tlemcen we had traveled for hours and hours through unbroken vineyards and orange groves; after Oujda we got our first taste of the desert-like country which stretches to Taza. This ride was for all the world like a day's motor trip in Southern California the crops, the flowers, the marvelous and variegated colors of the soil and sky, the fertile patches where water came, the barren hills in the distance

Back to the Arabian Nights

AT TAZA, man and Nature changed quite suddenly There were running streams, green hills, grain and pasture land, while groups of soldiers of various skins and divers costumes dotted the landscape—that wonderful and delightful mixture of every strange-looking thing which goes to make up the French army in Morocco. Taza, since Abd-el-Krim's irruption in the spring of 1925, had become the center of great military activity, and these detachments which filled the roads were already preparing the operations that were so quickly to bring about his surrender.

To the uninitiated it looked like picturesque confusion, but we who had seen these troops before knew better; every man had his job and was doing it. These were the fellows who had fought in France, as rarely men have ever fought, during four years of murderous combats, and the soldiers of our own First and Second divisions have preserved an agreeable recollection of these their Moroccan neighbors on a very hot day near Soissons in July of 1918.

The Courtyard of a Wealthy Arab's House

After a night in the really perfect hotel of Taza we only paused for a glimpse of the old town, for Fez was but a few hours away and our curiosity had been held in check already long enough. Outside its gates General de Chambrun met the ambassador and conducted him to the governor's palace, where we were invited to stay. From this moment on we fell completely under that spell which Morocco has always cast upon those who have penetrated her mysteries.

There are many gardens as beautiful as those of Marrakesh; there are palaces more splendid than those at Rabat; there are as fertile fields, mountains more impressive, costumes equally picturesque; the remains of Moorish art are more splendid in Spain, the mosques of other Moslem lands are not inferior; but in Morocco alone the traveler finds himself transported bodily and with no effort of the imagination into the very land and times of the Arabian Nights. All the tales that charmed his childhood, the pictures he has turned upon his mother's knee, the bright imaginings of palaces and

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Marrakesh, a Great City of Gorgeous Red Surrounded by High Crimson Walls Rising From a Green Oasis

THE REAL MRS. ALWARD

By Mary Lowrey Ross

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

"I HAVE sometimes wondered," said Mrs. Alward's vis-à-vis, "whether we public women do not, perhaps, make a mistake."

"A mistake? How?" asked Mrs. Alward, raising her voice, already sharpened by long platform usage, against the incessant soprano clamor about her. It was distracting, that clamor. The orchestra at the far end of the great hotel dining room was working against it furiously and silently, like little figures on the screen; and only the striving, topmost notes of the violin reached them, very faintly, like sounds borne far distances by the wind.

"What mistake do you mean, Mrs. Tracey?" Mrs. Alward conveyed across the din.

Mrs. Tracey carefully buttered her roll. "You know, Mrs. Alward," she said, "the truth is ——" She looked at her companion solemnly, and then went on, as though on the point of something tremendous, apocalyptic, as though she were about to lay the shining key to the universe itself on Mrs. Alward's dinner plate.

"The truth is that marriage should be a partnership," said Mrs. Tracey.

Mrs. Alward had been a public executive too long not to understand that the first principle of political success is to suffer platitudes gladly. Besides, as a serious woman, she was not unsympathetic toward platitudes, feeling how soberly, adequately, without any disquieting glitter, they rounded off eternal truth. No, it was something else, something acid and personal under Mrs. Tracey's irreproachable generalizations, that set her on her guard.

"It's because I shelved her notice of motion this morning," thought Mrs. Alward. And aloud, she said in almost her natural voice, for the orchestra, limp and exhausted, had accepted defeat, and the clamor about them had begun to subside.

"But surely, Mrs. Tracey, surely it isn't any betrayal of that partnership to interest oneself in the interests of the community! For isn't the community simply the home on a wider scale? And haven't we a responsibility toward it which we can neglect only at our peril?"

Irrefutable argument! Mrs. Alward had used it twenty times on conference platforms. And her hearers never failed to receive it soberly, eagerly, ready, each one, to go out and adopt the community as though it had been an orphan left helpless on her doorstep.

Mrs. Tracey nodded rather enigmatically. Very carefully she detached her peas from her salad, and after a moment's contemplation, thrust the result disdainfully aside. Mrs. Alward watched her with irritation growing under her suavity; longing—for she could never cease to regard the world as her nursery—to set Mrs. Tracey's plate firmly before her once more, with: "Now, eat that or you can't have another thing."

"Men are queer creatures!" mused Mrs. Tracey.

It Was No More Likely, Thought Mrs. Alward, With Her Foot at Frederick's Portal, That Howard Would be Lunching With a Lovely Blonde Than That She Herself Would be Lunching With the Governor of the State

"Men"—Mrs. Alward raised her glass of water gravely, as though it were a toast—"right-thinking men, are very little different from women. My own husband ——"

"Your own husband!" Mrs. Tracey gave a little laugh, as daring, as insolent, as gay as the flung-out cloak of a toreador. "My dear, I saw your own husband having luncheon with a lovely blonde in Frederick's the day before I left"

Mrs. Alward calmly finished her glass of water and set it down. "That was my niece who happened to be in town last week," she said. "From Detroit. I asked Howard to look after her while I was away. . . . Eat your lettuce, my dear; it's good for you."

Mrs. Tracey rather pointedly ignored her lettuce. "She's awfully attractive, isn't she!" she said. And after a pause, on a note of returning playfulness, "My dear, I was only teasing you of course. Everyone knows that Mr. Alward simply adores you."

Mrs. Alward smiled composedly. "It isn't a subject that causes me a great deal of uneasiness," she said. And a moment or two later she rose and laid her table napkin beside her plate.

"Do you mind if I run away?" she said. "I'm not taking dessert . . . they give you such a shocking amount to eat at these conferences. And I've a great deal to do before tomorrow."

"Why, no; not a bit," answered Mrs. Tracey charmingly. "It's been a privilege to have even these few minutes with such a busy person."

Mrs. Alward rose and walked down the long dining room. And as she walked, all the bright little hats turned in her direction, like flowers swept by a stately wind. They watched her, admiring and envious; her beautiful clothes, her fine face and figure; her pride in herself which so justly reflected their pride in her. The delegates grouped in the lobby, even the travelers and transients, gazed after her with flattering interest as she made her way through them. Her ascent in the lift, with those admiring faces looking up from below, was a sort of minor translation.

Tomorrow's address, almost finished, was on the portable typewriter on her desk. She stared down at it for a moment, then lifted typewriter and all to the center table. She sat down at the desk and drew a sheet of note paper toward her.

"Dear Howard," wrote Mrs. Alward. "You have probably seen by this time that they have made me president again. I'm sorry, dear, but I simply had to take it. There wasn't another soul that understood the work properly. This is positively the last year, however. Next year ——"

Mrs. Alward paused, read over what she had written, tore it into little pieces, and dropping it into the basket by the desk, began again:

Howard, my dear: After this year—never again! I swear it. I'm going to spend all the year breaking in next year's president.

I had luncheon today with Mrs. Tracey, and she told me—what do you think?—that she saw you with a lovely blonde in Frederick's! My dear, I'm simply thrilled! I must hear all about it when I get home!

I had intended to stay on for a day or two to finish up, but the weather is so abominably hot, I think I'll come home on tomorrow night's train.

Mrs. Alward's pen, which had been moving more and more slowly, ceased. And in a moment the second letter fluttered down to join the first. She began again:

Howard, darling: I'm president again! You poor lamb, it's a shame! But this is positively the last time. Next year I'm going to stay home and play house with you.

We had a huge reception last night at the governor's residence. It was quite a brilliant affair. I wore the new white evening frock you like, with the scarlet shawl. And I must have looked rather nice, because the governor actually tried to hold my hand behind a palm! It was too funny for words!

I wanted to get home as soon as the conference closed, but there's such a lot to do. I'm afraid I will have to stay over now till the beginning of next week.

Mrs. Alward finished this letter, signed it, sealed it, and went and dropped it down the chute by the elevator. Then she came back, replaced the typewriter and went to work.

"We women," wrote Mrs. Alward, "have always had an instinctive and at times troublesome sense of the moral values of life. It is, therefore, our inevitable duty, as well as our highest privilege, to use our political influence on the side of those forces that make for social and political righteousness. . . ."

Tomorrow's speech tapped its way through to its triumphant peroration. Then Mrs. Alward rose, put it in the drawer, and began to dress for the evening meeting.

Mrs. Alward slipped her latchkey into the door and entered the house. It was a beautifully ordered house. It greeted you at the entrance like a practiced hostess—gracious, completely aware of itself, discreetly opulent. The wine-colored curtains moved slowly in the draft from the open door, like the folds of a stately garment. Light from above fell on the heavy wrought-iron furniture, the stuccoed walls, the wide shallow staircase whose curve was as intimately welcoming as the gesture of outstretched hands.

"Anybody home?" called Mrs. Alward.

There was an instant's silence, then: "Hello!" answered a voice from the second floor.

Mrs. Alward went up the stairs, her hand trailing the velvet rail, knocked at a door at the top of the stairs, and entered without waiting for a reply.

After the perfected order of the hall and stairway, the room had an air of almost calculated chaos. Mrs. Alward took swift note of the disheveled bed, the strewn floor, the dresser heaped with socks, ties and collars, and finally of Don himself, sitting over by the window, still in his pajamas, his bare feet dangling over the arm of his chair.

"Hello, mother!" he said. "I thought you weren't coming till next week!"

Mrs. Alward crossed the room and kissed the top of his rumpled head. "It was too hot to stay any longer," she said. "How have you been?"

"All right," answered Donald, and thoughtfully scratched the sole of his right foot with the toe of his left.

"And how is your father?"

"He's all right," answered Don.

She went over to the dresser, and sorting out the ties, hung them over the post of the mirror. She straightened the brushes and cover, gathered up the collars and socks.

"One, two, three, four—eight cigarette stubs!" said Mrs. Alward. "Goodness, Donald!"

"There's another tray over on the desk," said Don mildly.

"You know nicotine does poison, son! That's a proved scientific fact," said Mrs. Alward. She came over to him and hooked her fingers in his hair. . . . "What are you reading?" she said, and bent over his shoulder. "Oswald Spengler? What a very impressive book!" . . . She propped her elbows on the back of the chair. "I must brush up my German," murmured Mrs. Alward. . . . "Goodness, Donald, I believe you're getting dandruff. Do you do anything for it?"

He moved his head a little under her fingers and she took her hand away.

"I saw your picture in the paper," he said.

"Did you? Did you like it?" asked Mrs. Alward.

"Swell!" answered Donald, with an intonation that made her flush a little, doubting for the first time the regality of that impressive study.

She had never learned to deal with him simply. She was always conscious of his ironic intelligence, always taking cover from it under the mantle of her maternal dignity. And yet he was so young! Sitting there in his pajamas, he really looked very little older than the small untidy boy who at five years of age was already matching her passion for order with a quiet equal passion for untrammeled chaos. She had a sudden longing to lean down and take his rough dark head against her breast. But she moved over to the door.

"You know, at your age, you ought to be getting two hours' tennis a day," she said, rather majestically. She couldn't help it with Don. She stood there in the doorway, helplessly fixed in the dignity of motherhood. "My son," she said gravely, "you'll find some day that there is very little of the stuff of real living in German philosophy."

"It isn't philosophy," answered Donald gently. And Mrs. Alward went out and shut the door.

Mrs. Alward went downtown to the headquarters of the Federated Councils, collected her mail, was affable from a faintly perceptible height with the paid secretary, and left to have luncheon at Frederick's.

She went to Frederick's because it was just around the corner—well, practically just around the corner; because under its awninged roof it was the coolest place in the whole sultry city; because among all restaurants, it alone held the magic and heavily guarded secret of a perfect oil dressing that wouldn't fatten—certainly not because of Mrs. Tracey's petulant and exceedingly common gossip about Howard and a lovely blonde.

She walked along the bright street, looking in the shop windows with their enchanting arrays of delicately flushed nuptial-looking lingerie, shining brass and silver against dark velvet, stately headless evening gowns waiting, erect and composed, to receive their guests, lovely nightgowns fainting in pale ecstasies across early American chairs. And as she walked, half Mrs. Alward's mind was occupied with these and half of it with Howard.

Except in the interests of his box factory, Howard was not, she knew, experimental. He always counted, with a fervency that she had never mistaken for apprehension, on a woman being sensible; and under an exterior rather troubadourish and gay—the preposterously hale and doggish look of the man in his genial forties who bestows and accepts cigarettes in the advertising posters—he had a heart stoutly sealed against romance. So that it was no more likely, thought Mrs. Alward, now with her foot at Frederick's portal—it was no more likely that Howard would be lunching with a lovely blonde than that she herself would be lunching with the governor of the state.

The head waiter was standing by the door, sleek, poised, looking like a fish miraculously erected on its tail. He came forward the moment Mrs. Alward entered, and led her to a little table to herself at the end of the long dining room.

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Mrs. Alward Sat Under an Orange-and-Green Umbrella Canopy and Poured Tea Into Little Pale-Orange Cups as Fragile as Her Rose

DESTINY

By WYTHE WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

"Why, Mother, You're Crying!"

THE woman bending above the open desk drawer lifted out a rolled manuscript. She tried to slip off the stiff, dried rubber band. It snapped and the manuscript, half unrolled, fell to the floor. She started to pick it up, but stopped, bending her head to listen. The sound of whistling came from the next room. She frowned.

The date on the first page of the manuscript was written ten years before. It seemed so much nearer than ten years—November, 1916—but the paper had yellowed, the ink faded. It had remained at the bottom of the drawer's clutter during all that time. Often Madame d'Arenville had thought of sorting out the contents of the desk, perhaps throwing some things away and putting the remainder—real war souvenirs—in proper order.

Those bits of blue glass from Rheims Cathedral were not venders' fakes, but authentic pieces that she had picked up inside the church during the bombardment.

She had been privileged beyond most women to visit there. She had intended that the glass be cut and mounted in rings, had even designed that delicate platinum bars be placed across each bit to give the effect of tiny windowpanes. She had forgotten. Probably now interest in such gifts had faded. However, posterity might be glad if the glass were kept. Her son's sons, perhaps.

The menus of war dinners that she had attended. The privileged woman always—the wife of a staff officer. One card bore Joffre's autograph, another the names of Lloyd George and Clemenceau, side by side, written the day after Foch had been given the supreme command. Pershing's name was on a luncheon menu, marked July 4, 1917, the first day that American troops paraded in France. She remembered the enthusiasm, the first real gayety after long, dark years. Such things must be kept. And the Iron Cross that Paul had sent back from Verdun after the retaking of Douaumont Fort, that epic struggle of all war.

May sunshine streamed through the boudoir window. Eve d'Arenville closed the drawer impatiently. That eternal whistling in the next room! Her face was calm, but pale. She went to a window and looked down the wide parkway of the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne. Already the nursemaids trundled their charges along the tree-lined walks. Several officers, always early riders, were on the bridle path; Louise Lenormand stirrup to stirrup with young Sabatier. Always out with that young bounder, never with her husband. Louise was foolish—too foolish, perhaps. One couldn't know, really. Eve's American friend, La Duchesse Betty, very chic, smart, astride the beautiful sorrel, sedately attended by a groom; as fresh apparently as though she had been in bed. And yet Eve knew that she had been on an all-night party—Montmartre cabarets and breakfast at the Pre Catalan only an hour before.

Children's chatter came to the open window. How long since Eve had defied the conventions of her world and the servants' code by taking Pierre in his perambulator into the Avenue du Bois to see the rhododendrons, to buy toy balloons from that old man at the Porte Dauphine. Pierre was five in 1914, when the war began—a baby that she took to the cellar, night after night, when German airplanes dropped bombs on the city. She told him stories then, beautiful fairy stories, so that he would not understand the commotion and be afraid. Next year the young Count d'Arenville would be ready for his military service. He would be enrolled as a cadet at St.-Cyr, destined, as his father, to become an *officier de carrière* in the service of France.

The Marquise d'Arenville, at thirty-nine, was a woman of charm rather than mere beauty. She was medium height, slender, elegant, with ash-blond hair, large gray eyes, a wide mouth. She carried her head well back, which gave her a stateliness. A fragrance was about her always, and an old-fashioned grace set her apart from the easy looseness of postwar life. French, from one of the old families of Touraine, she seemed more Anglo-Saxon or Slav than a pure Latin. Her name, Eve, fitted her; she was so inevitably feminine. She did not take social leadership, although her position gave her a prominent rôle. She preferred vastly the life of the small château on the Loire, inherited from her father, to the Paris social season.

Impatiently, Eve pressed the button for her maid, Jeanne. Had the report come from Doctor Brunnelle, the great specialist, whom she had visited yesterday? She had been afraid to tell Paul. Anyway, it were better that he did not know. Why didn't he go away, with his dismal whistling, before the report came? Her husband was always seasons behind in his knowledge of popular music and never knew but one tune at a time. Now he was engaged upon a melody at least seven years old. A haunting, slow waltz, played in the restaurants during the making of the peace treaty at Versailles—a depressing thing, said to have been written by an Englishman on the night that his wife died.

Eve considered donning a riding habit and perhaps overtaking Betty in the Bois. But then she would be bored by details of the party—the certain spicy developments in the Sladons' career—Jimmy and Peggy, the Americans who were setting a pace for the fastest season Paris had ever known.

Jeanne waited. Madame regarded her thoughtfully. The maid had come to her nine years ago, almost—just after the husband disappeared at the Chemin des Dames. Did Jeanne grieve now, as evidently she did then? Did these women, in mass, suffer so greatly as the world believed? Could they? Or did a lack of understanding dull their pain? Eve herself often suffered, but—did Jeanne ever go now to the Arc de Triomphe to pray at the grave of the Unknown Soldier, who might be Jacques, the missing husband? Madame d'Arenville shuddered. To pray, there in the noise and the confusion, between the subway station and the taxi stand, instead of in the cathedral —— Little Madge, the child wonder of the cinema, had just visited the grave, so the newspapers reported. Little Madge's first act on arriving in France—placing a wreath—photographed there with René Latour, the French favorite—so happy to see Paris for the first time. . . . Happy.

Jeanne busied herself about the room. She picked up the half-unrolled manuscript lying beside the desk. Madame d'Arenville held out her hand idly. On the first page, below the date, she read: "*Ma chère petite Eve*"—Paul's writing. She sank to a low divan before a window, drawing her light silk gown close about her body. Jeanne placed silk pillows behind her head. Madame motioned her away. She was reading—Paul's diary, sent from the hospital after the battle at Douaumont, where he had been wounded. He had insisted upon leaving the staff and going back to the line. There he had won his brigade command and many citations and decorations. A useless left arm was the permanent physical result.

"These men are my children," she read. "I say to you, Eve, dear, that the Old Guard of Napoleon was not so great as my own brigade of the Army of Verdun. My men are so wonderful—and so pathetic at the same time—that often I want to cry, just at the sight of them."

Such sentiment—from Paul! Beautiful, beautifully expressed. Of course, the hospital ward might have helped bring it out. And now he is whistling away in the next room! Were other men like Paul? Whenever he learned a thing he went about humming it or whistling it until she wanted to scream. This sinister, incongruous waltz saddened her so—made her feel impending disaster. He was so late this morning—that message might come. Often he had had his *petit déjeuner* and was away before she awakened.

"The ides of March," she muttered, smiling. The whistling soared insistent. He was quite cheerful, probably. He knocked at her door before entering and she slipped the diary under a pillow.

The Marquis d'Arenville was a slight, well-polished man, with a pale, patrician, cynical face, the typical Parisian *élégant*. He was blond, blue-eyed, with a tiny mustache over a well-formed mouth; a thin pointed beard covered a weak chin that belied a really firm character.

He was merely Captain d'Arenville when Eve married him, and the old marquis was the general. In the army, the d'Arenvilles never used their titles of *noblesse*. Eve, too, discouraged the use of her title, except with servants—incurable snobs, all. Paul was now the general, and since the war had occupied an important post at the École Supérieur de la Guerre.

Paul was smiling, the lugubrious tune still on his lips. He was in uniform, as always. The sun lightened his fair hair, that showed no trace of gray. Slight wrinkles creased the corners of the eyes, but they gave added distinction. Eve had never stopped caring for him.

"My children"—she remembered the words of the diary. His children of Verdun. He knew all his men, their family histories, their joys, their tragedies. All was part of his code as a soldier. When his men called him "my general," according to army custom, they meant it quite personally. But he is only a grown-up Pierre; a child also, who really knows so little and needs so much care. She trembled slightly. Pierre was now just a trifle taller than his father.

"*Bon jour, Eve.*" He leaned above her, kissing her lightly upon the forehead. He lighted a cigarette. He was proud of the deftness of his one good hand. Eve always watched wonderingly as he extracted the match from the box, knowing that he preferred no aid.

"You are late this morning," she said.

He laughed gayly. "I am waiting for a delegation, in the salon," he replied. "The Americans want me to speak at their big cemetery, near Verdun—Romagne, you know. They've got over fourteen thousand buried there—a whole division. They are to have a big ceremony—monument unveiling."

"How nice," Eve murmured.

"Yes, isn't it? They get all our big ones for their affairs—all the marshals—everybody. This invitation shows they remember me for our liaison support when they were so hard pressed in the Argonne—at the beginning."

"You will make a splendid address; you always do."

"*Merci, Eve, chérie.* You're prejudiced, of course." He walked about the room, his face flushed. "You must come along, Eve. I'll do my best there, you may be certain. We few French who understand things have a big duty. Too much newspaper talk nowadays—blaming the Americans for everything, particularly the bad exchange. We must keep the fires burning—sacred memory of comrades in battle—holy alliance to save civilization." His voice rang. She made no response—impossible—such old phrases.

Jeanne entered the room to inform Monsieur le Marquis that he was wanted on the telephone. Paul frowned. Even Jeanne would not remember that he was the general. He motioned that he would take the message on the boudoir extension.

He unhooked the receiver. Eve listened intently while he talked with the minister of war.

A conference would take place that afternoon at the Élysée Palace, with the premier and the president of the republic. The General d'Arenville would be present. Paul laughed again, a bit ironically, as he hung up the instrument.

"They are appointing me to a special commission," he told his wife. "An interallied affair—experts only—to study reduction of land armaments. We are to report to the League of Nations at Geneva."

"They want you generals to discover that your work is really unnecessary," Eve remarked.

"Yes, that's it—vote ourselves out, as it were. Hah! That's the American idea. Naval disarmament isn't enough. It's got to be all or nothing, if they join in."

"Sacred alliance," Eve said. Then, after a pause, "and the ceremony at Romagne!"

Paul thought that her voice sounded a trifle mocking. He shrugged and made no answer. He walked to the window and stared out. Eve wondered whether he would whistle. Then he asked if she were free to lunch with him. She told him that she was invited to the Ritz to meet some Americans. He would be welcome, of course, if it would not bore him.

He said distinctly that it would bore him, and that he would lunch at the Cercle Militaire.

"*Au 'voir.*" He kissed her again lightly upon the forehead.

Eve did not blame her husband for disdaining her usual daily program. Riding in the Bois—he was an infantryman—never cared much for horses except on parade, when he rode well; the Ritz, its chatter, its crowd of foreigners, all too rich—the bear garden, he called it. That was his polite term. It bored her, too; but what will you? That is life nowadays. Frivolity and talk; talk of disarmament, talk of exchange, of parties, cocktails—the overnight buzz of a new conflagration somewhere.

Paul still whistled as he went down the stairs; the same interminable tune of disaster, whistled gayly and off the key. Eve's hand touched, accidentally, the forgotten manuscript, under the silk pillow.

"It was a wonderful sight." She was reading again. "All the scars of battered Verdun were softened or obliterated in the light of the moon. The citadel, unchanged through its centuries, fell away beneath us as we climbed, and we looked down on the winding silver ribbon of the Meuse." Paul could describe it, indeed.

"Near us one of our batteries was in full action. We were so close we could see the flashes of the big guns.

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Paul Mails His Horse, the Sword Rises and Sweeps Back in the Most Splendid Salute Ever Seen

PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGNS

Washington Taking the Oath of Office—Baron von Steuben, Gen. Arthur St. Clair, Chancellor Robert Livingston, Secretary Samuel A. Otis, George Washington, Roger Sherman, John Adams, Gov. George Clinton and Gen. Henry Knox. In Oval—Washington in His Masonic Apron and Neck Cloth

THE NEW ROOF, 1787-1789

By Meade Minnigerode

THE people of the United States were extremely worried in 1787. Indeed, the term itself was comparatively new and consequently alarming, offensive in many cases to sectional prides and prejudices; so that in 1788, Patrick Henry was remarking that he "would make this inquiry of those worthy characters who composed a part of the late Federal Convention. . . . Give me leave to demand, what right had they to say: We, the people? My political curiosity, exclusive of my anxious solicitude for the public welfare, leads me to ask who authorized them to speak the language of We, the people, instead of We, the States?"

But aside from that, there was cause, in 1787, for breathless worriment. It was all on account of that same Federal Convention, sitting behind closed and guarded doors at Philadelphia, studying the question of a new form of government for the states in place of the old Articles of Confederation: General Washington and Mr. Franklin, Mr. Madison, Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Livingston, Roger Sherman and Rufus King and the others—that "assembly of demigods," as Mr. Jefferson called them.

Rumors of a King of America

AND they were preparing, so it was anxiously believed by many, to establish a monarchy and set up a king of America. The crown was to be—had already been, some said—offered to the young Bishop of Osnaburgh. Others insisted that it was the prince of Prussia. Why, it was no secret in Connecticut that:

"A circular letter is handing about the country recommending a kingly government for these states. The writer proposes to send to England for the Bishop of Osnaburgh, second son to the King of Great Britain, and have him crowned King over this continent. We have found by experience, says he, that we have not wit enough to govern ourselves; that all our declamations and parade about republicanism, liberty, property and the rights of man are mere stuff and nonsense, and that it is high time for us to tread back the wayward path we have walked in these twelve years. This plan, we"—the Pennsylvania Gazette—"are told, gains friends and partisans rapidly, and it surely is necessary for the great body of the people to be on their guard."

The Bishop of Osnaburgh—my eye and Betty Martin!

But the Federal Convention did not establish a monarchy, nor did it set up a king of America. Instead, it promulgated a Constitution and created a President of the United States. A moribund congress at New York received these inventions without comment—one is almost tempted to say without interest—and forwarded them, in September, 1787, to the various states for their inspection. They were invited—all but Rhode Island, which was sulking—to board "the Ship Constitution," to put on "the New Breeches" and take their places under "the New Roof," as men everywhere were soon saying; and when nine states should have ratified the new document it was to become effective.

And very soon "the public mind as well as my own," Patrick Henry found, "is extremely uneasy at the proposed change of government. . . . Liberty"—Mr. Henry, who had reason to consider himself in a certain sense the curator of American liberty, exclaimed—"liberty, the greatest of all earthly blessings—give us that precious jewel and you may take everything else!" And there was not enough liberty, to his florid way of thinking, in the Constitution—that "Gilded Trap" of Antifederalist scorn, that "triple-headed monster," with its House, its Senate and its Executive.

A New-World House of Lords

AND in the hurly-burly of ensuing state conventions, in the uproar of pamphlets and squibs and cards which accompanied them, Mr. Henry was not alone. When it was not Centinel addressing insulting remarks to Laco, the pimp of Aristides, it was Brutus, and Cato, and Patriot, rushing into the gazettes to save the nation, or rather the state; to answer that persistent Publius with his everlasting Federalist letters, and confound his anonymous partisan propaganda—for to their contemporaries the celebrated treatises on the Constitution, of Mr. Hamilton, of Mr. Jay and of Mr. Madison were nothing more—to jab a quill at all the monarchist—the Bishop of Osnaburgh was not forgotten—aristocratic, Federalist well-born.

Another new expression, this "well-born," gleaned from a clumsy and immediately misconstrued sentence in a book on American constitutions, written shortly before by John Adams. "The rich," Mr. Adams had observed, "the well-born and the able will acquire an influence among the people that will soon be too much for simple honesty and plain sense in a house of representatives," and they ought therefore to be segregated in a senate. Obviously, in the opinions of every Antifederalist, an attempt to establish an aristocratic American House of Lords; and the coffee houses rang with the "well-born" epithet, hooted in

Arriving at the Battery for His Inauguration

Federalist ears. "Ye patriots of America," all good Republicans were warned, "arouse from the dangerous infatuation in which ye are lulled, and while it is yet time strain every nerve to rescue your country from the servile yoke of bondage. . . . Suffer not, ye freemen of America, the well-born or their servile minions to usurp the sacred trust, to impose themselves upon you as your guardians."

It is not necessary here to enumerate the complicated, and frequently idiotic, objections to the new Federal Constitution, but to many patriots of 1788 the document and the system of government which it proclaimed were simply dreadful. Liberty was dead and foul despotism, of the British variety, rampant. The whole thing was a conspiracy on the part of the aristocrats against the hard-won privileges of the freemen of America. For a country which had only recently announced the equality of all men, America was in a terrible sweat over aristocrats. They seemed, unaccountably, to persist. The preamble to the Declaration of Independence was all very well, but the Pennsylvania, the New England, the Virginia grandees were still there, in satin breeches and silver buckles.

The Alarms of Patrick Henry

MR. JEFFERSON had composed some resounding phrases about humanity, but the coaches of the aristocracy were still trundling through the streets, as they had in the days of the British royal governors. There was a surviving permanence in birth, in heritage, in breeding, which mere preambles could not destroy. There was an excellence of manner, a superiority of mind, which jealousy could only disparage, in the well-born.

"There are certain seasons in the course of human affairs," a Columbian Patriot whose name was Elbridge Gerry declared, "when Genius, Virtue and Patriotism seem to nod over the vices of the times . . . or we should not see such a passive disposition prevail in some . . . while a supple multitude are paying a blind and idolatrous homage to the opinions of those who by the most precipitate steps are treading down their dear-bought privileges; and who are endeavoring by all the arts of insinuation and influence to betray the people of the United States into an acceptance of a most complicated system of government; marked, on the one side, with the dark, secret and profound intrigues of the statesman, long practiced in the purlieus of despotism; and on the other, with the ideal projects of young ambition." As for this Government, it would commence, George Mason of Virginia insisted, "in a moderate aristocracy. It is at present impossible to foresee whether it will, in its operation, produce a monarchy or a corrupt, oppressive aristocracy, it will most probably vibrate some years between the two and then terminate in the one or the other."

Patrick Henry foresaw even more dire emergencies. There would be a standing army "to execute the execrable commands of tyranny." And this Constitution was said to have beautiful features, "but when I come to examine those features, sir, they appear to me horribly frightful. Among other deformities, it has an awful squinting; it squints towards monarchy. . . . Your President may easily become king. . . . If your American chief be a man of ambition and abilities, how easy is it for him to render himself absolute! The army is in his hands . . . and it will be the subject of long meditation with him to seize the first auspicious moment to accomplish his design. . . . If we make a king we may prescribe the rules by which he shall rule his people . . . but the President, in the field, at the head of his army, can prescribe the terms on which he shall reign master, so far that it will puzzle any American ever to get his neck from under the galling yoke . . . Away with your President! We shall have a king, the army will salute him monarch . . . what will then become of you and your rights? Will not absolute despotism ensue?"

Whereupon "Mr. Henry strongly and pathetically expatiated on the probability of the President's enslaving America, and the horrid consequences that must result." It was these remarks perhaps which inspired a gentleman to observe in the Pennsylvania Gazette that "in Pennsylvania and in Massachusetts . . . Antifederalism proceeds chiefly from ignorance, but in Virginia it originates in debt and vice; hence . . . in the latter state it prevails unfortunately among men of education and abilities." But they were mortally alarmed, in Virginia and everywhere else King George III and this new President of the United States—they were cut from the same scarlet, despotic cloth.

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Washington on His Plantation. In the Oval—The Prayer at Valley Forge

Delivering the Inaugural Address in New York, 1789

The First National Issue

EVEN Mr. Hamilton, as industrious a Federalist as could be found, thought nothing of the Constitution. "Mine is an odd destiny," he told Gouverneur Morris. "Perhaps no man in the United States has sacrificed or done more for the present Constitution than myself; and contrary to all my anticipations of its fate, as you know from the very beginning, I am still laboring to prop the frail and worthless fabric." If he supported it, it was only because it was impossible to "deliberate between anarchy and convulsion on one side, and the chance of good to be expected from the plan on the other," and because the plan was "better than nothing." But Mr. Hamilton's objections to the Constitution were based, not on a lack, but on a superabundance in it of Mr. Henry's Republican liberty.

The New Roof or the Gilded Trap, Federalists and Antifederalists, the well-born and the antis—the contest was joined, the first essentially national issue was before the people; out of the collapse of

(Continued on Page 164)

LADIES IN THE ROUGH

"So This is My Broker, Larry Owens," She Says, Doing the High-Low With Her Voice When the Boss Introduced Her to Me

By Robert S. Winsmore

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. BRINKERHOFF

WITHOUT knocking anybody special I would like to state that a lot of the comedy they pull off down in Reilly & Wilson's is about as funny as a rent bill. I don't mind saying, either, that what I mean, in particular, is this popular ha-ha line about me being the office sheik, and having charge of the firm's female ward. The stuff is old enough to be in a museum anyhow, and besides that, it don't go so good with the wife every time she hears it.

The true fact is the first time I ever heard of any of that squad of women was the day Mr. Wilson called me in and told me about Mrs. Henrietta Sinclair going to open an account with the firm. He said she was sending down twenty-five hundred margin, and he was putting it up to me to look after her.

"We don't want women's accounts here," says Mr. Wilson, "but I happen to know Mrs. Sinclair in a pure social way, and I can't get out of taking this one. But I won't have time to attend to her and give her prices and so forth, Larry, so I want you to be the one to do it. Being there in the order room all the time, watching the ticker, you will be able to tell her things when she calls up occasionally, or it might be more often than that. What she is yearning to do first is to buy 300 Modern Motors, because she has picked up a hot tip on it. Be polite to her, and don't do anything she can blame on me or the firm."

If I had any sense, right there is where I would of told him that, being head order clerk, I didn't have the time either. I should of asked him wouldn't it be better to get one of the regular customers' men to do it, because that is their job anyway. But like a fool I didn't, probably because I felt kind of proud having the boss pick me out to do something he had a personal interest in. I had in mind he was a bachelor, and I didn't know what might be the case.

It wasn't more than half an hour after he told me all this that the Sinclair party called up. She kind of gurgled over the phone, talking hi-lee hi-lo like one of these organs in a circus parade. She made a snappy start, too, telling me her friend Willoughby Wilson had told her all about me, and she knew my name was Larry, and she would call me that instead of Mr. Owens, because then we would seem more friendly in our business relations from the first. When she got all that off her mind, she wanted to know had we got her check yet. I told her I hadn't heard, but I would go and ask.

"Oscar Grossman!" He Shouts. "Jumping Christopher, Oscar Grossman!"

"Why is that?" she says, getting very Queen Mary all of a sudden. "Mr. Wilson said you was to attend to all my affairs, and you certainly should know about my check without having to go any place."

I tried to tell her how, in our system, any money that come in addressed to the firm would go straight to the cashier, and I wouldn't know about it till a little later. But she said she was sure Willoughby Wilson didn't intend for her business to be done by that system, and I had better speak to him about it, or she certainly would.

I got her to hold the wire till I could go back to the cage, and back there I found out no check was in yet. Well, that was all wrong too, and she talked five minutes straight before I got wise that she only mailed the check a couple of hours before. So I explained it hadn't had a chance to get down to us yet, and then she took a lot more time telling me how absolutely rotten the post office is. It seemed she sent a letter in plenty of time to somebody once, but it didn't get there till after the party's birthday; and another one that some man sent to her never did show up at all, even though it had several personal, private things in it. She said she met Al Smith one night at a reception, and mentioned it to him, but it didn't look as if he had done anything so far.

Finally I got Henrietta back on the rails again by telling her as long as we knew she mailed the check it would be just the same as if we had it. I told her, if she was in a hurry, she could go ahead and do whatever it was she wanted to do in the market.

"Of course I am in a hurry," she warbles. "I want to order 300 shares of Modern Motors Company stock right away. How much is the Modern Motors Company stock now?"

"Larry, I Hear You Have Opened Up a Woman's Department Here, and if That's the Case I am Going to Quit"

I looked it up and told her the last sale was 37¼.

"Oh, that is not fair at all," she says. "When I was talking to Willoughby Wilson the price he gave me was 36, and I do not think you ought to try and charge me more than that."

"You must of heard him wrong," I said. "Modern Motors didn't sell any lower than 36⅞ all day."

"That's what I said," she come back. "Thirty-six."

"And seven-eighths," I told her.

"Oh, I do not count eighths and fourths and things like that," she says. "They mix me all up. I will pay you 36 and the eighths for my Modern Motors Company stock, but I will not pay as much as 37, and I do not think you should ask me to, after Willoughby Wilson telling me it was only 36 and something."

I couldn't stand there talking to her forever, so I didn't argue, but just put in an order on the Exchange to buy 300 Modern for her at 36⅞. In about an hour the market slipped down, and we got it at that price Then I had to call her up and give her the report.

"Oh, that's splendid," she says. "I know I have got to be on my guard, or you would take advantage of a woman, but I realize that is one of the ways you brokers get rich there in Wall Street. But I was sure you would give me my Modern Motors Company stock for 36 if I insisted."

"We didn't give it to you; we bought it for you," I explained to her. "And the price wasn't 36; it was 36⅞."

"The difference is too small to consider," she says.

I started to tell her it amounted to more than $250 on her 300 shares but she didn't give me a chance. She hopped right into asking me about Modern Motors. After she had bought it, you see, she wanted somebody to tell her it was all right.

"You are sure it is a good investment, aren't you, Mr. Larry? You think it is very safe, and I will make a great deal of money out of it, don't you?"

Of course I had to side-step that. "I don't know anything against it," I says, "only I ain't been hearing much about Modern lately."

"That's just what Willoughby Wilson said," she told me. "He waan't enthusiastic either. But I have heard something even if you haven't. Why, it was Mr. Grossman himself that advised me to buy, and you know who he is."

"I heard the name," I stalled, "but I don't exactly remember him."

"I should think you would know who Oscar Grossman is," she says. "Why, he's the president."

"A man named Strauss is president of Modern Motors," I stated.

"You must be mistaken," she says; "but anyhow Oscar Grossman is the treasurer or secretary or something, and nobody knows as much about the stock as he does."

The market hadn't more than an hour to go that afternoon, but Mrs. Sinclair called me up three times before three o'clock to find out how Modern Motors was getting along. It closed at 37, and when I told her so she says: "Isn't it wonderful how I have been so successful so soon. I am really thrilled, and my friends will think I am so clever to get my shares at 36 and have the price go up to 37 immediately."

I let it go at that. I figured she would be happier that way.

Next morning Mrs. Sinclair had me on the phone at quarter of ten, and she was so merry and bright she was doing a yodel.

"Good morning, Larry," she says, up and down; "and what is the price for my Modern Motors Company stock this morning?"

I told her the market wouldn't be open for another fifteen minutes, but she seemed to think I ought to know anyhow. Then she broadcast the glad news she was coming down to see us that day. She was so excited about being a regular stock-market plunger that she wanted to see for herself how it worked, and learn all the tricks. She was bringing down a dear friend with her, too; and maybe they would go in the Stock Exchange, and see the prices of Modern Motors being made, all hot, by the nice brokers.

When I tipped Mr. Wilson off about the two coming down, he said, "Why couldn't you find out what time? Now I will have to trust to luck to miss them." But his luck wasn't running so good that day, because when I come in from lunch he had left word for me to come in his office, and when I did, there was two women bunched around his ticker. They were so interested in the tape that you would of thought it was telling them some easy way to get thin and still eat pastry.

Still, one of them, which was Mrs. Sinclair, wouldn't of needed the information at that. She didn't have any weight to lose any place, except maybe in the teeth. Besides, she was getting exercise regular every minute by the jerk system. She was one of these goo-goo women that had a way of lamping you close, and making faces at you when she was talking. It used to make me feel foolish, especially if somebody was looking.

"So this is my broker, Larry Owens," she says, doing the high-low with her voice when the boss introduced her to me. "I just know you are a good broker, and now you will be visible in my mind when I am telephoning you about my Modern Motors Company shares."

The other woman's name, I found out, was Miss Inez Halleck, and she was different, being broader and heavier, and reminding you something of a horse. She give me a handshake with a grip like Dempsey.

"Miss Halleck has paid in a thousand dollars, and has just bought the Modern Motors Company shares also," says Mrs. Sinclair to me. "She has bought one hundred of them. Isn't that thrilling! She paid a price of 37."

"Thirty-seven and three-fourths," says Miss Halleck.

"Oh, yes, and some fourths," says Mrs. Sinclair, very merry-merry; "but that isn't anything, Inez."

"I told you before I don't agree with you, Henrietta," comes back the big one. "It may be because I am economical, but I always consider three-fourths of anything as being something."

"You will have to call them quarters when you are in Wall Street," Mr. Wilson told her. "The only fourth that is known down here is the Fourth of July, and that is known only because it is a holiday."

"What is the price for Modern Motors Company stock now?" Mrs. Sinclair wants to know, looking all over the

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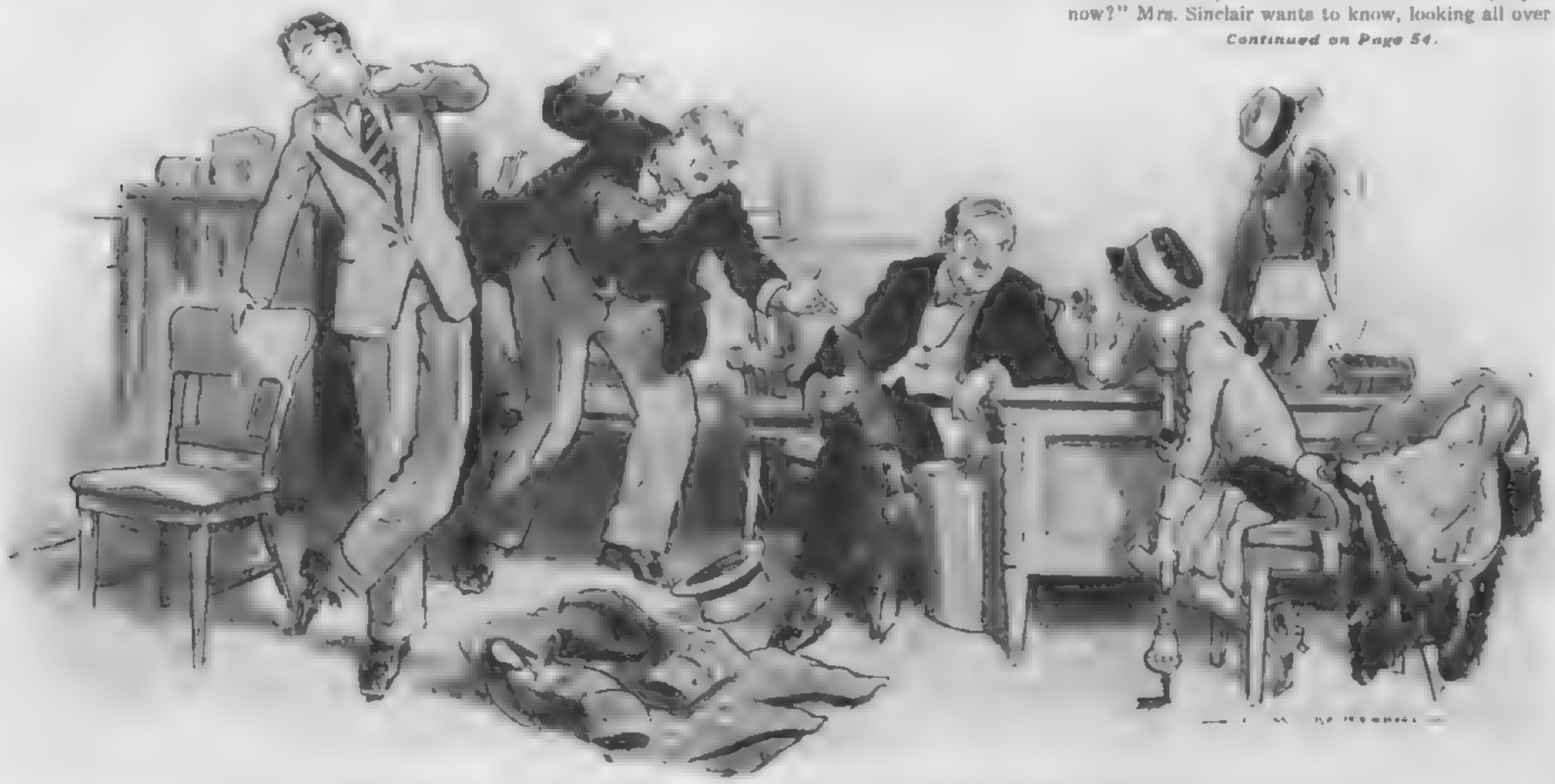

"What Do I Know About Grossman?" He Says. "I Know All About Him. He's Cost Me Money More Than Once, and I Ought to Know"

FILL 'ER UP

By BOYDEN SPARKES

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

"It's Great Stuff," Indorsed Max as He Filled a Dented Quart Measure With Bluish-Amber Fluid That Flowed Like Molasses

UNDER the heading of "Public Notices" in a recent issue of The Times was a curt announcement, a sort of legal advertisement addressed to whom it might concern, that Max —— was no longer connected with the Pep Filling Station.

If you read that scrap of information it must have seemed to you to be trivial to the point of absurdity, and yet it was a ceremony of purification which marked an incident in one slight victory in a struggle which has for its frontier all the highways of the United States and which directly concerns every automobile owner.

That struggle is the effort to insure a flow of honest fluids into the gasoline tanks and crank cases of 20,000,000 automobiles that are estimated to be in service in this country.

As far as Max has been able to discover, only one automobile was involved, but then Max's view of the affair is as narrow as that of a chimpanzee taken captive by a scientific expedition, and, oddly enough, it was a scientific expedition that laid for Max the trap that caused him to make his exit from the filling-station business, saying to anyone who would listen that he had been given a raw deal.

Good Ideas But Poor Judgment

MAX was in the filling-station business on a shoestring, and in that particular field of retailing, shoestring means about $250, and four-fifths of that sum represented his own labor in excavating the pit to receive the big tank which was to serve him as a gasoline reservoir. The solitary pump which was set in place over this tank stood like a totem pole before the galvanized-sheet-iron shack that housed the rest of this retail business.

The gasoline pump was the property of the refinery company whose wares Max was undertaking to sell; the iron shack and a shade better than a half interest in the business were held by the owner of the narrow lot that had seemed to Max, as a former taxicab chauffeur, to offer him a certain road to moderate riches. Max had ideas, but judgment that could by no test be rated higher than poor.

The gasoline company sent a truck and a crew of painters to the retail gas station before it was a week old and gave the establishment a gorgeous coat of color. The salesman of the oil company, whose well-known wares Max agreed to push with enthusiasm, personally erected the signs which informed passing and stopping automobile drivers that this was an authorized station for the sale of Blank Oil products.

Other salesmen began to call on Max, and one of them succeeded in persuading him that he was literally throwing away many of the quarters and half dollars being rung up on his secondhand cash register.

"You're paying too much for oil," said this one. "I can supply you all you can sell for twenty cents a gallon."

Since Max had been paying about ninety cents a gallon, he decided to stock up with a few drums of the cheaper lubricant; but he continued to represent to his customers that it was the same oil advertised by the signs on his premises.

For a few months a streak of caution in Max led him to place orders for additional supplies of the wares of the company whose signs he was displaying, but gradually his orders diminished; also he was buying less and less of the gasoline refined by that company which had loaned him a pump. Late at night the Pep Filling Station was often visited by a tank wagon unmarked by signs that would identify its ownership. Max had become a full-fledged "gyp," which is the word applied in the automotive industry to all those with the morals of bootleggers who prey on car owners by overcharging, by adulteration, by short measures or by substitution.

One day Max came out of his iron shack with the celerity of a spider that feels its web shaken by a victim. A sedan had entered his oil-stained driveway and come to a stop beside his pump.

"Fill 'er up?" Max had learned that trick from one of the trade journals addressed to filling-station men. It is a sounder approach than to ask if the customer wants five gallons, or ten. Filling the tank generally means the sale of several extra gallons over those convenient numbers, five and ten.

"No gas," said one of the two men who clambered down from the front seat of the sedan. "Gimme a quart of Blank oil. I see by your signs that you sell it."

A Blank Guaranty

"IT'S great stuff," indorsed Max as he filled a dented quart measure with bluish-amber fluid that flowed like molasses from a drum plainly marked with the trade-mark of the Blank Oil people.

A moving van had stopped on the opposite side of the street and seemed to be preparing to back up to the curb, but Max lost interest in it as soon as he determined the driver was not contemplating any immediate purchase of oil or gas.

"You are sure it's Blank oil?" persisted one of the two men who watched him pour the quart of lubricant into the

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THE GIRL FROM RECTOR'S

By George Rector

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

FOOD is an important accessory, especially at meals. No less an athletic authority than Grantland Rice assures us that eating is the greatest of competitive sports. Napoleon said that an army moved on its stomach. As a reward for this culinary epigram, he had a piece of French pastry named after him. Bismarck never said anything about food, but he had a herring named in his honor just the same.

The importance of food in history can readily be recognized when you realize that the Versailles delegates sat down to three dining tables and but one conference table a day. Although Diamond Jim Brady was probably the greatest amateur eater of modern times, he was not the originator of the habit. Many centuries ago the world's great men strove for laurels at the table, as pigs strive at the trough. A full and permanent paunch was considered the visible emblem of health and success. Thin and meager men were looked upon with suspicion, even the "lean and hungry Cassius." While the fat flourished and grew stouter, the skinny and the hungry waxed frailer and more attenuated.

The feeling of the starved against the satiated was summed up by John Ball in 1360, when he complained, "They have wine and spices and fair bread; and we oatcake and straw, and water to drink." So many must have been of John's opinion that they followed Wat Tyler in his rebellion. Before Wat got his chance to build up on wine and spices, he had the honor of being assassinated by the Lord Mayor of London in the presence of Richard II. It was dangerous to criticize the cooking in those days.

A Well-Earned Vacation

WITH the exception of Lucullus, the most famous eater of ancient times was probably Charles V of Spain. After a lifetime spent in battling the westwardbound Turk, he retired to his estate at Yuste. Before leaving for the suburbs, he gave Germany to his brother Ferdie and deeded Spain and the Netherlands to his bright son Philip. Having rid himself of all this valuable real estate, he proceeded to devote the rest of his career to eating. One hundred and fifty attendants retired with Charlie to his voluntary Elba, and they all wore chefs' caps and aprons. The ex-emperor wrote daily to the Secretary of State at Valladolid and every letter asked for rare and fancy dishes. Royal couriers speeding from Valladolid to Lisbon were ordered to detour via Jarandilla and bring supplies for the table of Charles, who thought that the local trout were too small and demanded bigger ones from better streams.

We are grateful to Charles' appetite, for it gives us the inspiring picture of a king's messenger carrying the fate of a nation under one arm and a fish under the other. Eels, oysters, frogs and rabbits were conquered and captured all over the known earth and mailed by parcel post to Yuste. He doted on eel potpie and went into conniption fits over anchovies and truffles. He managed to get about six good years of intensive eating before he succumbed. It is remarkable that he lived that long, for a fish does not gain in flavor or odor by taking a long ride on horseback.

Charles existed for his stomach alone during the latter part of his career. History must excuse his imperial pigishness, because he had earned his gastronomical vacation by spending most of his life on the battlefield, chasing and being chased by the valiant Turks. He had earned his meals. The trouble with the folks of today is that they acquire their food with too little effort. However, we lazy moderns have the advantage over Charles in that our refrigerating conditions are better. When Rector's sent to the far corners of the earth for a mackerel or a pompano, it arrived as cool and as fresh as a daisy in the rain. We were compelled to scour the globe for delicacies to fan the feather-edged tonsils of our patrons whose appetites were jaded by too much monotony and repetition of menus. The sameness of food, served day after day and month after month, has caused battles in homes, riots in institutions and rebellions in armies. A continued diet of bread and water is no worse than a prolonged existence on turkey and cranberries. Either one will get you in the end.

It is a terrible feeling to walk sluggishly into your dining room every day, knowing just what is going to be served and seeking some way in which to avoid it. When the tribes of Africa started the neat habit of eating one another it was not so much because of a flair for cannibalism as a desire for a change from a chronic diet of plantains and bananas. There was a theatrical boarding house not far from Rector's where the inmates called mutton 365 because they got it every day in the year. No wonder they went insane during a leap year, when they brooded over that extra day, and bombarded their landlady with a barrage of greasy mutton chops.

A Lamb in Boarding-House Clothing

DID this result in a culinary novelty? It did not. The landlady carefully gathered up the chops, and mutton croquettes were served the next day. Once again the landlady was the target for a shower of mutton in croquette form, and once again she scooped it up. It was on the table the following day in the shape of mutton hash. This proved to be her final attempt to foist mutton on a free and independent people by force of arms or circumstances. No power on earth could put Humpty Dumpty or mutton hash together again. By this time the boarders were barking like sheep dogs and they tore the landlady limb from

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He Was Always Welcome in Spite of the Fact That He Was Looking Out of the Window When the Waiter Arrived With the Total of Bad News

THE LAST LAUGH

"You Can't Get Away With This Line—Not With Me. I Didn't Come Here to be Made a Monkey Of"

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

JINKS BAKER tendered the box of twenty-five-cent-straight cigars to the two gentlemen who stood outside the show case. Each helped himself, and the fat one stuffed his vest pockets with half a dozen more. Luxor did not run to that extravagant brand of smokes and the sale was noteworthy. It was so noteworthy that the customers had hardly left the shop when Jinks, calling his clerk, left his place of business hurriedly and walked up the street as if he were late for a train.

The two steps before Caleb Hope's office he took at a leap, kicked open the door and appeared like a jack-in-the-box before Caleb's desk. Caleb looked up from his book lugubriously, marked the place with his finger and shook his head reproachfully.

"It's not the heat," he said; "it's the humidity."

"'Tain't neither," said Jinks; "it's Tom Dower."

"No!" said Caleb in the voice of astonishment. "Not Tom Dower!"

"Him!" said Jinks. "Him and Marty Rooney!"

"And," said Caleb, "what intellectual fruit do we pick from that bush?"

"Twenty-five-centers," said Jinks. "Not jest two of 'em, neither—two dollars' worth."

"Lavish," said Caleb, "not to say voluptuous. Eight twenty-five-cent cigars! Lucullus could have done no more."

"Lucullus never paid a quarter for a smoke in his life. He chaws. Mis' Bagg wouldn't allow him to do it. She don't give him no spendin' money whatever."

"I was thinking," said Caleb, "of another Lucullus whose last name was not Bagg. He lived in Rome."

"Don't know him," said Jinks. "But what do you make of it? Tom Dower and Marty Rooney ain't together to talk about the weather."

"I judge not. Do you think, Jinks, there's a possibility they may discuss politics?"

Jinks sniffed. "Did Dower ever talk anythin' else? Him and Marty is hatchin' suthin'."

"We'll hope it turns out to be ducks. And have you any idea to put forward?"

"It's the governorship, I bet. Fence buildin'. But why didn't he come to see you instid of Marty? Hain't you the head of the party in this county?"

"Not officially," said Caleb. "Oh, no, indeed! Not so far as the capital of this state is informed. I'm not even a belt lacing in the political machine."

"It looks like Marty wan't licked yit."

"The war's just starting," said Caleb.

"If you got to go up against the state machine —— I dunno. You been winnin' in an off year when the capital wan't meddlin' in. Now it looks like Marty's got the machine to help him out, and the' ain't no tellin'."

"Exactly," said Caleb.

"They'll try to smash you flatter'n a pancake."

"Which," said Caleb, "is exceedingly flat."

"And put Marty back in control of things."

"There's opposition to renominating the governor," said Caleb.

"Party fight, eh? Um—then Dower's linin' up delegates. Marty'll be with the reg'lars."

"Of course."

"Then where'll we be?"

Caleb sighed lugubriously. "We'll just be against Mr. Rooney," he said. "We're not for anybody. We're out to hold what we've got."

"We got the organization," said Jinks. "This town's ourn, and so's the county. Seems like we ought to be able to elect what delegates we want to."

"The difficulty," said Caleb, "is to keep 'em elected."

"The folks is with us."

"The folks," said Caleb, "are generally with the winner. The reason you can't fool all the people all the time is because somebody else is taking a turn at it."

"I'll go and stir around amongst the boys."

"But quietly, Jinks, and without ostentation. Walk softly and omit to carry a bludgeon. It pays to advertise ninety-nine times out of a hundred, but this is the other time. Comport yourself with the wisdom of the serpent—any kind of a serpent, Jinks, except the rattlesnake. He rattles."

"Sure," said Jinks, and left the office, wondering just exactly what it was that Caleb desired of him, but unwilling to ask—which was precisely as Caleb desired it should be.

"Now," Caleb said to himself, "either Mr. Dower will call upon me, or he will not. I rather think he will, because he is human, and being human, charged with curiosity."

Such, indeed, was the fact. The leaders of the party were by no means ignorant of Caleb's existence; though, with the caution of their kind, they had kept hands off what seemed to be a purely local strife. In that morning's conference, Marty Rooney, in his suave manner, had been at pains to impress upon Mr. Dower that there had been one of those sporadic insurrections which all organizations must encounter; that it was temporary, not to say ephemeral in character, and that Mr. Rooney might be depended upon to deliver scrupulously that corner of the state as in times past. Mr. Dower listened and desired to believe, but being who and what he was, believed nothing.

"This man Hope seems to be a go-getter," he suggested.

"A good man, but young. The time's coming, when he settles down and gets sense, that we can use him."

"What does he want?"

Marty smiled his charming smile. "To play," he said. "He's having a good time. Apparently he doesn't want anything but just to bust the mainspring of the clock and see the wheels lying around. It's a pretty little game to him and he's enjoying himself."

"It looks," said Mr. Dower dryly, "as if he'd had an awful good time. . . . Well, you know the situation. The traction folks and the power folks want the governor back again, but there's strong opposition from upstate. The way it looks, we're going to need every delegate we can lay hands on."

"You'll get mine," said Marty. "Besides, you've got a credentials committee, haven't you?"

"We don't want to pull anything raw if we can help it. The steam roller's unpopular at this hour of writing. . . . Keep me posted. If you need any help we'll send it along. But we've got to have those delegates."

"You'll get 'em," repeated Marty.

Mr. Dower left that place in his car and drove without attempt at concealment of his destination to Caleb Hope's office, as Marty well knew he would do. Mr. Rooney was depending much upon Caleb's attitude toward the powers in the capital to strengthen his own position, for he was not without sure knowledge of how direct Caleb could be in his refusals. And a refusal now amounted to a declaration of war, which, in turn, carried with it the bringing in of reënforcements well calculated to upset Caleb's apple cart. It would have given him much pleasure to listen to the exchange of courtesies.

The stout Mr. Dower perspired sufficiently to warrant the use of his handkerchief upon his brow as he entered Caleb's office. It is not of record that curiosity caused such a precipitation of moisture, and therefore it must have been the exercise of walking from the car to the door.

"Mr. Hope?" he asked tentatively.

"I was expecting you, Mr. Dower," said Caleb in his discouraged voice. "Come in and occupy a piece of furniture, and don't go to the trouble of telling me what Mr. Rooney said about me. Um —— 'Count that day lost whose low descending sun views from thy hand no worthy action done.'"

"Er—what?" Mr. Dower exclaimed interrogatively, proving that such a feat of inflection is possible to the human voice. "Have we met before?" Clearly Mr. Dower was at a loss temporarily.

"No," said Caleb. "No, we have never met, but winds of chance have borne your name to my eager ear."

"Let's get down to brass tacks," said Mr. Dower, attempting by this brusqueness to reassemble himself.

Caleb sighed gravely. "Exactly what Cicero said to Catiline—but Catiline wasn't there, you remember. He was up north, just over the border, watching events with trepidation."

"Well, you're here," said Mr. Dower, in a manner which was at once facetious and friendly. "Very much here, I understand."

"And now," said Caleb, "that we are down to brass tacks, suppose you hammer one into the carpet."

"You," said Mr. Dower, "have been hitting Marty Rooney's pitching all over the lot."

"An apt metaphor, but whither does it lead us?"

"To this: What do you want?"

"May I have it?"

"If it's anything within reason. We've watched the situation here, and if you'll play, we'll ditch Marty and regularize you."

"And if, on the contrary?"

"Then the state machine 'll throw in with Marty, and you can't buck the organization and get away with it—not for long. . . . Now, what is it you want?"

"I've been wondering," said Caleb.

"Eh?"

"Eventually I want to be United States senator," said Caleb, "but not yet. I haven't the age to enjoy it."

"Oh," said Mr. Dower ironically, "you don't want it right off!"

"No. I'll let you know when I'm ready."

"Look here," said Mr. Dower a trifle irately, "I came in here to shoot square with you. We'd rather have you in than out. You know what we want, but we don't know what you want."

"Very clearly put. If you'll show me samples I might pick out something nice."

"How would local counsel for the railroads and power companies suit you?"

"It wouldn't. It involves work."

"Circuit judge then?"

"But," Caleb said wearily, "I can help myself to that any time I want it."

"We can't do anything for you if you won't put a name to it." Mr. Dower was growing testy.

"Do you know," Caleb said, as if in some surprise, "it wouldn't astonish me to find out you couldn't do anything for me."

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Under His Lashes He Studied Her Face, Saw How Grave It Was, Perceived That Here Was No Idle Curiosity, But a Crisis

SOME OTHERS AND MYSELF

James K. Hackett

Edward M. Sothern

Frank Daniels

William Gillette

By George Broadhurst

MY FIRST visit to London and its theaters being finished, I returned to New York; and the next production made by Broadhurst Brothers was a farce of mine, Why Smith Left Home, which was played an entire season on the road in the United States and was produced in London before it reached the Madison Square Theater, New York, where it had a fairly successful run, marked principally by splendid performances by Annie Yeamans and Maclyn Arbuckle.

When we were arranging to send out a second company, a young man named Frank Craven came to see me about a part in it. He was not particularly handsome, nor had he any experience; but I took a chance and gave him his first engagement, not thinking that later I should write a part for him that would make him a star, and that by his magnificent playing of the part he would contribute greatly toward the biggest success I was ever destined to have.

While Why Smith Left Home was playing in New York I went with the late Charles Klein, author of The Lion and the Mouse, The Third Degree and many other successful plays, to an important first night. We enjoyed the play greatly and admired its workmanship, but next day several critics commented on what they called the improbability of one of the most important situations.

Discussing this, Klein said: "On the stage, anything that is possible is probable. Every day things occur in life which are so remarkable that no dramatist would dare use them. The critics complain that this situation is the result of a coincidence. Well, coincidences happen, don't they—and much more remarkable ones than the one the playwright has used. Moreover, they happen much more frequently than people realize. If you don't believe it, notice from today on how many of them happen to you."

This speech of Klein's was soon recalled vividly to my mind. I had for a long time desired some information about a business transaction, but after much fruitless inquiry and search, I had given up all hope of procuring it. One morning my brother telephoned that his daughter had to be operated on immediately for a sudden attack of appendicitis and that he would like me to look after the affairs at the office for a few days. Naturally, I agreed.

Strange Coincidences of Every Day

IN THE mail that day was a letter from the dead-letter office, returned to us because our firm name and address were on the envelope. I opened it to see to whom I should return it. It was signed by a Christian name only, and the person to whom it was written was addressed by a Christian name only. I therefore thought I was justified in reading it to see if I could discover from the context to whom I should send it. In it was the information I had been hunting for more than a year.

When I told this to Klein, he said, "There you are! Put that in a play and see what the critics would say!"

Since then I have watched for coincidences and they have been both numerous and startling. Of these I will give but two.

Three years ago I was working on a Sicilian play, afterward produced under the title of The Red Hawk, and I went to Gergenti, a little town in Sicily, for the sake of getting local color. To the hotel came a charming young Englishwoman, accompanied by an older woman and a man. We became acquainted, as people do under such circumstances, and after a while the conversation touched on the theater. Learning that I was from New York, the young woman asked if I knew a manager named Winthrop Ames. I said that I did. She then said that Ames, so she understood, was about to produce a play called Will Shakspere which had already been done in London, and asked if in my opinion he was the right man to produce such a drama. My answer was enthusiastically in the affirmative.

I also said: "It is strange that you should have mentioned that play, because it would have been presented at the Broadhurst Theater, in which I am interested, except for the fact that it could not be made ready until the second week in January. That would have meant that the house would have had to be closed during New Year's week, and as that is the biggest week in the year, the booking was not arranged."

The young woman then said, "You say you are interested in the Broadhurst Theater?"

Helen Ware in The Road to Yesterday

I answered, "Yes; my name is Broadhurst." Whereupon the man exclaimed, "Isn't this remarkable? Mr. Broadhurst, let me introduce you to Miss Clemence Dane, the author of Will Shakspere and A Bill of Divorcement."

In this same little hotel, in that little out-of-the-way town, was a professor from a university in the Middle West who was taking his sabbatical vacation, accompanied by his wife and three daughters, aged about eighteen, sixteen and twelve. While we were talking together the sixteen-year-old girl said: "Mother trusts me to go to the pictures alone, because she knows that if there is anything shown which I think she wouldn't like me to see I always walk out. I've done it several times."

The eldest girl then remarked: "I've never done that. But two years ago last summer, when I was in Wisconsin, I took four or five girls younger than myself to see a stock company in a play called Bought and Paid For, and at the end of the second act, when a man smashed in the door to his wife's bedroom, I went out and took the other girls with me. The play was awfully interesting, though, and I've often wondered just how it ended."

At which I said, "Perhaps I can tell you. You see, I am the author."

The Funny Man

WHILE Why Smith Left Home was playing in New York, Charles Hoyt, the author of A Texas Steer, A Trip to Chinatown, A Milk-White Flag and many other successful plays, came to meet the Lambs, the famous club for actors and authors, and said, "George, do you ever intend to do anything more serious than farce?" I told him that I did.

To this he rejoined: "Well, now's the time to do it, because once they make up their mind that you're nothing but a funny man, you're gone. Look at me. I've written so many funny plays that if I were to dramatize Lincoln signing the anti-slavery bill, and have it played by Abe and the original cast, they'd go to the theater and laugh at it."

Continuing, he said: "I'll tell you a little story to illustrate what I mean by saying if they think you're only a funny man you're gone. Before I wrote plays I used to run a lecture bureau in the town I came from, and once every man I booked in the season disappointed me except one who'd been there the year before. He was a humorist, and the people in our town thought he was the funniest man breathing. The house was packed; but just before he was to go on, the lecturer received a telegram announcing the death of his wife's mother. He said to me that under

the circumstances he could not possibly deliver a humorous lecture.

"I agreed with him, but suggested that he step in front of the curtain, let the audience see him and know that I had actually brought him there, and then explain the circumstances. He consented, and with tears streaming down his face and the telegram in his hand he walked on to the stage. Immediately there was great applause, followed by whispers of 'Listen now! He's the funniest man that ever lived.' And when he said in a heartbroken manner, 'Ladies and gentlemen, I regret to say that I cannot deliver my lecture tonight owing to the death of my mother-in-law,' they simply howled with glee.

"'Says his mother-in-law is dead!' they chortled. 'Funniest man that ever lived!'

"The more he tried to explain, the more they laughed; and when he finally read them the telegram—'Mother-in-law died at ten o'clock'—they laughed so long and so loud that he had to walk off the stage. The applause at his exit lasted such a time that I finally had to go on myself. But they didn't want me; they wanted further news about the mother-in-law. Finally I made myself heard and said, 'Dog-gone it, if you're not out of the house in ten minutes I'll turn off the lights,' which, to end the matter, I actually had to do."

A Censor for Shakspere

HOYT had a peculiar and acrid sense of humor, the quality of which was intensified by the twang in his voice. He not only wrote his plays but he produced and managed them, and the bane of his life was that his actors, such as Frank Daniels, Otis Harlan and James T. Powers, were known to and recognized by the public wherever they appeared, while he, who wrote their parts, engaged and rehearsed them and paid them their salaries, remained unrecognized and unknown. At one hotel where Hoyt, Harlan and another of Hoyt's leading actors had registered, and had just come from seeing their quarters, the clerk asked, "How do you like your room, Mr. Harlan?" To this Harlan replied that he liked it very much. "I thought you would," rejoined the clerk. "George Washington once slept there." Of the other actor he asked, "And how does your room suit you, sir?"

"Very well," the man said; and the clerk replied, "I thought it would, sir. Benjamin Franklin once slept in it."

Hoyt then spoke up and said, "That so? Well, I guess Benedict Arnold must have slept in mine."

The desire to be seen and known prompted Hoyt to take a curtain call, whether he was called for or not, on the first night of each of his plays. On one such occasion the trunk containing his dress clothes had been lost; but undeterred and undismayed, Hoyt went on wearing a pair of the most violent and raucous trousers the world has ever known. No sooner had he said "Ladies and gentlemen" than a man in the gallery shouted, "Oh, pipe the pants!" This upset Hoyt so thoroughly that all he could say was "Well, pipe 'em!" and walk off.

That time lends glamour to everything I am well aware, and also that to every veteran clubman his club can never compare to what it was in the good old days. When I first joined the Lambs the older members longed in vain for the days of Lester Wallack, and were I a frequenter there at the present time, I feel quite sure I should yearn for the brilliant group of which I was permitted to become a member. It included Maurice Barrymore, Sydney Rosenfeld, De Wolf Hopper, Digby Bell, William H. Post, Charles Klein, E. E. Kidder, George Ade, William Gillette, Henry Blossom, Victor Herbert, William H. Crane, Stuart Robson, Gustave Kerker, Frank Pixley, George V. Hobart, William Collier, Nat C. Goodwin, Augustus Thomas, Rupert Hughes, Richard Harding Davis, Booth Tarkington, Milton Royle, Wilton Lackaye, Reginald De Koven, Dan Daly, Joseph and E. M. Holland, Fritz Williams, Harry Woodruff, and practically all the distinguished actors, composers and dramatists of the day. The wit of many of them has become proverbial and there was hardly one among them who asked for any quarter in a verbal encounter. When E. H. Sothern first produced Hamlet, Maurice Barrymore—the father of Ethel, Lionel and John—and I were chatting in the Lambs one evening. Barry, as he was fondly called, thought it rather ironical that he, Barrymore the Magnificent, should be playing in vaudeville while Sothern was playing the Dane. Along came one of Sothern's company—I think it was Vincent Sternroyd—who said, "Hullo, Barry! Seen Sothern as Hamlet?"

"No," replied Barrymore.

"Going to see him?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because I never encourage vice."

Barrymore once gave a supper after the performance in the basement restaurant of Rector's in Chicago. A wine agent, uninvited and unwanted, ingratiated himself into the party. Finding what he thought was a favorable moment, he said, "Mr. Barrymore, you are a man of the world and your name carries great weight. The next time you call for wine, as a favor to me, will you ask for my brand?"

Barrymore replied, "Delighted to do it, dear boy, simply delighted! But good heavens, suppose they should happen to have it!"

Later, Barrymore gave a splendid example of his more subtle humor. A guest, who was unknown to the others, came late. Barrymore introduced him all round, and finally coming to the wine agent, he said, "And this is Mr. —— who needs no introduction."

Of them all, Goodwin was the greatest story-teller and Collier the most successful joker. Goodwin had no objection to telling a story when the joke was on himself, and when he returned from one of his early visits to England he regaled us with an account of Henry Irving's introduction of him at a dinner given by an actors' club in London.

Thomas Meighan

James T. Powers

PHOTOS FROM THE ALBERT DAVIS COLLECTION

Lucille La Verne, Who Appeared in Mr. Broadhurst's Play, The Easterner

American Humor

IRVING said, "And now, gentlemen, I have great pleasure in introducing the famous American comedian Mr. — Mr. ——" And the name eluding him, he continued—"that very famous American comedian of whom you have all heard—that famous American comedian whose name is in fact a household word—Mr. Nit Godkin."

Another story which Goodwin loved to tell was of an encounter with an Englishman on board ship when Goodwin was returning to America with his current wife, Miss Maxine Elliott. The Englishman, in the course of conversation in the smoking room, said to Goodwin, "Are you really the husband of that beautiful creature?" To which Goodwin replied, "Really. I know you can't understand it, but I've had a lot of experience in picking them out."

The Englishman rejoined: "That, I suppose, is American humor. I've been to your American farces in London and your American musical plays, and while nearly everyone else laughed most heartily, I regret to say I did not laugh at all. It was American humor, and I simply did not understand it. Mr. Goodwin, what is American humor?"

Goodwin answered, "I don't know that I can define it, but perhaps I could give you an illustration." And being urged to do so, Goodwin said: "While I was walking along the main street of a town in the East where I happened to be playing, a man came up to me and said, 'Do you know where the post office is?' And I said yes and walked on, thinking the joke was on him. Well, I hadn't gone very far when I thought what I had done was perhaps not very nice, so I turned round, walked quickly after the man for two or three blocks, caught up with him and said, 'I beg your pardon. Do you want to know where the post office is?' And the man said no and walked on. That," continued Goodwin, "is what we should call American humor."

"Extraordinary!" replied the Englishman. "We should call it rudeness."

Going into the Snuggery at the Lambs one night, I saw Collier in such earnest conversation with an actor, that I knew he was either talking on some very serious

(Continued on Page 113)

THE JOY GIRL

By MAY EDGINTON

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"It's Lovely Anyway, I Love Nice Things, Don't You?" "I Love 'Em," Said John Jeffrey, Gazing at Her

IV

JOHN JEFFREY FLEET drove his unknown beauty out of Shaftesbury Avenue, across the Circus, into one of the quieter byways of the Haymarket. There he drew the car up. It was not that he was caring about the sandwiches of anticipation, but that he did not know whither she was bound. Also, there was another matter.

"Perhaps," he considered, "she just wants a joy ride."

He got down and opened the door. There she sat, limp against the fawn upholstery, already surveying the world outside from a throne of security, a complete and devastating vision of one of life's pampered darlings. Her long silk legs offered themselves to the ravished male view from the knees—in fact above the knees—down; and if she had not tilted her hat a little farther over one brow, she appeared to have done so from the very insouciance of her attitude. She could loll exquisitely.

"Pardon me, miss," insinuated John Jeffrey, with a forefinger at the peak of his cap.

She came out of a dream to look at him, and her awakening look was very childish and sad. It complained: "Of course I'm real; he's real; life's real. This grand car isn't mine."

"Pardon me, miss," said he, "but where did you wish to go?"

"Well," she considered reluctantly, "I have to go to Dulwich—to Wallflower Road. Do you know it?"

"I can find it, miss."

"I had really better go there now."

"I can take you at once, miss."

However, John Jeffrey—if known as a bookworm for his years—was but a man. There was the other matter. He spoke of it: "Only, miss—if you will pardon me—I could not help thinking, hoping in fact, that you would sit in front with me. The night is lovely. You see, if you sit right back in there—in fact," said John Jeffrey justifiably, "what do I get out of it?"

He had forgotten about the casual tips. As a matter of fact, directly he had seen her little flimsy and decorative shoes, he had put her out of the category of tippers. But she could not exactly know that, and the money in the envelope bag under her arm was dear and rare and precious. The envelope bag seemed to give a little twitch under her arm. Actually she was putting her hand to it; then drew the hand back and considered the chauffeur. He had a face that all children would trust on sight. He had a face like a playfellow.

She said slowly, "True. Of course you wouldn't be getting anything out of it except—I had thought ——"

Her hand went again toward the envelope bag.

"I just ask the pleasure of driving you, miss," said John Jeffrey hurriedly.

"If you hadn't spoken to me in Shaftesbury Avenue I should have taken the Tube, or a bus, to Dulwich."

"Of course. I consider it a privilege to be able to drive you home, miss. Only, I did hope, as a little reward, that you would sit in front with me." And he asserted again earnestly, "The night is lovely."

So it was. Night of moon and stars and autumn softness. She smiled. And she thought, "He won't want any money; he as good as said so." She got lightly out.

"You see, miss," said John Jeffrey when he had established her beside him and was steering out of the side street, "I had hoped for the favor of a little conversation."

She glanced at him sidelong haughtily. To the accompaniment of a little conventional talk, instigated solely by John Jeffrey, they ran out of the West End, through the more sordid thoroughfares, into the peace of suburbs.

"It's not nine o'clock yet," said John Jeffrey by and by. "I am at your service until eleven o'clock. It is a perfect night for a little drive."

"Yes," she admitted, sighing.

"I don't think I will take you straight back to Wallflower Road," mused John Jeffrey.

She sat up. "Really -please ——"

"Look here," said John Jeffrey, taking one hand from the steering wheel to lay it for a moment reassuringly on hers, "you've been reading abduction cases in the newspapers. I appeal to you—haven't I a perfectly nice honest face?" She admitted it. "Then trust it. The only thing is—have you dined? Are you hungry?"

"Not at all. I had two cocktails an hour or two ago."

"We must supplement those a bit. We'll stop and buy sandwiches and chocolates and ginger beer."

"Really, I could not trouble you."

"I might be hungry myself. I've had no din—supper either."

"I suppose rich people have very little consideration for their chauffeurs."

"Sometimes they have; sometimes they haven't."

"Which sort is your employer?"

"The latter," said John Jeffrey gravely. "He'd like to treat me like a dog." And he thought with delight of the air with which Vicary had turned to give him his orders before mounting the steps of the Duchess Theater.

"Everything in life is a question of money," she sighed thoughtfully.

John Jeffrey drew the car up, went into a little tea shop and returned with provisions. He had been strongly tempted to buy her the best box of chocolates in the place, covered with gold foil and tied with blue ribbons, but he remembered his position in time and brought to her a pound of the sweets in a paper bag.

"Now," he said, "we'll find some quiet clean side road and eat and talk "

"By the way," she protested hastily, "you mustn't think that I don't know that I ought not to be doing this."

"I quite understand."

"Only, most girls like adventures."

"I understand that even better."

Now, clear of the houses and main traffic, he let the car out and they rushed on. He heard her cry "Oh!" and "Ah!" ecstatically beside him. She pulled off her little hat and let the wind lift her hair. She turned her little face up to the sky of stars.

"You love sensations," he commented.

"I'm crazy for them."

On and on. . . .

"Why ought you not to be doing this? Just this—exactly?"

"If I may speak plainly," she answered heartlessly, "it's because—well, you're just a chauffeur, aren't you? A gentleman's servant really."

He bowed his head humbly. "Would it be at all different then if it were the gentleman himself?"

"Oh, very, very different—entirely different, of course."

"You mean ——"

"Well, there might be something in taking the risk, mightn't there? I mean, it would be worth while." He contemplated this. She explained. "It might lead to anything, mightn't it?"

"It might."

"After all, a girl has to fight for herself. If a girl didn't think for herself pretty carefully she might find herself married to a commercial traveler, or something, and saddled with a family before she knew where she was."

"You have studied this subject pretty comprehensively, I see, miss."

"I've had an object lesson before me."

"Meaning ——"

"My parents. A lot of girls think like I do. I've heard a lot of my friends say, 'Look at my mother! None of that slaving and toiling and pinching and scraping for me.'"

"There's something in it, miss. I see your point of view, and that of the other young ladies."

She paused and asked almost shyly, "Do you call me a young lady?"

"Certainly I do, miss."

"And yet here I am!"

"You love sensations. You're very young."

"I'm nineteen—nearly twenty."

"Well, of course, even an age such as that doesn't give you time to have experienced everything possible in life."

"You seem a very respectable man—really superior—or I shouldn't have come. I felt at once that you wouldn't try to take any liberties; that you were quite superior."

"Don't worry," said John Jeffrey in a warm voice, realizing the defensiveness of this affectation of calm.

"I could," she confided to him presently, "have been taken out to dinner tonight; but I had decided not to, and I was just going home when you drove up"

"Providentially. But tell me, miss, if you care to—the confidence is quite safe with me," he pursued respectfully—"why you decided not to go out to dinner."

"It was just one of the kind of things I haven't begun to do yet," she said cryptically.

"Oh!" said John Jeffrey.

"It happens that it would have been with someone who wouldn't have understood ——"

"Understood, miss?"

"—— the kind of girl I am."

"Ah!" said John Jeffrey.

On and on. . . .

"There's a side road somewhere off this one," he said, "where we can pull up and have supper."

When they had drawn up on the roadside, a high hedge on one side and a moonlit sweep of country on the other, they turned in their seats to face each other, the provisions between them.

"Don't start on the chocolates till you've eaten a sandwich," said John Jeffrey warningly.

"This is nice," she said, curled up in her seat, her shoulder snuggled somehow into the upholstery.

"Don't you often do it?"

Then she made a staggering statement: "I have never been in a private car before."

"Good heavens!"

"I know boys with side cars, of course."

"I expect you have the pick of them."

"You think I am the kind of girl who can pick and choose, then?"

"Yes."

"It isn't really so easy as all that. A girl can be a perfect picture, and yet she only has a choice among the men she doesn't want." Then her old plaint: "How does a girl like me meet the right men? I ask you."

"Who are the right men?"

"The men who own these," she sighed, caressing the upholstery with a hand that looked like a white flower in the moonlight.

"And what other qualifications do you want?"

"A beautiful house or flat, with servants. And I should want him to be generous about pocket money and clothes. I should like the best bath salts in my bath every day, lots of perfumes and flowers. I should like to go to places like Claridge's and the Ritz and the Embassy Club. I should like to go round the world for my honeymoon. I do long to see the world."

"But the man himself—what is he to be like?"

She shrugged a little. "One can't have everything. If he gave one all that, one would be glad to get him, whatever he was like."

"I wonder who on earth taught you all this."

"I have eyes and ears. A girl has only to look about her and know which is the best plum tree."

"I take it that your people are not well off."

"Never a penny to spare. My mother has never had so much as one servant all her life."

"You're tired of being poor?"

"Oh, I'm tired of it! I long for beautiful things; to see beautiful places—Venice and Rome and Egypt and California and —— Wouldn't it be marvelous to be married to some powerful man who just moved about the world as he wished and everyone bowed down to him?"

"Because of his riches?"

"What else do people bow down to?"

"Have you a mother? Do you talk about this to her?"

Continued on Page 150

She Was Playing Up Now to the Cream of Dreams, the Man Made of Money, Experienced, Cosmopolitan and Well Known in Sporting Circles. His Name Was Vicary, and His First Name Was Arthur

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PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 20, 1926

New Loans for Old

DISCUSSIONS in Europe on debt settlements make evident the importance attached to the prospect of fresh borrowings. Countries whose war-debt settlements are still in abeyance find themselves restricted in credits. Settlements of war debts represent enlargement of borrowing power. In short, the desire to borrow is a powerful motive in debt settlement.

If all war-debt settlements still pending were to be concluded in general conformity with the terms accorded to France and Italy, the initial annual payments to the United States would apparently amount to something like two hundred and twenty-five million dollars. This sum would rise gradually to something like three hundred and fifty million dollars. The sum at present due the United States as interest on foreign investments of American nationals is believed to be in the neighborhood of five hundred and fifty million dollars.

Without attempting to forecast the trend of future foreign investments by American citizens, it is not difficult to anticipate within a few years a sum of annual interest charges running more than a billion dollars. Contrasting the figures of annual payments due us on war debts with those due us on private investments abroad, it is fair to urge that the latter will soon be three times the former. Whatever difficulties may be encountered in effecting the international transfer of interest due our Government, apply equally to the transfer of interest due our nationals. Whatever difficulties attend receiving debt payments in terms of goods and services, apply equally to payments to our Government and payments to our nationals. Anyone who believes that we shall be injured by accepting war-debt payments must be apprehensive of possible injuries resulting from payment of private debts. If we ought to contemplate cancellation of war debts on account of difficulties in transferring and receiving payments, we must also be apprehensive of exaggerating the difficulties of transferring and accepting payments by a continuation of foreign investments.

If, now, our war debts should be canceled—especially those outside of Great Britain—what would be the first result? Fresh borrowings in the United States by the countries concerned. Looking over the export of American capital during the past five years, and contemplating the need of capital in Europe—political, social and industrial—it seems reasonable to believe that fresh borrowings would be undertaken in the United States whose interest charges would approximate the sum now due annually in payment of war debts. In a word, the amount annually due the United States would not be modified by debt cancellation, since new commercial loans would soon take the place of canceled government loans. Instead of having one-third of the annual sum receivable passing into the United States Treasury and two-thirds into private hands, all of it would be passing into private hands, without substantial reduction in the total figure.

Viewed in this sense, European demand for cancellation of war debts represents in effect a masked application for new loans; American advocacy of cancellation represents in effect a masked proposal for new foreign investments. Foreign investments represent in themselves an entirely proper use of American capital, to be judged individually by the objective and security of the transaction. But from the broad standpoint of the international account, and in particular with reference to payment with goods, to suggest that war debts are black and private loans are white is a piece of hypocrisy in economics.

Sandbags Versus Machine Guns

THE attainment of higher efficiency in merchandising and industry during the past twenty-five years has not been more notable than the steadily increasing effectiveness of criminal methods. A scant generation ago the sandbag was the favorite weapon of footpad and bandit. Presently it gave place to knife and knuckle-duster. These were soon displaced by the six-shooter, which in turn made way for the automatic pistol. Even the more modern of these two weapons is yielding its supremacy to the more deadly machine gun.

This extraordinary improvement in equipment for the commission of crimes of violence is an indication of a new adaptability which must be conceded to the criminals of the younger generation. No invention is too modern for their purposes. Like business men engaged in forwarding great transactions, they leave to chance nothing that can be taken care of by foresight and prearrangement. The war chest is well stocked, lawyers for the defense are retained, instant bail is arranged for, and the alibi is fabricated days before the crime is committed. Even the theater of the crime is carefully selected after intensive study of local statutes, the temper of the judiciary and the amenability of pardon boards. The criminal knows all about his venture before he embarks upon it, and he is prepared to risk life and liberty with more than a sporting chance of winning the high stakes for which he plays.

No such boasts can be made for improved methods of law enforcement or for the more efficient conduct of criminal procedure. Certain minor betterments have been effected; but the law still trips over its own feet, and the mills of justice, though they grind as slowly as ever, still fail to grind even middling fine. Society, in effect, sticks to a sandbag for its defense against the machine-gun fire of the outlaw.

Spectacular crimes of violence committed a few days apart from coast to coast have again directed attention to the impotence of government to protect itself and its citizens from these outbursts of murder, banditry and blood feud, or even to bring the offenders to speedy justice. So bold and cold-blooded these crimes have been that they can hardly fail to exercise a powerful effect in hastening certain legal reforms which should have been put into effect a generation ago.

Every commonwealth which lacks such a law should put it within the power of the courts to impose life sentences upon habitual criminals.

Double penalties should be meted out to convicted persons who have carried firearms during the commission of a felony. Every jurisdiction should make it lawful to impose a death sentence for either first or second degree murder.

The possession of a machine gun by any unauthorized person should be made a felony; likewise the possession of deadly weapons by any person who has been convicted of a felony.

Drastic legislation should be enacted by Congress for the special protection of postal employes, members of the railway mail service and guards in the employ of the Federal Reserve System. The smallest attempt to interfere with any one of these public servants in the exercise of his duties should be punished with pitiless severity. By no other means can the impaired prestige of Federal service be restored. In no other way can the Federal Government hope to discharge its obligation to give its servants the protection to which they are entitled.

State laws should be passed for the more effective safeguarding of police officers, watchmen, bank guards and all persons who have official custody of large sums of money.

In certain states pardon boards have become notorious for the complaisance with which they have liberated swarms of habitual criminals, who are now preying upon their communities. Such boards should be speedily abolished, for they are just as grave a menace to the safety of society as the bandits and gunmen they have turned loose by the irresponsible exercise of their power. The parole laws and regulations of many states need a thorough overhauling, for too often their net result is to defeat the ends of justice by tying the hands of the trial judge, while the convicted criminal laughs in his face. Time off for good behavior should be granted not by regulation as a right but as a special act of grace on the part of judges and prosecuting attorneys, or of some responsible body set up for the purpose.

Bail should be denied to habitual offenders, and the professional bondsmen of our larger cities should be kept under a surveillance which would render impossible the scandalous conditions which have grown up in more than one metropolis where bail shopping has attained the dignity of a fine art. Under the present easy-going system the accused is rarely deprived of an opportunity to engage in whatever criminal enterprise he has booked for a date between the time of his arrest and the day of his trial. Indeed, the fruits of the second venture are often counted upon to extricate him from the mishaps of the first. It is a great system, both for the criminal and for his legal adviser, but they are its only beneficiaries.

Delays and continuances in criminal causes should not be granted on grounds of courtesy, but only when denials of such motions would work manifest injustice. Judges of ability and rectitude are often far too lax.

The time within which an appeal may be filed, which in some jurisdictions is as long as ninety days, should be reduced to thirty days, and argument of the appeal should be required within the shortest period practicable.

Prosecuting officers should no longer be barred from calling attention to the failure of the accused to take the stand in his own behalf. Except in capital cases, the votes of ten jurymen out of twelve should be sufficient for conviction. Society has already paid too long and too dear for the questionable luxury of witnessing flagrant miscarriages of justice directly traceable to the acts of one or two corrupt or pig-headed jurors. They should long ago have been shorn of their sinister power.

Under our present procedure the interminable delays which intervene between conviction and the imposition of sentence rob the law of half its moral effect. Punishment should be inflicted while the details of the crime are still fresh in the public mind. In many flagrant cases the execution of sentence has been so long deferred and so much legal shadow boxing has been permitted that in time the casual newspaper reader has come to picture the criminal as a victim of persecution. Such cases will recur as long as the courts permit criminal lawyers to fritter away time upon trivial or fabricated pretexts.

To their shame be it said, several of our most populous commonwealths are still trifling with their criminal element by swinging a sandbag in the futile hope that it will silence the fire of the machine guns. This stigma does not rest upon the state of New York. The prompt adoption of most of the recommendations of the Baumes Commission has already worked wonders. What New York has done other states can do; and they can do it the more easily for having Senator Baumes' working plan for their guidance. A nation-wide policy of less talk and more action would flatten out the crime wave within a twelvemonth

THE PHILIPPINE PROBLEM

By Vicente Villamin

THE Philippine problem involves a three-cornered responsibility, to wit: The responsibility of the Filipinos to themselves to keep their country a fit place to live in, the responsibility of America to the Filipinos to give them a chance to live as a nation in a reasonably safe and satisfactory manner, and the responsibility of America to herself to make morally sure that her withdrawal from the Philippines will not open the way to conflicts in the Pacific which may develop into a world conflagration. These are the determining factors in the solution of the Philippine problem, and not the showing of the different administrations in the Philippines or the mental capacity of the Filipinos to govern themselves.

These several responsibilities establish a unity of interest between America and the Philippines. They all rest on the question of the welfare of the Filipinos, for even America's obligation to herself would be discharged if the well-being of the Filipinos is assured, because that would imply the elimination or reduction of the risks of war which would be detrimental to that well-being. Therefore any solution, to be reasonable and rational, must satisfy the following tests: That it does not disregard the best interests of the Filipinos; that it meets their just aspirations; that it does not imperil the safety of America; that it does not violate America's good faith, and that it redounds to the mutual satisfaction of both countries.

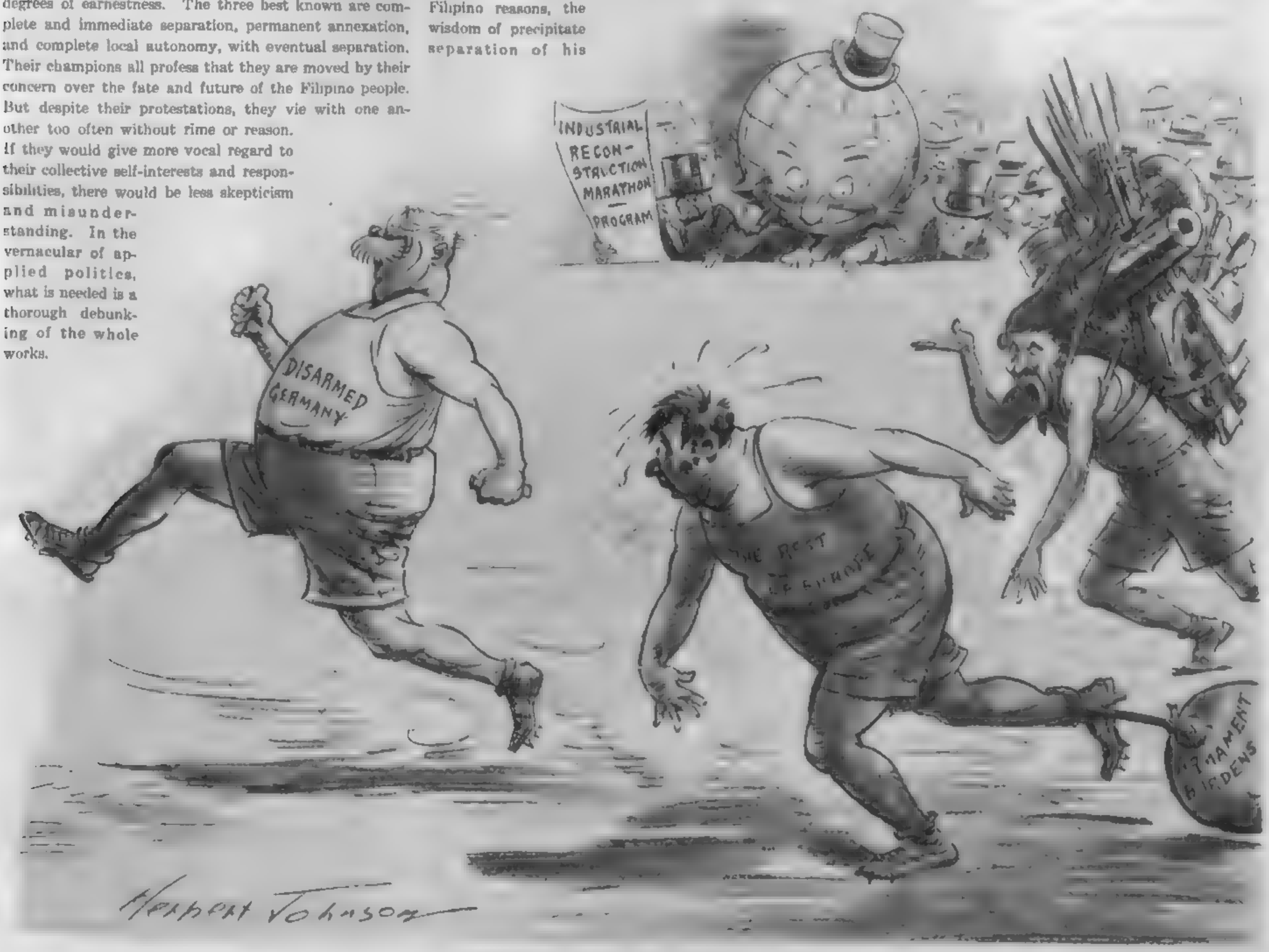
Formulas for solution have been urged with indifferent degrees of earnestness. The three best known are complete and immediate separation, permanent annexation, and complete local autonomy, with eventual separation. Their champions all profess that they are moved by their concern over the fate and future of the Filipino people. But despite their protestations, they vie with one another too often without rime or reason. If they would give more vocal regard to their collective self-interests and responsibilities, there would be less skepticism and misunderstanding. In the vernacular of applied politics, what is needed is a thorough debunking of the whole works.

The Philippine problem is surrounded with an artificial atmosphere. For a Filipino to talk about its realities is enough to bring down on him the damnation of his people. Of course, this is indescribably unjust, but it is not altogether unnatural. Truly, the Filipino realist has a hard life to live—the species is almost extinct. Americans are partially to blame for this. Their fault is not one of intent, but of manner. Not a few Americans, well-intentioned enough, when demonstrating that the separation of the Philippines from America would be a calamity to the former, have not always been thoughtful about the self-respect and susceptibilities of so sensitive and high-spirited a people as the Filipinos. Thus, instead of touching their better nature and enlisting their self-interest, they succeed only in hurting their pride and arousing their passions. Such a course has aided no one but those who find zest in animosity. The good intentions of America are vitiated and misinterpreted. Americans are made to appear in the light of foes rather than friends. Distrust replaces confidence. The Filipinos are made to feel the necessity of self-defense. This feeling, when exploited by the willful, readily lengthens to a cry against the continued relationship with America. With so baneful an atmosphere, it is no wonder that any Filipino who dares doubt, even for good Filipino reasons, the wisdom of precipitate separation of his country from America is shouted down as a renegade. Yet he is no less patriotic than his critics. He serves his country in a positive and forthright manner, sifting fact from fiction, reason from passion, telling the truth. His service consists in making clear the costs and risks of nationhood, convinced that their knowledge and the preparedness to assume them are the best evidence that the people desire separation. Only the selfish could mistake his mission; only the fool would abuse him.

Political spokesmen say that the Filipino people are willing to stand the costs and risks of nationhood now. This assertion is discounted by the realists, who allege that the knowledge of those costs and risks has not as yet been brought home to the people. They are both right. It is a fact that the Filipinos want nationhood. It is also a fact that they are not clear about its obligations. Here two questions arise: Would not America be recreant to a moral duty if she grants nationhood irrespective of whether the Filipinos know its full meaning or not? Would the Filipinos insist on immediate separation from America after analyzing their situation in a practical manner?

To the second question the radical would reply that with America the people might have everything except what they want; the conservative would say that that which the people want would be realized by remaining longer with America, but independent of her, and that its realization would be highly speculative, depending on

(Continued on Page 137



The Handicappers Seemed to Have Slipped Up Somewhere

THE CHILDREN'S PARTY

By Frank Condon

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

TWO elderly wayfarers sprawled upon the ground amid the bunch grass, a hundred yards from the main line, and coaxed a new-built fire. A transcontinental flyer, proud in its paint and equipment, slid around a high rock in the canyon and rolled down to the desert floor.

"There's where we ought to be," remarked Mr. Sullivan, glancing toward the steel Pullmans. "I don't remember that I ever et in one of them cars."

Mr. Johnny Gilmore, his companion, cast a disinterested eye. The long train grumbled querulously to a stop, coach bumping coach, brake shoes squealing.

"Myself, I like boats," Johnny returned, never having been aboard a ship. "Trains is all right, and I ain't got a thing against them, but give me a boat. Some day we'll go tourin' on a boat."

"Maybe," Sully said gloomily. "I knew a guy went on a boat once. He didn't like it."

The two stared across the smoke of their fire and beheld brisk waiters in spotless white gliding to and fro with dishes of silver.

"Must be slick to sit right up there and get your coffee out of one of them silver mugs," said Johnny. "Never been in an eatin' car myself."

Mr. Sullivan punched the fire with his boot and sighed in the manner of one resigned to poverty. His full name was Francis Xavier Sullivan, his business was wandering the deserts and the mountains and his appearance was largely a matter of whiskers. When you first glanced at Mr. Sullivan—or Sully for short—you seemed to see nothing but whiskers, and the impression remained.

He was elderly, garrulous, moist of eye and fairly dirty. His skin hung upon him like a suit of crinkled parchment and his blue eyes peered at the world in perpetual astonishment. Sully was sixty and over. Johnny was further along the trail, but Johnny was a meticulous cuss and shaved daily, as though he expected ladies to call. Johnny wore a collar, which, as Sully saw such things, was the height of absurdity. The collar was not always new and white, but it was a collar, bedamned by Sully, along with the other gewgaws and eccentricities of his companion.

"Hand Him Over to the First Person You Meet," Commanded Sully, "and You'll Find Plenty of Them Prowling Around"

The two of them had drifted up and down the world for more years than there are beans in a box, friendly, cheerful, kindly and fond of each other, two withered old bill-beetles in a country of sunshine; sliding down the long hill, happy in their poverty, fond of the desert, the mountains and the open air.

Light-thinking persons would have called them bums and dismissed the matter. They regarded themselves as prospectors, and their steady business was to find gold or any other metal that would cause a man to pause and pick up rocks.

Neither expected to find anything. Johnny had a mysterious source of income, faint but reliable, and every six months the two battered figures drifted back to the haunts of men, loaded up with canned goods and flour and again set forth with the burro. They had used up a mess of burros. The one with them at the moment was entitled Willie and was as mild-eyed as his owners, and almost as soiled. He had an investigating nose that left soot upon everything it touched.

They sat now at the close of a fine spring day beside their fire, two miles from the town of Puddingstone, which contains a telegraph shanty, some sun-blistered shacks and a filling station for venturesome flivvers. Puddingstone is where the mountains lie down and the desert begins. The railway, which has come from the east in a straight line, curls into a canyon and begins a long climb. Cactus and Joshua trees slide behind and the pines appear, with water trickling along through deep green gashes.

The main line lay a hundred yards from the smoke of Johnny's fire, and a red water tank had lured the engine to a stop and permitted the dusty twain to survey the luxuries of shining silver and colored servitors bearing viands. They stared calmly at the spectacle of civilization eating chicken soup and wiping its lips delicately with the most spotless of napkins. Their own meal, when they got to it, would be a light repast of brittle bacon, desert coffee, hot cakes à la Sully, and beans.

"Certainly would like to set up there with them rich pups," Sully reiterated. "Probably cost a man two or three dollars."

"When we go somewhere," Johnny ruminated, "we go on a boat—the kind of a boat that starts and don't stop going for two weeks."

Boats had always intrigued them, Johnny more than Sully. Neither had seen salt water in a score of years.

"Africa," said Johnny, "is certainly a nice place, and interestin'."

"Java is my meat," Sully declared. "There's where it rains every day. Fellow told me once it rains every day at noon. I like rain."

"Let's get some food going," suggested Johnny; and with a sigh the prospectors returned abruptly to their native desert and the needs of the moment. Sully prodded the fire.

Noisily the engine slaked its monster thirst, passengers yawned politely and glanced at their watches, as people will on trains; the smoking-car liar told his merry tales, and from the half-opened door of a Pullman coach there came without warning an ordinary pigskin suitcase, with silver snappers and the initials H. D. It bounded from the lowest step, caromed to a rusty rail and came to rest at a rakish angle beside a switch point. The owner of the H. D. initials watched its flight calmly and remained where he was on the platform, his overcoat upon his arm, a cap upon his head, and in his quiet smile the serene confidence of youth.

"Come along," he said briskly to someone. "You'll have to double up and squeeze through the opening."

"Just a moment, Harold dear," said the voice. "I do hate to leave my bags. How many can I take?"

"One," quoth Harold. "I'll go first and catch you."

He thrust himself through the aperture and stood below in the cinders, his hands upraised, and a pair of silk-shod ankles slid down to him. An entire girl followed, seventeen years old, and presently stood beside him, breathing quickly, a dab of railroad soot upon the end of her nose and her gloves ruined. She was an extremely pretty girl. Her hair was yellow and whirled in the air like a golden cloud when she turned her head quickly. Blue were her eyes, like the sky above the desert at noon, and they were adoring eyes, fastened upon the youth by her side, declaring her confidence in him. As they stood perfectly still in the cinders the long train grunted and slid by them to the east, and presently they were alone upon the naked face of the world, the dusk gathering. One hundred yards away a faint glow lay upon the ground, where Johnny and Sully struggled with the problem of human sustenance.

"My word!" said Harold. "Will you please look over there?"

"A fire," said the young creature beside him. "A bonfire and two gentlemen."

(Continued on Page 36)

SOUP
served as Tomato Sauce!

PERHAPS it is "news" to you that thousands and thousands of skillful housewives garnish many different dishes with tomato sauce that comes from a can labeled condensed "Tomato Soup!" You know what a delicious relish good tomato sauce imparts.

Campbell's Tomato Soup, just as it comes from the can and without the addition of water makes the ideal tomato sauce. It is the essence of the very finest tomatoes and, being condensed, offers the richest, concentrated tomato goodness. For condensed tomato soup of the best quality is the puree of luscious, red-ripe tomatoes, enriched with golden country butter, and seasoned with utmost skill by experienced chefs. By using this condensed soup you are certain to obtain a sauce of proved uniform quality and reputation, for you are thoroughly familiar with the goodness of the soup, know it by the maker's name, and serve it and enjoy it regularly on your table. That is probably the biggest advantage of Campbell's Tomato Soup used as a sauce—*the soup is good, so the sauce is bound to be good!*

YOU WILL be surprised and delighted at the all-round usefulness and convenience of tomato soup as a sauce. Meat and fish of many different kinds take on a new zest and attractiveness when garnished with it. Breaded lamb chops, veal cutlets, Hamburger steak, goulash, hashes and stews in almost infinite variety, sausage and frankfurters, meat and fish balls—these and countless others all "taste so much better" with the addition of this tempting sauce. Of course there is no end to the refreshing and wholesome salads which the clever housewife prepares with the aid of this tomato-soup sauce. Spaghetti, rice, cheese, eggs and vegetables in various combinations, offer an extra appeal to the appetite when this sauce adds its piquant flavor. Housewives regularly use it, also, as a part of other and more elaborate sauces, dressings and gravies to which they wish to give the delicious tomato flavor. It is especially popular mixed with roast beef gravy.

DO NOT overlook, either, the great helpfulness of this condensed tomato-soup sauce in making palatable and attractive, yesterday's meat "warmed up" for today's luncheon or supper. In fact, the sparkling flavor of such a sauce saves many a left-over and converts it into a dish which you are glad to serve and to eat yourself.

So, when you are supplying your pantry with condensed tomato soup, add some extra cans for use as a sauce. You will discover so many ways of using it that you will decide to keep it constantly on hand—both for soup and for sauce.

Canned Foods Week—Now!
A real opportunity!

All the fine, fresh, delicious quality foods, canned for your health and enjoyment through the year, [illegible] especially to visit this store and learn how convenient and economical it is to buy your winter's supply by the dozen cans or the case.

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET!

(Continued from Page 34)

The young creature was Stella Glendenning Landis, of the Boston Landises, just as the young man, Harold Drake, was of the Boston Drakes. Both families lived in red brick houses, surrounded by ivy-clad walls, culture and money, and it was perfectly all right for Stella to be standing in the desert beside Harold, for they were to be married. They had the parental consent, definite and clear, and yet tempered with the restrained enthusiasm of parents the world over.

Back in Boston the families had said, virtually in unison: "Yes, children, you certainly can be married—in two or three years, when you have both grown a few more feathers. You cannot be married now, because you are too young—entirely too young."

This was the verdict of the families in their lovely red brick houses. And that ultimatum, thrusting the marriage ahead at least three years, had sent Harold and Stella crawling through Pullman doorways into the mysterious dusk of the Rio Grande; for this was an elopement, a striking off of family shackles and defiance of authority. At the moment, the four parents were playing bridge in Car 204, giving not the slightest thought to their offspring.

It was an elopement begun without much ready money, as such things go. A runaway bridegroom naturally likes to feel that he has sufficient cash to smooth the new road for his joyous companion. Harold possessed the sum of twelve dollars, being quite unprepared and taken unaware by the suddenness of the act. Stella said that she had ninety cents, which turned out to be forty.

"Isn't it thrilling?" she inquired, shivering happily between the ties.

"Delightful," Harold agreed.

In Car 204, known in railway circles as Swassamagoonket, the parents ceased to play bridge, contemplated the fading landscape and turned to thoughts of dinner.

"We will now find the children," said Mr. Landis, who was a jolly man, with glasses on a thin gold chain and an extremely red scalp. "Second call for dinner."

"Yes," said Mr. Drake, rising. He was a solid sort of financier and had the definite manner that seems to mark the true capitalist. "They are in the observation car."

They were not back in the observation car. They were at least fifteen miles behind, holding each other's hands and looking eagerly about in the gathering night.

"Father and mother will be frightfully worried," said Stella. "Can't we send them a telegram?"

"We can tomorrow," he responded. "Right this minute we are going over there and see what's making that fire on the desert."

Johnny looked up in mild astonishment, while Sully silently stared at the two slim figures and a pigskin suitcase.

"Good evening," said Harold in his polite Boston voice, placing his bag upon the ground.

"Evenin'," said Johnny. Sully said nothing, but looked hard, pawing at his whiskers.

"I see you are about to eat something," the young man continued. "My name is Harold Drake. This young lady is Miss Stella Landis, and I trust we are not intruding too much."

"Glad to know you," said Johnny, putting down the coffeepot and removing his cap.

Sully continued to gaze fixedly, and his partner addressed him.

"Get up and take off your hat to a lady."

Sully did so with alacrity and mumbled a wordless greeting.

"What would you be doin' out here?" Johnny inquired. "You just git off that train?"

"Yes," said Harold.

"You all alone?"

"We are together," smiled the youth. "This lady is my future wife."

"Oho!" said Johnny, grinning.

Sully turned and looked at the youngsters with senile approval.

"Ain't you kinda youngish to be gittin' married?" Johnny inquired.

"Hell, no," Sully remarked. "Jest the right age."

"You shut up," Johnny said sternly. "Ain't you young folks the least mite —— Where's your parents?"

"There," said Stella, indicating the darkness to the east into which the tail lights had disappeared. "We got off the train and left them."

"They don't know it?" Johnny said, dismayed.

"Not yet."

"You runnin' away—elopin'?"

"Sure they are, y'old goat," said Mr. Sullivan admiringly. "I should think you could see that."

"Yes, we are eloping," admitted Harold gravely, while Stella nodded. "And we have good reasons for doing so. Our parents will not permit us to be married for two years or maybe three."

"So," said Stella brightly, taking up the thread, "my father and mother and Harold's father and mother took us on a long trip through Canada and California and Mexico, and now they are going back to Boston, thinking this long trip will quiet us, and so we will not want to be married for three years, which is ridiculous."

"You see," said Harold eagerly, "we live across the street from each other, and I have about two years more in college. Our families are the very best of friends, but they do not understand us."

"And that is why Harold and I talked it over on the train," the lady continued, "and decided not to return to Boston with all the fathers and the mothers, but to get off the train and be married just as soon as we ever can be."

"Yeh," said Sully; "but won't they be mad at you?"

"Oh, yes; but that will wear off," answered Harold. "They have often been mad at us. And now that you know all about us, would it be all right if we had some coffee with you and whatever else there is?"

Johnny Gilmore had listened with growing disapproval. His genial and sun-baked countenance hardened slightly and he looked at the young people with increasing sternness. Often he had read in the newspapers of young flappers and sheiks and the way they had of doing the things they decided to do. Though a man of the open spaces, he knew something of flaming youths and the brazen yet delightful insolence of the younger generation. Now, as Johnny could plainly see, he was actually in contact with two impulsive, authority-flouting young goslings.

Johnny Gilmore was naturally a respectable and formal man. Sully, on the contrary, seethed with romantic notions, lied about his own past amours and leaned to sentimentality in everything. Young love, as Sully beheld it, was a thing to admire and encourage.

"Sure you can eat," Johnny announced; "but I'm gonna tell you something straight. You eat and then you git back to the railroad. Puddingstone station is two miles down the track. You can walk down there and the telegraph man will send word to your pa."

(Continued on Page 122)

Early the Next Morning the Kidnapers Set Out for Their Permanent Camp on Owl's Head, Where There Was at Least a Roof for Stella if It Rained

Agriculture & Marketing
Everybody's Problem

Agriculture is of basic importance, both in life and in politics.

It concerns both the farmer and the city man; they depend on each other.

The farms supply the food for the towns. The towns furnish the market place for the farmer's goods.

Farmers want high prices. City dwellers want low prices. Our function is to serve both producer and consumer with a marketing system that is low in cost, eliminates waste, and is direct.

Direct Marketing

The marketing of farm products is said to be chaotic, unorganized, wasteful. There are at least exceptions. One is the marketing service furnished by the meat packing industry.

This service is direct. Unnecessary middlemen are eliminated.

It offers the farmer a nearby cash market all the time; prepares farm products with a renowned efficiency; and distributes them direct to retail merchants everywhere.

Low Selling Costs

The National Distribution Conference found that the cost of the packer's distribution service is the lowest of 17 wholesale trades investigated.

The total marketing cost between the farmer and the consumer is lower for the products we handle than it is for farm products in general.

For 50 years, Swift & Company has been marketing perishables.

Concrete examples and figures will be given in future statements, showing that our marketing system is direct and that the cost has been cut down to the lowest possible point.

Swift & Company

L. F. Swift

President

©S. & Co.

TWO OF A TRADE

It Rarely Occurred That Crow Failed to Catch What Went On. Yet He Missed a Glance of Riverhead, Savage and Swiftly Suppressed

The Clash of River Gamblers

By Harris Dickson

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

AT FIRST glance Crow suspected that the pink-jowled traveler was a fugitive. At a second glance he guessed absconder, and guessed right. Being a professional gambler, Crow must not guess wrong, else he would squander his talents upon a victim who had no money. To the gambler's shrewd black eyes it seemed clear that within the past few days the flabby Mr. Hodge had attempted to alter his appearance by shaving off a set of whiskers, as was evident from the pasty pallor of his skin, where a thicket of hair had formerly protected it. Other voyagers on the Reliance—with a sinister exception—scarcely noticed the well-fed passenger who had hurried from one boat to another at St. Louis and continued his south-bound flight.

An absconder? Hodge could be nothing else. From long experience, Crow knew this river, had studied the people who made it their highway. Emigrants seeking homes differed from tourists seeking pleasure. The trapper with moccasins and coon-tail cap did not resemble a cotton planter. Nor could either of them be mistaken for a crossroads attorney in legal black, high collar and choker necktie. The various types were distinctive. Horse thieves, negro stealers, cutthroats of every kidney also fled along the Mississippi toward that great Southwest, where law and order were not yet organized. Crow always differentiated their earmarks.

The soft white hands of Mr. Hodge had done no murder. His skimpy valor had never stuck up a coach, and his untanned skin proclaimed him to be a worker in the shade, if not in the shadows. Altogether, Crow spotted Mr. Hodge for a defaulter. Defaulters were the easiest sheep to shear. They gave up like sheep, made no fight for their money, and could not even afford to squeal.

Crow's partner had reached the same conclusion. Big-faced Jud, simple-looking Jud Brill, through years of service as capper for their game, could take half a squint at any passenger and tag him with the proper label. According to Jud's unerring estimate, Mr. Gideon Hodge was hustling South with a bunch of somebody's money, which he carried in cash upon his person. Defaulters always did. Having themselves betrayed a trust, they trusted nobody, not even the integrity of a steamboat safe.

All of which, however, was surmise on the part of Jud and Crow. The other patient watcher who observed every movement of Mr. Hodge had no occasion to speculate.

For Riverhead knew—knew to a certainty how many thousand Mr. Gideon Hodge, under a different name, had looted from the bank of which he was now the traveling ex-president. Since that financial coup, Riverhead had been stalking Hodge; and so craftily did the upriver gambler conceal his identity that even Jud Brill failed to regard him as worth investigation. Yet if Crow's acuteness had divined so malignant an influence on board the Reliance, although utterly without fear, he might have hesitated to intrude upon the treacherous Riverhead.

Precisely at the stroke of midnight, a rough-booted, wide-hatted, noiseless figure sneaked along the outer guards and entered Crow's stateroom. The accomplices dare not be seen together in public, so Jud came in private for their conferences.

"How goes it, Jud?" the chief questioned his capper by a glance.

"Slick as silk," the capper answered, stooping to scratch his back against a corner of the bunk with the cherubic expression which a fat old sow displays when she enjoys the same luxury. "Hodge is totin' a big wad, an' 'tain't Christianlike for any thief to keep so much money."

"Certainly not. We shall piously relieve him of it."

The partners speedily understood each other. Crow's scheme contemplated two more days to establish himself in the scary confidence of Mr. Hodge. Then they'd pluck him.

"Needn't bother about anybody else, Jud. This bird's a plenty for one trip."

"Sartain. We'll let the other suckers go."

Not on every voyage did the gods provide a corpulent defaulter. When such rare fortune came their way, lesser prospects were neglected. Crow concentrated on Mr. Hodge, which led to Jud's fatal error of overlooking Riverhead.

Of all shy birds, a defaulter is most wary. Any slightest rustle of a bush alarms him. The prudent Crow did not unmask, but continued hiding behind his *nom de guerre* of "Captain Saltoon," a genial planter bound for Orleans. Polished manners and a handsome person qualified him to move among the elect, which produced upon Mr. Hodge the impression that Crow was now what he had once been, a Southern gentleman of education, refinement, brilliancy.

"Good night, Jud." Crow nodded a dismissal. "I've pretty well got on Hodge's blind side, and south of Vicksburg we'll strip him naked as a jay."

This adroit blackleg possessed a faculty unusual among men, though common to a predatory class of women. He could invite without appearing to invite, could seem to be pursued while actually the pursuer. A nod, an imperceptible gesture, enticed those he wished to follow him. Long before the Reliance whistled for Vicksburg, Crow had the fish securely hooked. Hodge moved his seat and sat next this charming planter at meals, listening to backwoods yarns which kept the fugitive from brooding over matters not so pleasant.

With all the finesse of a tactful profession, Captain Saltoon blinded his victim. Hodge saw only what Crow desired him to see. Among other virtues, he saw that Captain Saltoon never gambled. Four tables ran ceaselessly in the forward cabin, yet the good-natured planter merely paused in passing and smiled upon their games.

"No, Mr. Hodge," he advised, "you'd better keep out. Too many thieves are robbing our passengers on these boats. Of course there's no harm in two gentlemen—you and I, for example—indulging in a friendly game. But never with strangers—never."

(Continued on Page 40)

Today's trend in motor car buying

It is a widely accepted belief in the automobile industry that *inside of two years the man who wants the finest performance will buy eight cylinders as a matter of course.*

This is half the picture of the new trend in motor car buying. The other half is this:

The day is definitely past when the buyer of really fine eight-cylinder performance, embellished with a beautiful body, must pay the penalty of a high premium in price.

Hupmobile has shown a new way to build an eight-cylinder car that literally ranks above anything else in America—that American engineers compare with only one other car, and that a hand-built European classic which costs several times the Hupmobile Eight price.

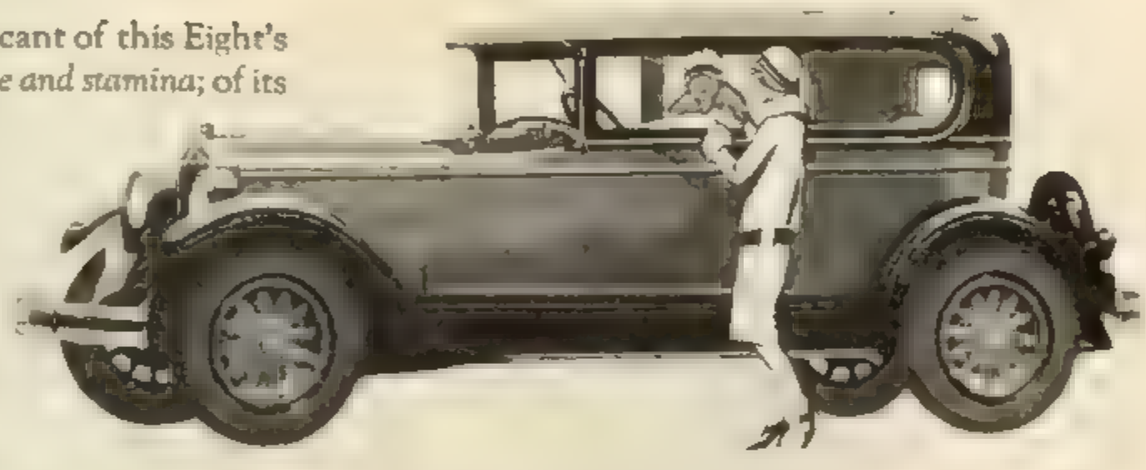
This is the carefully considered opinion of some of the shrewdest leaders in the industry.

The overwhelming success of the Hupmobile Eight—in sales as well as in mechanism and performance—has helped to bring about this new order of thinking.

The plain fact is that Hupmobile has got out of the eight-cylinder principle more than that principle had ever before been made to yield.

It is by no mere chance that Hupmobile builds into this Eight an airplane type of mechanism which costs far more than the ordinary, and retains its quiet and efficiency.

That one fact is significant of this Eight's new kind of *performance and stamina*; of its utterly remarkable ability to respond perfectly month after month to every call upon it.



It is by no mere chance, either, that the Hupmobile Eight is *more* economical of gasoline than most sixes of comparable size.

Gasoline economy, oil economy—but above all, *economy of maintenance*—were designed into the car by those who have for upward of twenty years studied the principles of eight-cylinder construction.

Its low cost of operation and maintenance is of equal effectiveness with this car's performance and its amazingly low price, in establishing the rapidly growing preference for this new kind of eight-cylinder car.

Drive any Hupmobile Eight in city traffic and on the highway. You will then agree—with enthusiasm—that no American car equals this Hupmobile performance.

Brougham
$2245

You, yourself, might consider other cars for comparison with the Hupmobile Eight. We strongly advise this:

By all means investigate them thoroughly and know to a certainty just what you are giving up if you purchase one of such cars in place of the Hupmobile Eight.

A comparison of performance—of upkeep cost—of driving facility—will make these other types which cling to the engineering of a passing day seem as out of date as mid-Victorian architecture.

* * *

Beauty—Color Options—Luxury

Sedan, five-passenger, $2345. Sedan, seven-passenger, $2495. Sedan-Limousine, seven-passenger, $2595. Brougham, five-passenger, $2245. Victoria, five-passenger, $2345. Coupe, two-passenger, with rumble seat, $2345. Roadster, with rumble seat, $2045. Sport Phaeton, five-passenger, $2045. Touring, five-passenger, $1945. Touring, seven-passenger, $2045. All prices f.o.b. Detroit, plus revenue tax.

THE DISTINGUISHED
HUPMOBILE EIGHT

IN THE FINE-CAR FIELD THE TREND IS UNDOUBTEDLY TOWARD EIGHTS

(Continued from Page 38)

"Tomorrow then?" Hodge pressed him eagerly. "Tomorrow we'll try some poker. Small stakes—to pass the time?"

"Perhaps, if you insist."

Even in mathematics, the unknown quantity cuts many capers. And Crow could not foresee how an unknown country boy named Ranny, and Riverhead, the unknown gambler, might complicate his very simple problem.

Vicksburg, like imperial Rome, sits throned upon her ancient hills, a gallant little city, wearing her victories without arrogance and suffering defeats that leave her still undaunted. Massive fortifications uprise in terrace upon terrace. At the water's edge there lies the landing place, the Levee. Crow was familiar with every inch of Levee Street, where gambling shacks front and affront the Mississippi, where shrill-voiced women mingle with swampers and boatmen and river rats. He saw no novelty in this bustle of unloading the Reliance, of receiving her southbound passengers and freight. In fact, Crow saw nothing at all. While considering the nicer details of a trap for Mr. Hodge, his idle gaze fastened itself upon a boy. At the shore end of the stage plank stood a little fellow, watching the huge white steamboat, two big eyes observing everything that happened.

The gambler could have no motive for measuring a child. It was only habit. Between himself and his capper a rivalry existed as to which could guess nearer the business, financial status, politics and religion of a new passenger. The practice sharpened their powers of perception.

That boy? Unconsciously Crow's eyes narrowed. Fourteen years old, brown jeans breeches, a braided roundabout jacket. Homemade. Crow judged that he had a good plain mother, was of American stock, a Mississippian, lived in the interior, had never seen a steamboat. The youngster carried a bundle of clothes slung across his shoulder by a stick. Probably going south on this boat.

Again the gambler was correct, for it soon became evident that the country lad had never been on a steamboat. Half apologetically, and making sure that he got in nobody's way, he crossed the stage plank, then climbed upstairs, to pause uncertainly and smile at all the passengers. Crow saw that the child didn't know what to do, and met him at the stair.

"Well, son, are you traveling with us?"

"Yes, sir, mister. Does you own this boat?"

"No." His friendliness set the boy at ease as Crow inquired, "Where do you want to go?"

"Plumb to Orleans, if it don't cost too much. . . . My name's Ranny."

"Fine, Ranny. Come along with me."

Grown men had followed Crow to their undoing, but little Ranny felt no fear as he trailed along to the clerk's window, where his new friend negotiated a passage.

After Crow had winked that he would pay the proper fare, the clerk figured and figured, then announced, "Exactly one dollar from Vicksburg to New Orleans."

"Here 'tis, mister." Ranny fumbled at his breeches pocket, the flap being fastened with a large brass pin. "Ma says I loses things so bad she'd better pin up my pocket."

While the clerk and Crow made a function of assigning Ranny to his stateroom, Mr. Hodge came bustling toward them with a deck of cards and reminded Crow: "Don't forget, captain, you promised to play a little."

"Yes, but not now. Please excuse me a moment." Courteously Crow put him off and escorted his protégé aft through the cabin.

It rarely occurred that Crow failed to catch what went on. Yet he missed a glance of Riverhead, savage and swiftly suppressed. The upriver professional had strolled in behind Mr. Hodge and heard his long-nursed sucker urging Crow to play. It galled him. For more than a week Riverhead had used every stratagem to inveigle the defaulter, who shied and balked, then flung himself at Crow. So Riverhead's eyes glittered as they followed the successful blackleg and the happy little boy that turned in at a stateroom door.

"Here's your room, Ranny."

"Ain't it nice?" The boy squeezed Crow's hand and remarked, "Ma said that I'd meet some gentleman on this boat to look after me."

Wonderingly, he inspected the small white room, with one narrow bunk built above another, and asked, "Mister, where do I sleep?"

"Up there."

"Like a chicken on a roost! That'll be fun."

"Read the name on your door," Crow pointed, "so you can find it again. Your stateroom is Kentucky, Number 15, because Kentucky was the fifteenth state of our Union."

"Lordee, mister, you sholy knows a heap! Ma advises me to listen when gentlemen talk, and maybe I'll learn."

The normal country boy could not prison himself within a narrow room while so many interesting events were happening outside. Back Ranny trotted at Crow's heels, through the long, glittering cabin, and took a seat beside him on the guards.

It is easy to pick up a stray boy, or a stray dog, but difficult to shake him off. Ranny attached himself, and Crow had no heart to drive the child away. For ten miles below Vicksburg, every time the impatient Mr. Hodge came fidgeting out from the cabin he found Ranny still monopolizing Crow.

"Can't we have our game, captain?" Hodge suggested.

"After a while, Mr. Hodge." The gambler glanced up and continued listening to Ranny.

"Mister, I'm going to study for a doctor in Orleans. Ma says it's noble to heal the sick."

"Aren't you very young to study medicine?" Crow questioned gravely.

"Maybe so." A shadow lay in his shiny eyes. "But ma said I must get away from Raymond. She takes in boarders, feeds the big lawyers and saved up enough money to pay my schooling."

"Your father, I suppose, is dead."

"Yes, sir." Again the shadow. "Leastwise I think my real pa must be dead." For a period Ranny debated with himself, then spoke: "Ma says that lies never does any good. She don't know for certain if my real pa is dead, or my real ma either. I always believed that ma was my own mother until here lately. Of course I didn't understand what the boys at school meant when they got mad and called me 'Wood's colt! Wood's colt!' Once I asked ma what a wood's colt was, and she kinder bit her lip. Last summer we had a clod fight; the boys chunked at me and yelled 'Wood's colt! Hey! Hey! Wood's colt!' right in front of our gate. It hurt ma so bad that she broke down and cried, and said she warn't my real mother. Nobody ever did know who my real mother was, or my pa either. After that she commenced fixin' to send me away where I could have a chance. Of course, mister, I'll be rich some day and build ma a fine house."

"Poor little chap," the gambler muttered to himself. Then pressing the boy's hand, he added: "Fine, Ranny,

(Continued on Page 82)

"Gentlemen, if Anything Unpleasant Occurs to Me, Not One of You Can Leave This Boat Alive. Nobody Will Ever Know Who Killed You"

Winter ahead ~ *Enjoy it* in a Buick

Disagreeable weather never bothers a Buick.

On frozen mornings, this car starts easily and immediately. Automatic Heat Control warms the fuel; a new high-speed starting motor turns the engine over faster.

In sub-zero weather, the Buick engine warms up to its best operating temperature in less than three minutes. Buick Thermostatic Circulation Control does it.

And though there is ice in the air, there is none in the Buick crankcase. The new Buick Vacuum Ventilator draws vapors out of the crankcase, and prevents dilution of lubricating oil.

This same device keeps closed car interiors free of noxious engine fumes, even though the windows are tightly closed.

For consistent, inexpensive, luxurious, all-year, all-'round performance, buy a Buick.

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICH.
Division of General Motors Corporation

The GREATEST Buick EVER BUILT

[WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM]

WHAT EVERY BUTLER KNOWS

By H. W. MILLER

THE gentleman I was serving smiled. I had just told him that a good restaurant such as ours has a more agreeable tone than a private house.

"A hostess may think she has a hard time, but her problem is as nothing compared with mine," said I.

"You entertain more lavishly, certainly," he replied, "but you have only to keep your guests supplied with food. A constant flow of conversation is not among your worries."

"But I have less time to devote to each guest, and what I say must be said in fewer words. Besides, if the food were of a proper excellence there would be no need of talk. A perfect meal in agreeable surroundings will, and should, keep conversation down to a minimum. But I detain you, sir. Yes, sir, good night."

My comparison of a head waiter's duties with those of a fashionable hostess was not intended to be satiric or fanciful. I really think the requisite qualifications are about the same. To put strangers at their ease in strange surroundings, you must be to the manner born. A first-rate upper servant, like a *grande dame*, should be able to dominate his world for its own social good.

I am an Austrian and began service on the estate of an old and noble family—a family which, unfortunately, had come down very much in the world. After a short experience as a page, my aunt, who occupied the position of housekeeper, decided there was no future for me with the family and sent me to a cousin of hers in a hotel in the Austrian Tyrol. No better training exists for a domestic servant than is to be found in a hotel in Switzerland. The Swiss may not be an attractive race, or have the gift for putting their guests in a buying humor—a quality in which the French excel—nor do they make a traveling male feel as if he were the lord of all creation, as the *hôtelier* in London manages to do; but they understand comfort and service—real service, not overefficiency.

A Duty to Posterity

WHEN I was nineteen I entered the service of a wealthy bachelor in London. My employer crowded all his social activities into a period of a little less than two months, in the season, in London. During this time he was luxurious to a degree. For the rest of the year you wouldn't have known him. His whole style of living, like his clothes, was homespun. I have always thought this English practice of living a city life in the city and a country life in the country gives greater variety and zest. The American keeps the same staff of servants going winter and summer. His country place in Newport is as elaborate and its appointments as complete as his town house. All the year round he sticks to the same standards. But the English understand life better.

A memory for faces and names is essential in my occupation. My London experience, with its incessant entertaining, was of the greatest assistance to me. English society is large and varied; the smart world, the political and artistic intermingle much more than in other great capitals. I learned to place a person without staring at him unduly. In calling a carriage, fetching a wrap or serving wine, people are much more flattered if you call them by name, as a matter of course—particularly in a big house, where it shows they are known and are persons of some importance. This attention to names made a great difference in my tips; though I regret to say they were not only in money but in racing tips gentlemen gave me when they were friendly. Tipping in those days was on a much more liberal scale, and if I had only saved my money I should have been a rich man by now.

We had one of the three town houses of Lord ——, my master's father; a great mansion in Portland Square. It was well arranged for entertaining, with a dining room, breakfast room, card rooms and conservatory on the first floor. A picture gallery and ballroom extended into the garden, with a music room and various salons on the floor above. My master, Lord ——, was a bachelor and had only himself to suit in his manner of entertaining. He believed in the eighteenth-century custom of mixing all ages at a party and offering his guests more than one form of entertainment.

I have seen a dinner party breaking up in one room to go to the theater, while a boy-and-girl dance was being organized in another. Possibly chamber music and general conversation would be found on the floor above.

His Lordship had a butler or cellarer who had charge of the wines, an old factotum he had inherited from his father. This Brophy was an authority on anything that had to do with the storage, bottling and care of valuable wines. He was almost as great a connoisseur as his noble master, with whom he attended the wine auctions whenever a gross of champagne or a cask of brandy was to be laid down. They took these purchases very seriously, as a duty to posterity. It was really touching to see them, as with moist eyes they would speculate on how some future generation would enjoy a particular vintage. Brophy was old and set in his ways. Among other things, he went to bed punctually at eleven, at which hour we were generally about to begin the day.

The old tradition and knowledge of wine remained. Dozens of men in London could still sit down blindfolded before a table with ten or more wineglasses before them and distinguish between as many Madeiras, ports or sherries, naming the vintage and year of each.

Old Brophy would leave out the amount of wines and spirits he thought sufficient for the evening's entertainment and then retire. He never by any chance gave me the keys to the cellar, but I will say for him, he left us an ample supply. Our cellar was a huge place, with bins and racks everywhere. Bordeaux, sherries and ports in one corner, Burgundy wines and champagnes in another, and a special closet for the brandies and cognac, and a corner for casks and barrels where wine was aging in the wood. One or two of the great *cuvées* of champagne are never allowed to leave France, but an exception was made for us; a distinction, I believe, we shared with the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg.

Understudy

ONE DAY Lord —— asked me whether I knew anything about wines. I told him I had helped bottle our Tokay as a boy in Austria, and I thought I knew something about wines in general. This was true.

Old Brophy had said, in my presence, one could as easily tell one wine or spirit from another by its color and weight as by its taste. One look at a decanter and he could tell what he was serving. A Burgundy is distinctly heavier than a claret; I have noticed that myself.

I was accordingly made a sort of understudy to Brophy. My duties were peculiar, and I will explain why. Our cellar was, as I have said, a famous one. Some of our wines were quite priceless. Of the gentlemen who came to the house, many prided themselves on their knowledge of food and drink, and justly so. A number thought they understood good food and drink, but their knowledge was mere pretense. It was my job to see the right people got the right vintages. To give unsparingly of our best to those who knew; something pretty near it to the smart fellows; and for all the rest, plenty of sound, heady wine, no matter what they asked for. This was not so difficult as it sounds, as any butler knows, particularly as we followed the old fashion of carrying two decanters, or two bottles, one in each hand, as we went about the tables. It is only in restaurants that the label of a bottle is carefully exhibited. In a private house the butler breathes in your ear, "The Napoleon brandy, sir." If I said it was the Napoleon brandy—and we actually had a few bottles—it was the Napoleon brandy, and I defied anyone to contradict me. There were only two or three men in the room who could tell it from our old navy cognac, and I knew who they were.

The care of the cigars also fell to my lot; no light task, I can assure you, as we had cigars of many weights and

(Continued on Page 186)

A big Waste –

hidden in a little bill

MANY plant executives think their lubrication cost is the sum of their oil bills.

What they spend for oil is too small to interest them greatly.

But the cost of lubrication is not the oil consumed. It is the cost of what the oil *fails to do*.

Check up your lubrication cost by these items:

Losses due to slowed-down machinery	$—?—
Losses due to preventable wear	$—?—
Losses due to wasted power	$—?—
Losses due to time out for repairs	$—?—
Losses due to high replacement costs and the incidental oil bill	$—?—
	$—?—

This totals an amount worthy the attention of every plant executive.

Merely buying good oil will not solve the problem. *Good oil* is a fable. The right kind of *good oil* for machine "A" may ruin machine "B".

The answer is an oil that fits the exact needs of the machine under the conditions in which it operates—and speeds production to its maximum, while preventing wear that causes repairs and shut-downs.

Only lubrication specialists can prescribe the correct oils to meet your needs, with the certainty of safeguarding your equipment while running at its maximum productivity.

FRICTION
—the unseen enemy of production in your plant

The Vacuum Oil Company engineers and field men spend all their time dealing with practical problems of this kind. It will cost you nothing to find out what we can do for you. We invite you to get in touch with us.

IN the course of a year the Vacuum Oil Company is in direct contact with many types of machines, many conditions of operation, and many types of lubrication problems. It is reasonable to expect that this specialized knowledge and experience, if brought to bear on your lubrication problem, will produce better results. All the Vacuum Oil Company asks is the coöperation of your plant personnel, and the opportunity to prescribe exactly suitable oils for your equipment.

Vacuum Oil Company

Headquarters: 61 BROADWAY, NEW YORK
Branches and distributing warehouses throughout the country

GARGOYLE

Lubricating Oils
for **Plant Lubrication**

The man who is afraid to run for a train

JUST as good a man as he ever was! Eats fine. Plays golf. Enjoys a good party. Makes a good living. Just as good a man . . .

The train whistles. A little sprint, and he can make it. He draws himself together for the first stride—then relaxes. What's the use? There will be another train. Of course it will make him late for that conference, and it's important, but—what's the use? . . .

There are millions of men in this country—"just as good men as they ever were"—who are in no condition to meet even a small emergency. Not old men. Men who should be in the prime of life! Men whose physical condition should actually be "just as good as ever"—whose hearts should be as sound—whose nerves should be as well disciplined.

They like to fool themselves. They like to boast about their appetites, and the whale of a drive they made yesterday. But to each one of them comes a moment of self-revelation—an unsteadiness in some test which ten years ago would have been trifling. Then, in their secret hearts, they know they are on the downhill road.

It is so needless! Thousands of other men, with no better physical equipment at the start—working as long hours bearing as many cares—are really "as good as they ever were". Perhaps better. They have heeded the simple laws of health which everybody knows.

Masters of their fate!

They have watched their diet. They have exercised regularly. They have made it a point to sleep well—a habit that can be cultivated, like any other. Instead of goading themselves, when tired, with artificial stimulants, they have overcome fatigue in the natural way—by resting. They have built up a great reserve of energy. It gives them confidence. It steadies them. Instead of being mere "victims of circumstances", ready to falter before the first ill wind, they are—as nearly as man ever is—the masters of their fate.

It is not too late! Stamina can be rebuilt, as well as built. One wise precaution is the avoidance of artificial stimulants, which are never builders, but only tend to tear down.

Caffein is the one most widely used, perhaps. It repels sleep. It excites the nerves. It makes a man's brain go on whirling, scurrying, when every natural impulse is crying, "Stop. Relax. Rest."

Try this test! Use Postum as your mealtime drink for thirty days. Check up on the results. Note the difference in your feelings, your appearance. Then decide your future course.

Postum is a great drink. It is made of whole wheat and bran, skillfully blended and roasted. It has a flavor all its own—a rich, full flavor that brings all the enjoyment of any hot mealtime drink. But it doesn't contain a trace of any artificial stimulant.

Carrie Blanchard, food demonstrator, makes an offer that will start you on the thirty-day test. It's worth accepting.

Carrie Blanchard's Offer

"Please accept one week's supply of Postum, free, as a start on the 30-day test. I will send with it my personal directions for preparing Postum so it is most satisfying.

"Or you can begin the test today, by getting Postum at your grocer's. It costs less than other mealtime drinks—only one-half cent a cup.

"For one week's free supply, please indicate on the coupon whether you prefer Instant Postum, prepared instantly in the cup, or Postum Cereal, the kind you boil."

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

P—E E P 11 20-26

Postum Cereal Co., Inc., Battle Creek, Mich

I want to make a 30-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of

Instant Postum (prepared instantly in the cup) . . . . . ☐ *Check which you prefer*

Postum Cereal (prepared by boiling) . . . . . ☐

Name

Street

City State

In Canada, address Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., 45 Front St. East, Toronto 2, Ontario

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Postum is one of the Postum Cereal Company products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties (Double-thick Corn Flakes), Post's Bran Flakes, Post's Bran Chocolate, Jell-O and Swans Down Cake Flour. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms—Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

The Songs You Forgot to Remember

By SIGMUND SPAETH

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

THAT line about making the songs of a people and not caring about the laws applies quite nicely to these United States of America—first and last stanzas only. In any case, there is more money in song writing than in law.

Actually, the history of American manners, morals, tastes and absurdities is largely written in our songs. Each generation seems to have put into musical form the current sentimentality, whether it dealt with death, love-making and the day's extreme of daring, or frank vulgarity as well.

"My Mother Was a Lady, Like Yours, You Will Allow"

Both words and music kept pace with the spirit of the time, and whatever was typical of the contemporary heroes and heroines, the up-to-the-minute beaus and belles, sooner or later found its way into melodic utterance.

But throughout this musical march of America's habits and conventions, certain basic ideas of song writing seem to have persisted right up to the present, indicating a stubborn adherence to perhaps mistaken but, nevertheless, clearly defined ideals, regardless of the laws of grammar or prosody, and ignoring all but a few of the facts of existence.

So far as the music is concerned, the chief theories of the American school of popular song writing have been as follows:

1. That the ideal structure for a popular song is that of a verse and chorus, of which only the chorus really matters.

2. That a tune which suggests or definitely imitates one which has already been popular has just that much more chance of success.

3. That waltz time is the perfect expression of sentiment.

4. That putting the verse part in some different rhythmic form will accentuate the delightfulness of the waltz time.

5. That a cadence with barber-shop harmony inserted here and there will bring tears to the most hardened eyes.

6. That a chance to hang onto a long note, even on an unimportant word like "of," is not to be overlooked.

7. That the human mind is incapable of retaining any but the simplest melodic intervals, and the human voice of singing beyond the limits of one octave.

On the side of the words, the following principles are important:

1. Correctness of English is by no means an asset, and may at times be a positive handicap.

2. Assonance is often to be preferred to rime. So long as the vowel sounds are the same, what's the difference?

3. The mispronunciation of words and other evidences of deficient mentality should always be accepted as the height of wit.

4. Correct accenting is a trifling matter as compared with hifalutin artificiality of language.

5. The world is full of wronged women and malevolent villains and something should be done about it.

6. Death should always be the occasion for a maudlin orgy, increasing in volume according to the extreme youth or extreme age of the victim.

7. Sin is wrong; virtue is most praiseworthy; gold is a highly overrated commodity; marriage may be achieved under almost any circumstances, even on the spur of the moment; and no matter how desperate the situation, evil cannot possibly triumph.

With these fundamentals consistently emphasized, certain types of lyricism have stood out prominently, repeating themselves with only slight differences of detail in a never-ending cycle.

Songs of Old

THE early songs of America were chiefly political and patriotic, but even here a solid foundation was laid for later attacks upon rime and reason. That good old English drinking song, "To Anacreon in Heaven, with its repeated injunction to "entwine the myrtle of Venus with Bacchus's vine" showed on the whole a far better command of language and style than the score or more of American texts later set to the same tune. Robert Treat Paine, Jr., who was paid a record price—$750—for the poem of Adams and Liberty to the same popular melody, perpetrated such lines as:

The trident of commerce should never be hurled
To increase the legitimate powers of the ocean.

(This had nothing to do with the extension of the three-mile limit.)

While France her huge limbs bathes, recumbent in blood,
And society's base threats with wide dissolution.

(Evidently Mr. Paine never bought any post cards in Paris.)

Our realm fears no shock but the earth's own explosion.

(A clear prognostication of the New York Subways.)

Each stanza ended with the couplet:

For ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls a wave.

A military gentleman of the day refused to drink with Mr. Paine until he had "included some reference to George Washington," so the poet dashed off this postscript:

Should the tempest of war overshadow our land,
Its bolts could ne'er rend Freedom's temple asunder;
For unmoved at its portals would Washington stand,
And repulse with his breast the assaults of the thunder;
Of its scabbard would leap
His sword from the sleep,
And conduct, with its point, every flash to the deep!
For ne'er shall the sons—— and so on.

(Continued on Page 201)

Even in the Earliest Days Sentimentality Had Its Fling

Watch This Column

If you want to be on our mailing list send in your name and address

The immortal Jean Valjean in *"Les Miserables"*

"Les Miserables" is one of the costliest European pictures ever made. But better than that, it is perhaps the most artistic, and the most magnificent.

At a special showing recently in the famous Carnegie Hall, New York, under the auspices of Dr. Marcel Knecht, of the French Press Commission, it inspired the critics of the daily papers to unusually high praise. The vast audience composed of representative people—editors, college professors, members of French and American literary societies, etc.—was profoundly impressed.

All of this makes me glad that I secured this picture for America, and I believe that its "wondrous fidelity to an old art and craftsmanship," to quote the New York Sun, will prove a revelation and a distinct pleasure to everybody.

As explained to you previously, the picture is twenty-two reels long. It would require five hours to show it. This being too much for any audience, we will present it in the TWO DISTINCT AND COMPLETE STORIES into which Victor Hugo's work naturally divides.

The first picture is entitled "The Soul of Humanity" and deals with the release of Jean Valjean from prison and his dramatic experiences up to the death of Fantine and the recovery of Cosette from Thenardiers. The second picture is entitled "The Barricades" and shows the thrilling fighting in the streets of Paris during the revolution of 1832.

This great picture was made by the Société de Cineromans. Henri Fescourt was the director and Louis Naipas the art director. It is entirely a French production. M. Gabriel Gabrio plays Jean Valjean, and Mme. Sandra Milowanoff plays the dual rôle of Cosette and Fantine. Javert is interpreted by M. Jean Toulout.

I don't know of anything that so affected and cheered me in my recent illness as your letters of sympathy and your later expressions of congratulation on my recovery. It is difficult to discuss so personal a matter in cold printer's type, but please let me assure you that I appreciate your kindness most deeply.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

AMBASSADOR HERRICK IN MOROCCO

(Continued from Page 15)

beggars return to him again, and he has the vivid satisfaction of knowing that he is not being fooled—that no cunning hand has set the stage, no clever costumer contrived the robes, no modern magician arranged the cumulating effects. All is real—the rags and the ruins, the marble of the palaces, the goatskins of the water sellers, the religion of the worshipers. What he sees does not invoke the past—it is the past.

Through yonder archway men crowd today as they have done these thousand years, and naught has altered but their masters. Bent upon the same errands, wearing the same clothes woven in the same rough looms, intensely disputing about the same insignificant affairs, washing themselves at the same fountains, praying in the same mosques, obeying the same law, chanting the same changeless lessons in the schools—it may be said of them that literally a thousand years are but as yesterday.

To the American there is a fascination beyond appeal in gliding along this stream of living antiquity. Old things he has seen elsewhere—towers and aqueducts, temples, statues, dug-up implements—but here he can believe himself to be actually living in the days of Harun-al-Rashid. After a while the cloud which had obscured his school-day efforts to comprehend the age of Moslem domination fades easily away, and Arab, Turk and Saracen become realities far more comprehensible than the sailors of Elizabeth or the musketeers of Richelieu. These he can only imagine to himself, but the beggars that roamed in ancient Bagdad, the barbers who shaved the heads of Tamerlane's soldiers, the porters who peddled water to pirates on the Barbary Coast are all here before him in living flesh and blood.

Our automobiles halted before a gate in a high wall, nowise differing in its blank ugliness from all the other walls that line the narrow passageways called streets. General de Chambrun conducted us through the huge doors into an outer garden composed of a very long, broad pool of swiftly running water surrounded by a triple row of heavily laden orange trees. High Moorish arches inclosed the whole. Opening into the side of the garden was a door as lofty as the main portal of a cathedral. This led into what was once Marshal Lyautey's working room. Passing through this, we came to a marble court surrounded on all four sides by high arcades, each of which corresponded to a similar window back of it. A fountain, of course, was in the center. On two sides was a long succession of drawing-rooms, on the third the dining rooms.

A Labyrinth of Gardens

On the other side of this wing of the palace stretched another garden many times the size of ours, full of fruit and shade trees, with wide stone walks bordered with native flowers planted by Madame Lyautey. It also was entirely inclosed by handsome arcaded buildings opening upon broad stone terraces. In one of these lived the chief of staff; the others house an interesting museum filled with a collection of arms, rugs and Moorish works of art.

All important residences in Morocco are built on this same principle—a garden and a court or several gardens and many courts, each surrounded by lofty arcades upon which give the various rooms, but no door or window ever opens to the street. The whole is invariably surrounded by a very high wall. The size of a palace is thus determined by the number of its courtyards; the governor-general's at Marrakesh, for instance, has so many of them as to make a guide absolutely necessary if one does not wish to be lost.

That evening we dined with General de Chambrun, the civil and military governor of the region centering in Fez, a staff officer of General Pershing during the war, brother-in-law of Speaker Longworth, and a descendant of Lafayette. It is a fine gift to get amusement as well as happiness out of a difficult job, and we strongly suspect that the general's vivid sense of humor, which made him so popular with the American Army during the war, is one of the qualities which cause him to be so much liked by these always solemn-seeming Moroccans. Be that as it may, his gay comment on the day's work completed the charm of our strange surroundings.

His house is composed of a series of high Moorish halls decorated with beautiful mosaics and pierced by wide windows whose exquisitely painted inside shutters give a rare note by night or day. His butler was an old spahi, and I noticed that each time we ate with the general this servant had on a different uniform; he even changed his turban and his footgear to correspond, and he was wonderfully effective. He treated his master with the most respectful familiarity and one quickly saw the bond of confidence which united them. This, it may be asserted, is the keynote of all the relationship between the French officials and the Arabs in Morocco.

A Modern Solomon

The next morning began like a storybook. I unbolted the complicated fastenings and opened wide the huge doors; within, the coolness of the night lingered; outside, the sun was playing on the great bunches of oranges and the rapidly flowing water. I clapped my hands, an Arab appeared, acknowledged with silent gravity my request for breakfast, disappeared; returning, he placed his tray on a low table in the archway, saluted and went away. Each morning we started the day with this delightful little ceremony, and only the fear of keeping Mr. Herrick waiting could tear us from the fascination of our morning meal. One day, to my surprise, the newspaper dated that morning appeared with breakfast. This was a thoughtful attention from General de Chambrun, who afterward explained with a twinkle in his eye that he knew the ambassador would agree with him that Fez possessed an ideal journalistic situation in the world—it had only one newspaper, published once a week, on Sunday morning, consisting of one page; and the paper was named Progress!

That day we had arranged to attend a session of the local Mohammedan court, and wholly unsuspicious of what was before us, we started off. The pasha of Fez was the magistrate, and into a shady courtyard he presently came, mounted upon a beautifully groomed black mule, all gay with scarlet trappings. The policemen and court attendants made a magnificent salute and cried out "Behold our pasha come to render justice," and all the people made a deep salaam. The pasha dismounted and seated himself cross-legged on a cushion inside a vaulted arch, separated by a step from the open courtyard. The parties in dispute came forward together and knelt side by side upon this step before the pasha. Writing materials and documents were ranged upon the floor, the papers not folded but rolled; there were no tables or chairs, everybody sitting on his own feet.

Business immediately began. The plaintiff first prostrated himself on the doorsill, then recited his grievances. The accused replied. It is said that last year this magistrate disposed of 53,000 cases, as compared with 5000 of similar character disposed of in Paris. Each case is a little piece cut from Mohammedan life and vivid with local color. Frequently the discussion is loud and violent, all talking at once, and we wonder if they will not come to blows; but the pasha's calm is never ruffled, his smiling benevolence is proof against any impatience. It all seemed too picturesque to be serious, and at times we had to nudge ourselves to make sure that this was a real court of justice whose sentences would be duly executed, and not some reconstitution of Bible history, with the pasha filling the rôle of Solomon.

This splendid old gentleman, whose head looks for all the world like Michelangelo's Moses, a great warrior in his time, may be an unusual example of the value of swift personal justice, for we know that tribesmen fighting against the French in the Riff have secretly come all the way to Fez in order to get their disputes judged by him. It may be that others are less virtuous; certain it is that none can be more exquisitely picturesque or carry with a finer dignity the majesty of the law. Our morning in his court will ever be one of the brightest memories of Fez.

One man was sentenced to prison until he paid a fine of 2500 francs. This sentence disturbed the ambassador, who asked General de Chambrun if it would be indelicate to pay the fine of that poor Arab, as he saw by the look in his eye that he would remain in prison the rest of his life. On being assured that it was no breach of etiquette, he handed over 2500 francs in payment of the Arab's fine. In the afternoon, when we assembled at the meeting of the municipal council, General de Chambrun very humorously told the presiding officer of this incident. This was rather embarrassing to the ambassador, who explained that when a small boy his grandfather, who had been serving in the War of 1812, returned home to Watertown, New York, found a judgment against him and was put in prison for the debt. The irony of this had so eaten into him that he had told it to his grandchildren repeatedly and said it was a wrong principle to imprison for debt because it deprived the debtor of any means of payment. The memory of this had induced the ambassador to pay the fine of the Arab. This interested the council so much that they entered into a discussion for some minutes as to whether the principle of imprisoning for debt was the proper one and indicated that the abandonment of that means of collection by America was a good precedent to follow.

The French Method

This sort of tribunal the French found when they came here, and they are too wise to think of replacing it by something more modern and more complicated, but probably less efficient and certainly less satisfactory to the people most concerned. They therefore content themselves with having a French officer who speaks Arabic always present at a pasha's court. He has a copy of the docket, and if any shocking injustice occurs or any decision is rendered prejudicial to the honor and reputation of the protectorate, he is empowered to intervene.

At luncheon Mr. Herrick was enthusiastic over his morning and made the officer who had accompanied us relate all the details of the proceedings. General de Chambrun therefore suggested that he might like to assist at the regular meeting of the city municipal council, which was to take place that afternoon, and this he did. During the meeting it soon became evident, without any translation, that city finances, public improvements or appointments to office had very small interest for the aldermen as compared with matters touching religion.

An order had recently come from the Sultan to put screens across the doors inside all the mosques so that the worshipers could not be seen from the street. After disposing of some other business this decree was brought up for discussion, and immediately every councilman sat up, as much as to say, "Now here is something worth talking about"; and, indeed, all wanted to talk about it at the same time. The pasha, who presided, finally succeeded in obtaining silence and then called on the president of the chamber of commerce to

(Continued on Page 48

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Nowadays they eat and drink from *Individual*

DIXIES

In the Office—In the Home—Out of Doors

Continued from Page 46

set forth the council's objections. This gentleman, with whom later on we had the pleasure of dining, made a long, able speech, the substance of which was: "We Mohammedans are proud of our religion; we are not ashamed of being seen at prayer and we want these planks taken down."

Every eye blazed, every head nodded approval. General de Chambrun, to whom all this apparently was addressed, explained that this order had come from the sultan's minister; that neither he nor the resident general had anything to do with its conception or its execution; that he understood and shared the sentiments expressed by the speakers; but all he could do was to represent to the vizier how Fez felt about the decree, and this he would do in person when he went to Rabat in a few days.

On the way home we learned a good deal about the state of religion in Morocco, and why these people—the highest classes as well as the lowest—have preserved their faith and traditions unaltered throughout so many centuries, a thing which cannot be said of Algerians, Egyptians and Turks. The reason is that until twelve years ago the foreigners in Morocco were confined to a few traders in the coast towns, and any tourist who tried to visit Fez or Marrakesh would never have got twenty miles from the coast alive; all influences coming from abroad were thus effectively shut out.

Now that any man may travel in perfect safety throughout most of the country, the Mohammedan religion is safeguarded in another way. The sultan is the caliph, or head of the church. His functions, as such, are left absolutely untouched by the French; they neither encourage nor discourage Mohammedanism; they merely guard it against any interference which might arise through their presence as the protecting power. As an example of this attitude, travelers—unless Mohammedans—are not allowed to enter any mosque in Morocco. This is an order issued by Marshal Lyautey and most strictly obeyed. We therefore had no chance of comparing the inside—the exterior is never worth looking at—of any of the famous mosques of Morocco with those of Algiers, Constantinople or Tunis, which are freely visited by Christians, much to the irritation of sincere Mohammedans who live in those places.

Our days at Fez galloped away, and, of course, there is no thought of reciting all we did. Naturally we visited the experimental farm, the hospital for natives and the new town under construction. All these were created by the French and are run by the French. The site of the new town was selected by Marshal Lyautey, and its every detail is determined by the French authorities, who sell the sites to home builders or shopkeepers. These can construct only along approved lines.

New Towns Beside the Old

A town is laid off in this way wherever French settlers or government employes are in sufficient number to require housing; it keeps intact towns and prevents invasion of native customs and traditions, while providing suitable quarters for Europeans and their commerce. The new towns at Casablanca and Rabat are fully developed; the shops and streets and villas are very handsome, perfectly adapted to the climate and, of course, are up to date in hygiene and comfort. Those at Fez, Mequinez and Marrakesh have only been begun but are progressing rapidly.

One afternoon we drove out to the hills whence could be seen the beginning of the stupendous Riff country where the fighting was then in progress. Returning, we paused at an old fort beyond the walls to watch the sunset fall upon the town. It was Ramadan, and not one Mohammedan soul in this great city had eaten a crumb or drunk a drop since sunrise. All were now impatiently waiting the signal which would soon be coming from the muezzins, standing motionless upon the slender minarets. At last a gun was heard, the wailing call to prayer went up, and then innumerable cries—apparently of relief—resounded from every quarter. Eating, drinking and praying began, and it may be said that all three continued, with only some interval of sleep, until the next morning.

During the four weeks of Moslem Lent no Mohammedan must swallow so much as his own saliva between sunup and sundown; and in Morocco, where the people are deeply pious, this proscription is complied with by all classes. The evening is spent in feasting—albeit they drink nothing but tea—and in prayer.

Our farewell dinner at Fez was made picturesque by the presence of a great many native chiefs, who were as jolly and communicative as it is possible to be in the dampening atmosphere of an interpreter. One of them satisfied the shy but evident curiosity of our ladies by giving them interesting details regarding the management of his household affairs, which seem so complicated to us and are so very simple for them. Mr. Herrick drank their health, and in doing so he told them of his father reading him the story of Mohammed's coffin suspended between earth and heaven and his interrupting to ask how anybody could be so foolish as to believe this stuff, to which his father had replied, "What would a Mohammedan say about Jonah and the whale?" This little speech greatly pleased the alcaydes, and one of them answered, saying he had heard that Mr. Herrick was a great man in his own country and much beloved in France, and that this was only just, for it was evident that God had filled him with His wisdom.

Unchanged as the Mountains

We stopped at Mequinez long enough to see its beautiful gates, drive to Mulai Idris, a most extraordinarily interesting mountain village, and visit the Roman military town near by, Volubilis. At Mulai Idris the ambassador was met by a number of Arab officers in their flowing robes, who conducted him to the city and presented him to the rulers of this town with much ceremony; and in receiving the ambassador they informed him that his name had been known to them, and that it was a pleasure and honor to receive him, and that they extended to him such courtesies as were theirs because they knew that the French loved him and therefore they would. This was a very ceremonious occasion and very interesting.

This village of Mulai Idris, in the days of Roman occupation, was a flourishing bandit stronghold. The old military town of Volubilis has interested all Europe in recent times by reason of the discoveries made in excavation. Among other things on the tablets were accounts of the sending of young men from Volubilis to Rome to be educated. What the Romans built they built thoroughly; what the Arabs destroyed they destroyed with equal completeness. Nevertheless, one can still read in the stones of these two adjacent places much of the long history of Morocco—a history closely mingled with every civilization which has prevailed in the Mediterranean Basin since the days of Solomon.

The original stock, the Berbers, the principal element of the population today, seems a race whose tenacious persistence equals that of the Jews, however little the resemblance obtains in any other respect. They have been overrun, massacred and ruled by Phenicians, Carthaginians, Romans, Goths, Arabs, Syrians, Turks and Spaniards, to mention only the principal invaders. These came, imposed their laws, art and religion, then slowly found themselves absorbed or else were driven out, leaving the Berber as unchanged as his native mountains.

It is true that an alloy of Arab and Berber has been slowly formed, and in the cities and the plains it largely prevails; but the race which has never been driven from its native hills, which never altered its virtues or its vices, however often it changed its rulers and religion, whose dynasties governed long centuries in Spain as well as in Africa, is Berber, and very admirable human stuff it is.

Leaving Mequinez in the morning, we lunched at Rabat, slept at Casablanca and traveled next day to Marrakesh. This road might be described as the shortest known line between the Middle Ages and today. First there is a wide tarred motor road, smooth as a billiard table; parallel to it is a rock-ballasted, broad-gauge railway; alongside this an electric-power line; and then the old camel trail. And do not think that this last was decayed and out of use; it was as busy as any of its modern competitors, or as it was in the time of Mohammed. High above all of these was the airway straight to Paris, regularly bringing mail and passengers on a twenty-four-hour schedule.

The whole system was the very mirror of French organization in Morocco, or, as Mr. Herrick called it, the index and measure of their twelve-year effort. The old and the new run side by side, each aiding and completing the other, but without conflict, competition or compulsion. Never have free will and predestination seemed so practically combined. In transportation and agriculture, as in religion, the native may continue along the way of his forbears, or he may cross over a few yards and take a parallel but more rapid path. Both are there, and no one seems to care one particle which method he elects.

There are two excellent roads from Casablanca to Marrakesh. We took the longer in order to see the ancient reservoirs of Azammur and lunch at the modern bathing beach of Mazagan. On leaving the coast we crossed 100 miles of monotonous plain, then climbed high, barren hills, from which we caught our first glimpse of Marrakesh—a great city, all of gorgeous red, surrounded by stupendous crimson walls rising from a green oasis, with the snow-capped Atlas in the distance. We drove up a wide avenue of palms through the modern town, straight toward the splendid Kutubia tower, and halted at the most imposing and perfectly appointed hotel we had yet seen in Africa.

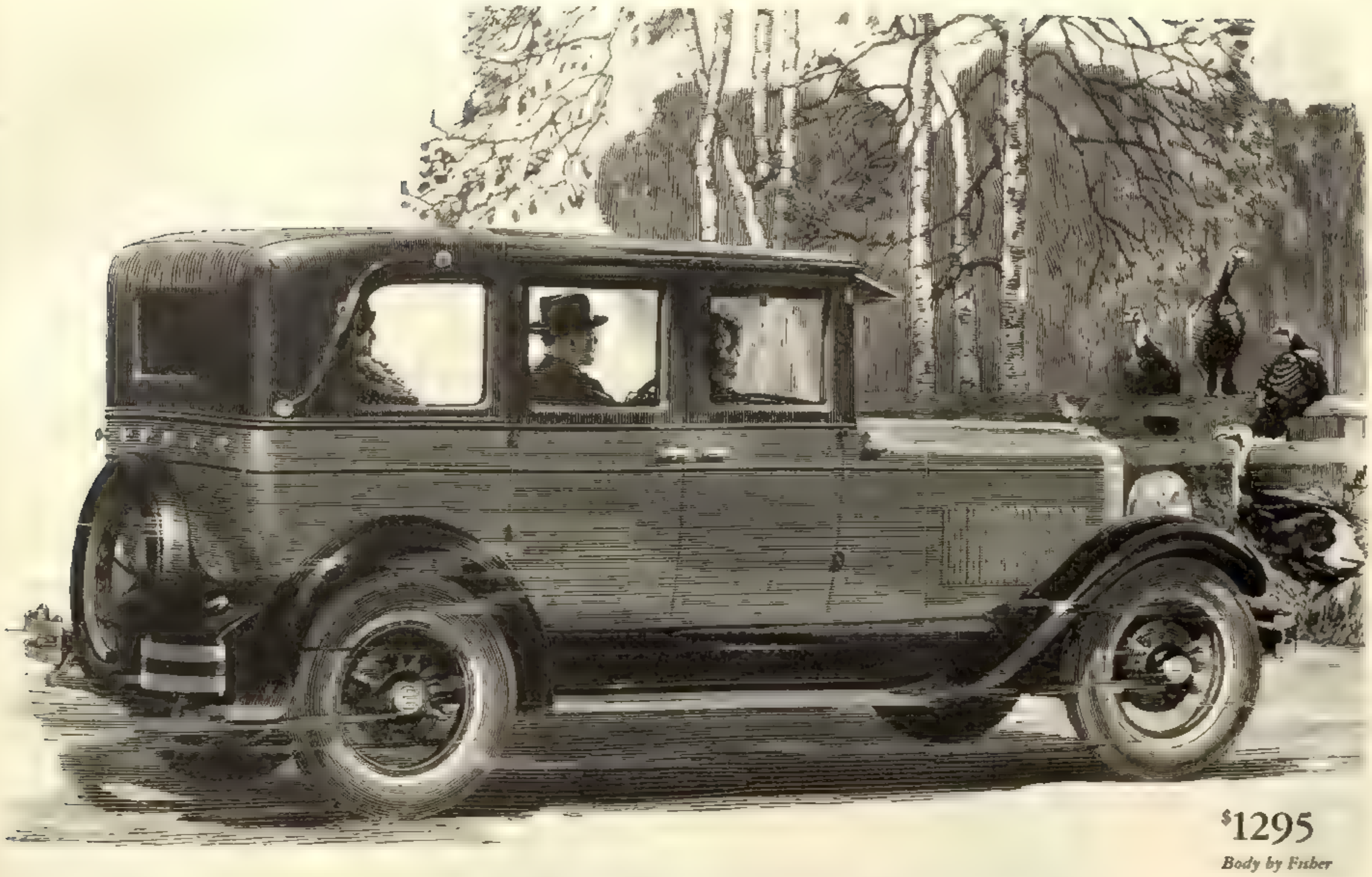
Artists and Conquerors

Marrakesh is one of the great historic cities of the country. Though Fez has always been the religious and intellectual center, from Marrakesh have come the conquering dynasties which during centuries ruled Spain and Northern Africa. The town was beautified or allowed to molder in decay, as through the centuries the fortunes of the Almoravides, Almohades or Saadians rose and fell. It has seen great artists as well as great conquerors; builders of gardens, towers and palaces as well as of great empires. A few of their works remain, such as the Kutubia tower, the sultan's palace, the vast reservoirs which still pour life and beauty on the gardens of Agudal, the massive walls in picturesque decay, the exquisite tombs of the Saadian dynasty.

The streets, the market places, the shops, the beggars, to European eyes, are quite the same as what one sees in Fez; there are more camels, better horses, fewer donkeys; the costumes do not vary and probably have not in 2000 years. But the initiated perceive in these lean, bronzed faces traits peculiar to the desert whence came their conquering ancestors, and whose blood—like their monuments—survives in greater purity here than in Rabat, Mequinez or Tlemcen; while as for Spain, if time and conquests have dealt more kindly with what the Berbers built when they ruled the peninsula, there is lacking that charm of age-long continuity in race, custom, clothes and daily occupation which one feels in changeless Marrakesh.

This region is governed by General Daugan, who commanded the Moroccans when they fought between our First and Second Divisions in Mangin's great attack of July, 1918, when the tide was turned in France. The general gratified Mrs. Herrick's desire

(Continued on Page 50)



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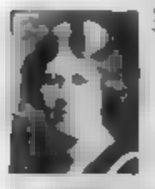

Mrs. Edward Goldsmith, Danville, Ill., dealer, South—
Spades.....K, J, 10, 7, 6, 5
Hearts 3, 2
Diamonds..... A, J
Clubs.....K, J, 9

Paul H. Seymour, Chicago, West—
Spades 9
Hearts K Q J 10 5
Diamonds 7, 4 3, 2
Clubs 6, 4, 2

Milton C. Work New York North—
Spades 8 3
Hearts 9 7 4
Diamonds K, Q 10, 6
Clubs A Q, 10, 7

Wilbur C Whitehead New York, East—
Spades A, Q 4 2
Hearts X 8 6
Diamonds 9 8 5
Clubs 8 5 3

Tues., Nov. 23, 10 P. M. (E. T.)

WEAF, WSAI, KSD, WCAE, WCCO, WTAM, WEEI, WFI, WGN, WGR, WJAR, WOC, WCSH, WTAG, WWJ.

See papers for broadcasting time of following.

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WGY Gen'l Electric Co. Schenectady
KPRC Houston Post Dispatch Houston
WFAA Dallas News Dallas
WSMB Saenger Amusement Co. New Orleans
WOAW Woodmen of the World Omaha
WDAF Kansas City Star Kansas City, Mo.
WSOC Charlotte News Charlotte
KGW Portland Oregonian Portland
KGO General Electric Co. Oakland
WSB Atlanta Journal Atlanta
WMC Memphis Commercial Appeal Memphis
KOA General Electric Co. Denver
KHJ Los Angeles Times Los Angeles
KOMO Seattle Times Seattle
WDBO Rollins College Winter Park, Fla.
WDAE Tampa Daily Times Tampa
CFCN J. R. Booth, Jr. Ottawa, Can.
CKNC Can. Nat. Carbon Co., Ltd. Toronto
CKAC La Presse Montreal
CKY D. R. P. Coats Manitoba
CJGC Sweetie Shop Saskatoon
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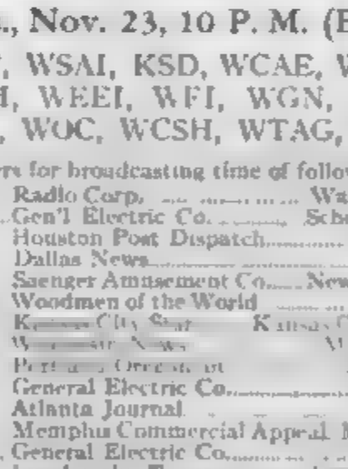

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(Continued from Page 48

to see the famous Foreign Legion by giving the ambassador a review of the battalion left at Marrakesh when the rest went north to fight.

Although these men had exactly the dress and bearing of any other French soldiers, imagination soon got busy trying to unravel the tragedy buttoned up in each of their blue coats; and scraps of poetry, a page of Ouida or Owen Meredith, came floating through the memory with the music of the wonderful Legion band as it broke on the stillness of the African evening.

For 100 years, whenever hard knocks were being given and received by France, this corps has taken its share and more. They are magnificent soldiers in battle, difficult to control in garrison; but an iron discipline tempered with perfect equality and fairness has kept them what they are—a marvelous body of professional fighters. The disinherited of the world find refuge here; no questions regarding the hidden tragedy of their past are put to them. If strong and healthy they are enlisted; and then in the steady routine of camp, in the fatigue of hard campaigning or the excitement of action, the torn fibers of their life are reknit to hard but useful ends. Since 1920 more than 70 per cent of all the men serving in the four regiments of the Legion have been Germans, and during the recent war in the Riff they were constantly engaged.

Fingers In the Pie

The vast region about Marrakesh is still governed, as it has been for ages, by feudal chieftains, who now obey the sultan and recognize French suzerainty. Indeed, it was the fidelity of these men to France and their loyal coöperation which enabled Lyautey to hold the country all during the war, and not only carry forward his organization but send many thousands of first-class soldiers to fight the Germans in France. These powerful barons have palaces in Marrakesh where they reside when not on their estates, and one of them was kind enough to invite Mr. Herrick and his party to dinner.

The outside of his palace was the usual plain wall unpierced by any opening except one small gateway. Entering this, we were faced by another blank wall; turning, we passed through a door, and then finally reached an outer court. This invariable arrangement is a protection against curiosity as well as attack. The principal court of the palace was surrounded by long, lofty, narrow halls beautifully decorated with many-colored tiles, the doors and ceiling beams carved and painted with the delicacy of miniatures. In one of these we dined, seated or reclining on cushions about a small table a few inches high. The various courses had been brought in huge platters and carefully aligned like soldiers in the courtyard, with basins of hot water beneath and conical hats of straw on top to keep them warm.

There were no plates, knives or forks. A servant poured water from a graceful ewer over the fingers of each guest into a silver basin, while another presented a towel; then the first dish was placed on the table, which is almost entirely covered. Each guest picked out with the first two fingers and thumb of the right hand the morsels which he desired, it being bad manners to use the left hand or other fingers of the right.

Occasionally our host would select a dainty bit and pass it politely to a guest.

A pigeon pie about two and a half feet in diameter was brought in. There was a moment of awkward silence as we viewed this fragrant pie, until our host, with a deft movement, inserted his finger in the middle of the pie breaking the crust and pulling out a morsel with his finger and thumb, which he handed his guest of honor. At his signal the pie was attacked. From this manner of feeding must have sprung the saying "He wanted a finger in the pie."

There were many courses, all served in exactly the same way, and consisting of mutton, pigeons, chickens, couscous—the national dish of meat and polenta—and most delicately prepared leaves of pastry. There were no vegetables, no salt, pepper or butter, and only a small piece of unleavened bread. We all agreed that the food was exquisite and we ate very heartily. It seemed a triumph of cooking that with the fingers alone one could easily pluck from a whole chicken or a quarter of mutton morsels of perfectly cooked and deliciously flavored meat.

As a rule only water is served, but in our honor champagne was brought at the close, since Mohammedans do not consider it wine, but only sweet bubbling water. After dinner, tea flavored with leaves of fresh mint was prepared with the usual ceremony and glasses of almond milk were passed. There was no coffee, for, strange as it may seem, Moroccans do not drink coffee and they do not smoke; tea is their national beverage. Coming from Algeria, where coffee and cigarettes are as ever-present as in Cairo or Constantinople, this indication of Moroccan isolation from the rest of Islam had already impressed us.

The simplicity and graceful ease and dignity of our host lent an invisible charm to the whole evening. One felt the presence of a *grand seigneur* accustomed from birth to the command of a great domestic establishment and to dispensing a patriarchal hospitality. Only in the fineness of their snow-white garments did the clothes of the masters differ from those of the domestics; the same yellow slippers covered their bare feet, the same burnoose enveloped head and body. We were told that the household of this palace consisted of some 400 persons—wives, slaves, relatives and retainers, all fed and housed within its walls.

We were loath to leave the cool comfort of our hotel at Marrakesh, but Rabat and Tangiers awaited us and our time was growing short. Near Settat we stopped a while at one of the souks, or fairs, which are so frequently held beside wells in the desert plain, and to which large crowds come on foot, by camel or by donkey, all with something to sell or buy. Here, in a richly decorated tent, an alcayde was dispensing justice amidst cushions and a stifling atmosphere; there, a story teller had elicited an audience from the crowd gathered to watch the trying out at full gallop—and a fuller stop—of horses brought for sale; camels, donkeys, wives, dry goods and trinkets were all being bargained for amidst heat and dust which no one seemed to mind but ourselves.

A Moroccan Shave

In all this primitive scene among these Arabs—who paid not one bit more attention to our presence than did their donkeys—nothing fascinated us so much as the barbers. I counted sixteen tents in a row, each a barber shop and all full of customers come for a shave—of the head, be it well understood, as the face has too little hair to need much attention. A conspicuous part of the furniture consisted of a large bucket more or less full of blood, and this bucket excited our eager curiosity. Where an American barber would ask "Shall I put a hot towel on your face?" his Arab colleague inquires "Shall I relieve your head by a little bleeding?" and the answer is almost always yes.

Before the shaving starts, a spot behind each ear is scarified with a knife and a little cupping utensil shaped like a pipe is applied; the barber starts the suction through the stem, which then keeps going of itself. Meanwhile the shaving proceeds, interrupted from time to time for emptying the contents of the bowl into the bucket, clapping it back and starting up the suction again. Nothing could be more curious than to see these fine-featured Arabs seated on the ground with a six-inch pipe-stem projecting straight out from behind each ear and held in place by no visible arrangement.

It appears that the Arab considers himself a very hot-blooded person, and without this periodic relief he could not stand the pressure. In any case the custom must be a most efficient method—and others are not wanting—for the propagation of disease, for we noticed that the lancet, sponge and cupping utensil, used for all, were never washed.

The ravages of disease are enormous among these superstitious people, whose chief defense in sickness consists in charms and incantations sold by the nearest fakir. But the universal doctor is the dead Marabout, or holy man, and his tomb is the consulting room where gather the blind, the lame and the childless, along with innumerable attendant beggars asking alms and dispensing the blessings of Allah upon the givers. The whole countryside is dotted with these oratories which hold the bones of some local saint—often in life a half-witted creature of the neighborhood. They are devoid of any kind of beauty, the votive offerings are poor and pitiful, and yet the scenes within these little huts of whitewashed masonry are instinct with that charm which covers so much of the dirt and tawdriness of this Moslem land, the charm of absolute sincerity, the beauty of a fresh simplicity our Western world knows little of.

The Twin Cities of Barbary

The French do what is possible to ameliorate unsanitary conditions, and they realize that the doctor is a powerful agent of peaceful penetration; but in this matter, as in all others, the protecting power proceeds with infinite caution lest religious sensibilities be offended. In this devout Moslem land the Koran remains the only book of medicine, as it is the only code of law and the sole compendium of literature. Nevertheless, women do come voluntarily to French doctors to get their babies vaccinated; and though it is true that they arrive with a verse of the Koran inscribed upon the child's forehead as the normal treatment for disease, their willingness to take a chance with French science is a hopeful sign for the future, and some day selection by death may cease to be the one law of man's evolution in Morocco.

If you are a tourist solely, you can see Rabat in a day; if you want to study Morocco, there could be no more happy spot in which to camp for weeks. The sultan lives here in his ancient palace; the French resident-general lives in his, not far away. Ever mindful of the practical importance in any Mohammedan land of the external signs of pomp and power, Marshal Lyautey built for himself this beautiful house at the very beginning of his regency. He grouped about it the official residences of his staff; while not far off, and forming part of the scheme, he placed the homes of the Europeans who have established their business in the fine buildings which line the broad streets of the modern town.

From Rabat the country is governed by the sultan under the protection of France, whose resident-general is the country's Minister for Foreign Affairs and its Secretary of War. We learned a good deal about the methods used in administering the country and developing its resources, and we talked much about Abd-el-Krim and the problem he then presented; we visited the new quarters and were impressed by these evidences of an extraordinary energy; but these things were too familiar to American eyes long to engage our time, when Salé, Chella and the old Kasbah awaited us.

Of the many things worth while in Rabat, the charm of its ancient fort, or Kasbah, dwarfs all others. One side of it frowns over the sea in defiant grandeur, another looks with Moslem indifference upon the weird cemetery that slopes in unkempt desolation to the water's edge. A single splendid gateway pierces its mighty walls, within which spreads the loveliest garden in all the land. To walk under the shade of its spreading trees, to wander amid its beds of gorgeous flowers, watered from endless buckets drawn with saintlike patience by a blindfold

(Continued on Page 52)

They Won Style Leadership Overnight~

These Beautiful New Jewetts!

WITH amazing swiftness—almost overnight—these beautiful new Jewetts have swept on to unquestioned *style* leadership!

They are being compared with cars far higher in price. They are being *chosen* by a significant number of discriminating buyers *who have always paid much more* for their cars.

There is no parallel for this latest Jewett conquest. For the Jewett car had long enjoyed an enviable reputation for mechanical excellence, for exceptional ease of handling, for economy, and for great length of life.

THE *STYLE* CAR OF THE SEASON

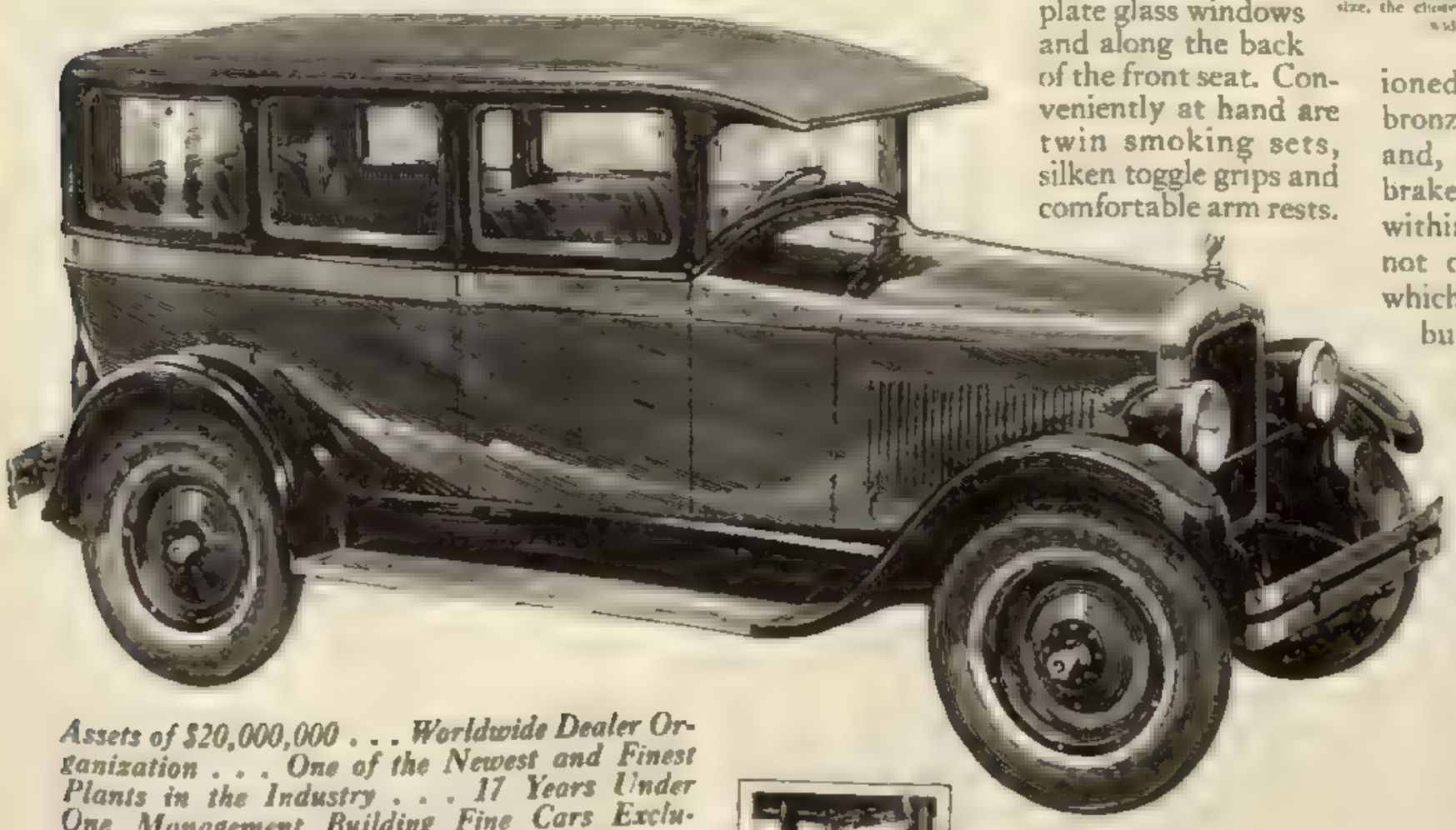
And yet *now*—this moderate priced car—fitted with bodies of charming grace and bewitching beauty—is also hailed as the *style* car of the season, the *smartest* thing on wheels!

Mohair upholsteries cover deep, nested springs. Walnut-finish panels are skillfully inlaid beneath the plate glass windows and along the back of the front seat. Conveniently at hand are twin smoking sets, silken toggle grips and comfortable arm rests.

Here and in the one above are featured the roomy [illegible] of the Jewett [illegible] size, the clustered instruments, the wide vision

The instrument panel is a thing of beauty, with the clustered instruments aglow in reflected light.

The large steering wheel is of solid walnut. The controls are unobtrusive, but within easy reach—lights dimming from the steering wheel. Fashion's latest dictates in things mechanical are here, too—an air cleaner, balanced crankshaft, rubber-cushioned clutch, high-pressure lubrication, bronze-backed bearings, silent chain timing, and, of course, Paige-Hydraulic 4-wheel brakes. Indeed here is one car—at a price within reach of all—that gives its proud owner not only that mechanical excellence upon which all real motoring satisfaction depends, but also the very latest note in *style*, the last word in *smartness*.



COME SEE THIS CAR—SOON!

You should see this Jewett at your very earliest convenience. For it's truly one wonderful car. Any Paige-Jewett dealer, without obligation, will be glad to show you (or permit you to drive) either this Jewett or any one of the fourteen body types and styles that constitute the new Paige and Jewett line.

Assets of $20,000,000 . . . Worldwide Dealer Organization . . . One of the Newest and Finest Plants in the Industry . . . 17 Years Under One Management Building Fine Cars Exclusively . . . Never Reorganized—Never Refinanced

PAIGE & JEWETT SIXES

(836)

"Each experiment with other shaving creams increased my enthusiasm for Mennen"

If you could go through my mail—I get literally thousands of letters—you'd be amazed at the way one thought bobs up over and over again: "I've tried so and so's shaving cream—but never again! I'm back to Mennen for life."

Here's part of a typical letter from W. H. Robinson, 463 Richmond Street, London, Ont., Canada.

"Mennen Shaving Cream in 1914 was recommended and presented by my druggist in exchange for a tube of another make which had become granulated. Since that day I have been a user and booster of Mennen.

"Six times I have experimented with other creams and soaps but each experiment increased my enthusiasm for Mennen. I am through experimenting. With my stiff beard, tender skin and daily shave, I trust implicitly in Mennen."

Every experiment in other directions emphasizes the real value of Mennen Dermutation—the famous Mennen process of absolute beard-softening. This exclusive Mennen feature reduces even the wiriest and most pugnacious whiskers to complete docility.

No matter whether you've got the tenderest skin in seven counties—whether you're using hot, cold, hard or soft water—Mennen will give you the quickest, smoothest, cleanest shave you ever experienced.

With Mennen you can get five months' daily latherings out of one 50 cent tube, unless, of course, you're one of the many thousands of men who use Mennen for shampoo, too. ½ inch of cream—less than ½ cent a shave—does the trick to the King's taste.

Demonstration Tube Free

Would you rather try Mennen at my expense? Send me a post card for a Demonstration Tube, Free.

Now about after shaving. Mennen Skin Balm has the kick you're looking for to give a fine fresh tingle. Tones up your skin. Gives a wonderful face feel and a look you'll be proud of. Try a tube—only 50 cents. Warning. Hide it from the ladies. They know its complexion merits but make them buy tubes of their own.

Mennen Talcum for Men—the finishing touch to the Mennen Shave. The plus ultra. Absorbs superfluous moisture and doesn't show on your face. Fine for "all over" use. 25c.

Jim Henry
Mennen Salesman

THE MENNEN COMPANY
341 Central Avenue, Newark, New Jersey

The Mennen Company, Limited
Montreal, Quebec

MENNEN
SHAVING CREAM

(Continued from Page 50)

donkey turning round his ancient well, to stand with the kindly storks upon its vine-clad battlements and watch the white combers break upon the bar that divides us from Salé just across the way, is to mingle in one moment every picturesque pleasure which the eye can ask of Nature or the brain can seek in mottled history. Rabat and Salé—rivals in ancient culture, twin brothers in every crime, from whose gates the conquerors of Spain set forth, where Cervantes lived in slavery and whence Robinson Crusoe escaped to tell his immortal story to Defoe; seats of pious learning, impregnable lairs of prosperous pirates, these twin cities of the ancient Barbary Coast can muster between them more true stories of wild adventure than ever had their birth in man's imagining.

A vine-covered corner of the Kasbah looking toward the ocean has been arranged with faultless taste as a place for taking tea; seated there in one of its embrasures, the most insensible could not resist the charm which steals across from Salé and reweaves from out the past the romance of its history. We came here one night to see a troupe of native dancers and hear the native music. Neither gave us the smallest pleasure, but as the shrill festivity went on, the women of the neighborhood came gliding like ghosts along the housetops and crouched in veiled security to see and hear the show. They were not intentionally a part of it, but they made a picture almost as haunting as that presented next morning when I looked out my window toward the sea and the intervening cemetery.

It was Moslem Sunday, and whole clouds of female forms were crouched among the tombs in immovable groups, their white burnooses falling in folds about them, which made each figure look a statue of grief carved by the unerring hand of some Praxiteles. These weekly visits are not inspired by piety alone, an hour in the cemetery being one of the few liberties allowed respectable women in Morocco, and this spot appears their only meeting place; so truth requires it to be said that these perfect images of melancholy were probably gossiping with a fervor as ancient as their attitudes.

A Symbol of the Land

But the place was not all theirs. Here also had been brought groups of children, who ran from grave to grave, chanting in the shrillest voices verses of the Koran in cadence marked by the schoolmaster who had brought them. These two interminable, dreary, graveyard wastes that slope from the walls of Rabat and Salé to the sea, with never a tree or shrub or flower to break their gray and dusty melancholy, worn by the feet of careless passers-by, at once a village common and a sanctuary, inviolate yet neglected, remain in the memory as the very symbol of the desolating hand of Islam laid upon a flowering land.

In Paris we had been told that the road from Rabat to Tangier was bad and none too safe from Abd-el-Krim's marauders—fears inspired by excess of prudence, as we found. There may be rough motor roads in Morocco, but we discovered none; and all we saw of Abd-el-Krim's activities were the picturesque preparations of the Spanish army to receive him on arrival in their zone.

How familiar they looked, these little Spanish soldiers, and all unchanged since I had last met them in Cuba and the Philippines! Much water has flowed through the Straits of Gibraltar since 1898; the face of Europe has been changed and Africa vastly altered, yet Tangier remains immutable. Immutable in squalid filth, when all Nature smiles about her; immutable in Oriental languor, when the commerce of the world steams ceaselessly past her empty roadstead; in sight of all that is civilized, yet drawing from Europe naught but Europe's quarrels, an object lesson in sordid inefficiency placed between bright examples of unhampered effort. I do not remember whether Tangier boasts a coat of arms, but if one is ever devised for her, nothing could be more suitable than a dog in the manger.

The little boat that runs to Algeciras did not arrive, as there was a swell in the Mediterranean, and Tangier is as helpless against the waves as she apparently is against government by the powers. The resulting delay procured us a delightful and informing hospitality at the American and French legations, and a drive to the beautiful heights which front the Atlantic. We were all agreed that if ever Tangier is well governed, its climate, its nearness and the charm of its surrounding country will make it a Mediterranean paradise.

Now a word as to Abd-el-Krim's own people and other tribes that still keep up the fighting in the Riff, the Tache de Taza and other mountain regions. These people did not rise up against the French as those ignorant of Moroccan ways and history naturally assume; these tribes have never since the beginning of history acknowledged any authority but that of their own chieftains. They have always been independent, and no sultan ever taxed them, ever subdued them, or probably ever seriously tried to. Pillage has always been the principal source not only of their revenue but of their food, and their great national sport was war—war on the villages, war on richer tribes in the plains, war on one another, war on anybody worth fighting, war for war's sake.

Lovers of Liberty

Had these people remained shut up in their inaccessible mountain fastness, it is probable that the French would have left them alone for a long time; but this the very law of their being as well as economic necessity prevented them from doing. The more the disarmed inhabitants of the plains and valleys became peaceful and prosperous, the greater was the temptation to swoop down and reap an easy booty. This the French, as trustees of the sultan's authority, could not permit, nor could their prestige countenance it. The only way to meet the situation was to attack, subdue and disarm these bandits. This has been done little by little, year by year, until lately only the wildest tribes in the roughest mountains remained unpacified.

The Riff was merely a specially large and peculiarly difficult example of this general and very ancient condition of affairs. Most of it was in Spanish territory closed to French operations; it bordered the sea and was thus accessible to help coming from those who had a political interest in aiding Abd-el-Krim to annoy France and bleed her. This situation, enormously aided by the money and arms he took from the Spaniards, and Abd-el-Krim's own ability are all that made the recent war in the Riff anything different from what has been going on there, in the Atlas and other inaccessible regions, these several thousand years.

Nevertheless, this whole thing goes to show what an extraordinarily fine fellow the Berber is—at least, as a fighting man and a lover of his own liberty. He is predatory, unable to stand restraint of any kind, acknowledging no law except force and no superior except Mohammed. Had Abd-el-Krim beaten the French and tried to establish a real government in the Riff, the Berber tribes would have fought him just as they have fought everybody else that ever tried to tax them, teach them or interfere in any way with their own particular pastimes—fighting and pillage.

War and waste being synonymous, there is a pleasure in ever finding any profit come out of it. One of the strongest holds which the French have secured on all Moroccans lies in their way of making war. The Frenchman fights like a gentleman, and there is nothing on earth which so appeals to a Berber as the way you fight. He has done little else since the beginning of time, and the age of chivalry has no more passed in Morocco than has the age of faith. Now the Berber knows from much experience that the Frenchman is as brave as he is, and a lot more merciful; he knows that an officer's word once given is never broken; and so when the French have smashed him in fair fight, he says in substance, "You are a better man than I am, and here is my hand."

This accounts in great measure for the profound admiration which these people have shown for Marshal Lyautey, for Gouraud, for Mangin, who started in by beating them to a pulp, and then befriended them with that mixture of practical kindness and impressive chivalry characteristic of these men. Take a little example from what constantly goes on in the Riff. Berber combatants come across to French posts and ask to have a bad wound dressed; the women, who carry their husband's cartridges in battle, fetch babies when very sick to army surgeons for advice. In going back they kiss the shoulder of the Toubib, or doctor, as they would do for their own holy men. Such things speak volumes.

We left Africa with that perfectly natural and ridiculous feeling that we had discovered it. For four weeks "the formidable past and the impatient future" had been our constant companions, and we had seen them weaving their combined magic before our very eyes. We had observed the oldest human institutions subjected to the newest political manipulation; and it was agreeable to realize that France, whose quarrels and shortcomings were just then filling her own and the foreign press, was the source and inspiration of the mighty progress and the kindly concord we had seen marching hand in hand throughout Morocco. We forgot the towers, the palaces, the snake charmers and the Marabouts to ask ourselves what was the secret of this quick success.

Mr. Herrick declared that it lay in the faithful execution, by able and sincere collaborators, of Marshal Lyautey's three basic principles—toleration, sympathy, generosity. The marshal long ago laid down this law for his subordinates: "The natives of Morocco are not members of an inferior race, but they do belong to a different race, and in all your relations with them you must take this into consideration."

A Good Investment

This principle has been most intelligently applied by all French officials and is imitated by the French colonists who have settled in the country. There has been as much cooperation as possible, as little constraint as was safe; guidance is everywhere offered, but rarely imposed. The richer natives seem to understand that France is not merely trying to exploit the country but is making it possible for the sultan to rule it; while the poor man, for the first time in his history, finds that neither his neighbor nor the taxgatherer is permitted to rob him with impunity. In what concerns a matter more important to both than even death or taxes—I mean religion—all have the conviction that any interference by the protecting power has never been even so much as thought of.

The material advantages which revert to France through her situation in Morocco are only the by-products of the enterprise and are not the direct result of any laws favoring her commerce. The country is economically just as independent of France as Cuba is of the United States. Even in military affairs, this independence is complete. Moroccans are not subject to draft in the French Army, and though they do serve in large numbers, this service is strictly voluntary. To get recruits among such a warlike people, whether to fight against the Germans or the Riffians, is the easiest matter in the world, and French officers train and lead these fierce warriors with a skill and comprehension which excite the admiration of all military men.

Twelve years ago France began to invest energy, intelligence and kindly cooperation in Morocco, and it is a happy omen that a handsome return on the capital has already begun to come in, for the world at large has a considerable stake in the continued success of the experiment.

Even Old Rooms can be Brightened at Little Expense

A pleasant contrast to the plain-toned walls and upholstery, the richly patterned "LADIK" design adds interest and character to this delightful living room. It's Gold Seal Art-Rug No. 592.

Even the busiest housewife can have more leisure

An inviting living-room corner made all the cosier by the warm browns of the quaint "PLYMOUTH" pattern with its border of ships and wooded shores. Gold Seal Rug No. 580.

A ROOM whose furnishings are a little old-fashioned can be made thoroughly attractive without great effort or expense. That room in the picture, for instance, fairly glows with quiet charm and personality. Yet with what simple means this pleasing effect has been created.

A warm, heartening color scheme. Furniture arranged away from the center of the room to avoid a cramped, crowded look. Inviting book shelves—just enough pictures and ornaments—to spread an atmosphere of livability. And of course, a fresh-looking, appropriately patterned rug.

Patterns for Every Room

For nothing so seriously handicaps a room as dull, time-worn floor-covering. This is why so many women have welcomed Congoleum *Gold Seal* Rug patterns. Brightness, freshness for every part of the home are yours at very low cost.

Gifted designers are creating Congoleum Rug patterns to suit all kinds of room schemes. Highly decorative effects derived from splendid Oriental pieces; graceful, sunny-colored floral designs; numbers of tile patterns for kitchens and bathrooms.

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The Gold Seal on every genuine *Gold Seal* Art-Rug guarantees "Satisfaction or Your Money Back." It is your absolute assurance of floor-covering satisfaction!

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FREE—this home-beautifying handbook

WRITTEN by an expert in household management, *Color Magic in the Home* tells of home-beautifying in such a practical, sensible way that women without any schooling in interior decoration can easily carry out its suggestions. Just fill out and mail the coupon to Congoleum-Nairn Inc., 1421 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa., for your free copy.

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LADIES IN THE ROUGH

Continued from Page 23

tape for it. I showed her where it was 37⅞. "Oh, darn the eighths," she says, very cute-like. "I don't see why you have them. I should think the next after 37 would be 38, and then 39, and so on. It would be so much faster that way."

By that time Mr. Wilson had his hat and coat and was telling them how he had to go out to an important conference or he would take them to lunch. He called me out of the room with him to tell me how he had to accept the Halleck woman's business also, because he knew her in a social way, too, and couldn't turn her down when he had took on the Sinclair account.

"What I am afraid of now is there might be more of them," he says. "When a woman tells another one she is making money on a sure thing in the stock market, the other one always wants to do it herself the same day before the stores close. These two have got a lot of friends, and if they keep coming, we might soon be running a brokers' office for women only."

"Still, it makes business for the firm," I said.

"You need experience, Larry," he says. "Business is business, but not with women that thinks it is a free trip to the place where it rains Russian sable coats."

"Mrs. Sinclair seems pretty sure of the tip on Modern from a man named Grossman," I told him.

"I have met Grossman," says Mr. Wilson. "He has just managed to get married to a rich widow that is in the set these two ladies travels in, and the whole crowd seems to think he is Mussolini. He is what you might call a loud-speaker, and it is all news to me that he has got anything to do with Modern Motors. We'll have to wait and see how right he is on it."

Soon after the boss went out Modern Motors begun to get a little lively on the up side, and then you couldn't pry the female duet away from the ticker the rest of the day. They forgot all about lunch, and got ticker ink all over their hands, and when the stock closed above 40, Henrietta was real noisy.

"How much have I made now, Mr. Larry," she asked me. I told her she was about nine hundred to the good, but that wouldn't do at all. "Oh, you can't deceive me that way," she says. "I know it is a great deal more than that."

"No, it isn't," says Miss Halleck like a shot. "I have been counting it up in my mind. But just look at me. I have only made about two hundred dollars. I wish I had bought more."

"Of course you do, you poor darling," the other one gives her, nice and sweet. "But you know you only gave Willoughby one thousand dollars to begin on, instead of two thousand five hundred like I did. With only that much you really can't expect to make very much."

"I could give him two thousand five hundred and more than that if I wanted to," Miss Halleck tells her, getting stiff.

"Oh, could you, Inez, dear?" says her chum. "Then, darling, why didn't you?"

"I might do it yet," says Inez darling, twisting up her mouth. And she did. Right after the market opened next morning she walks in and hands me a bunch of bonds worth about $5000.

"Here is my security," she says, "and I will take 500 shares of the Modern Motors Company stock right away."

In case she might of made a mistake I reminded her that would give her a line of 600 shares in all, but she just looked at me and said, "I am not one of the women that can't count."

We got the 500 for her at 39½, and when I reported it she says, "Now I have got twice as much as Mrs. Sinclair. She and some other ladies will be here soon."

Sure enough, when Sinclair come in she was towing two more. One was Mrs. Vanderberg, and she was a widow like Henrietta. The other one was Mrs. King, but she still had a husband. It seemed the whole crowd was pals and belonged to some kind of a club that played bridge whist and went to the theater, and that is where they would run into this Oscar Grossman. His wife and him was in the club too; and my boss, Mr. Wilson, would go to some of the parties.

Of course the two new ones had come down to hook onto some of the Modern Motors for themselves, as they had been hearing from Mrs. Sinclair how easy she was making quick money and having such a lovely time doing it. They fixed up about their margins and all that with Mr. Wilson, and then he shooed the whole bunch out of his private office into a little room with a ticker in it that we used to keep for special customers that might come in.

"They can stay there for the time being," he says to me, "but I certainly won't have them hanging around here every day. This begins to look like an endless chain, and luck or no luck, I have got to break it."

"How can you stop them coming in?" I asked him.

"I will think up some way," he says, "or maybe the market will do it for me. I think this whole market is getting toppy, and Grossman's Modern Motors might give them a different kind of a kick than they are expecting to enjoy."

By the time I got the quartet all fitted into the little room Mrs. Sinclair had heard all about her side kick Inez having bought 500 more Modern, and the stock was selling up above 40. You could see that Henrietta wasn't so light-hearted as usual. Having a line of 600 shares made friend Inez Queen of the May, and that didn't go down so good at all. Also, the stock being up in price made the two added starters sore about having to pay so much for it.

"I wouldn't mind giving 39 for it," says Mrs. Vanderberg, "but 40 seems so much more than Henrietta paid that I don't think it is fair."

"I don't know what to say either," comes along the other one, the Mrs. King blonde. "If I could ask my husband, he could advise us, but can you imagine what he would do if he even dreamed I was dabbling in the stock market? Why, there would be no living with him."

"I'd like to see any man tell me I couldn't do what I want with my own money," says Miss Halleck, giving a kind of a sniff.

Henrietta speared that chance before it touched the ground. She puts all the teeth on exhibition again, and pipes, "Oh, Inez, you're so different, you know. I don't believe any man ever will claim that right with you, dear."

"Pretty pussy," says Inez dear, and goes on looking at the ticker.

"You wouldn't really advise us to buy now, would you, Mr. Owens?" Mrs. Vanderberg asked me.

"I can't really tell," I said. "It might drop back to 39 if you wait, or it might not." I wasn't going to let her pin anything on me.

"Why, Larry, how can you say that?" Henrietta says, as if I was being cruel to her. "Mr. Grossman told us all last night that the price would be at 45 some time this week, and he certainly wouldn't of told us that if it wasn't so."

"Oh, then, I think we better buy now," says Mrs. King.

"No," Mrs. Vanderberg decides, "I think I will wait for it to be 39."

"Alice, that's mean," says Mrs. King. "If I am charged 40 and then you get yours for 39, how do you suppose I will feel?"

"Well," states big Halleck, who was watching every jerk of the tape, "Modern Motors Company stock is up to 40½ now, so you better make up your minds."

"Oh, I won't pay that much," Mrs. King says, and I could see she was glad of the excuse to change her mind.

"Well, anyhow, I think I will after all," says the little Vanderberg, and she told me to get her 200 shares.

We bought it at 40½, and in less than five minutes afterward, as luck would have it, Modern Motors is down again to 39¾. I beat it out to the order room, and got busy for a while out there.

Old man Cook, who is one of our regular customers and a terrible crab, come up to my window and says:

"Larry, I hear you have opened up a woman's department here, and if that's the case I am going to quit. Any office that has women trading in it is a jinx, and you can tell them I said so."

"Don't worry," I told him. "It is only a few governors of states out West that had dropped in to invest their salary."

"Is that it?" he says, "I thought maybe it was some of the Rothschild girls over here from Europe picking up bargains for the family. I was going to ask you what they are specially in favor of."

"Modern Motors," I said. "They think they get it good, right from the inside."

"Say, that stock's been acting all right at that," says Cook. "I've been watching it, and I was going to buy some. Where do they hear it's going to?"

"They get the tip for 45 this week," I told him.

"Buy me a hundred," he says. "These women often gets things pretty straight."

"Don't blame me if it goes wrong," I warned him. "You asked me, and I'm only telling you what they say."

"Did you ever know me to blame anything on anybody?" asks Cook.

"Only when you lose," I says, and I went back to see how the females were coming along.

I found they had sent out for sandwiches. With that and the way they was all talking at once, it was like a battle going on in the room, and, of course, I stepped right into it. Little Vanderberg got at me without any unnecessary delay at all.

"Mr. Owens," she says, "Miss Halleck has just explained to me what I didn't quite understand at first, and that is that when you say 40½ for a stock's price you really mean forty dollars and fifty cents for a share."

"Yes, ma'am," I said, wondering how could anybody be so dumb.

"Well, in that case," she says, "you must not charge me forty dollars and fifty cents a share for the Modern Motors Company stock I took just now, because the price was reduced immediately to thirty-nine dollars and seventy-five cents a share right on this paper ribbon here."

"Yes it was, Larry," says Mrs. Sinclair, giving me the high-low voice performance. "We all saw it right there immediately."

"And Miss Halleck is very good with arithmetic, too," Vanderberg goes on; "and she has added it up for me that the difference on my whole 200 shares is actually $150. I simply can't afford to pay that much, Mr. Owens, and you will have to change what you charged me and make my price the same as other people's. Any reputable store would do that,"

"Oh, yes, Larry," puts in Henrietta, "you must be fair to Mrs. Vanderberg, you know."

Of course I had to try and explain it to them, and, of course, they couldn't get it. But what finally fixed it up all right was that while we was talking Modern took a run up again and got to 40¾. Then the King woman begun to do a little crying, and the rest of them got interested in her.

"Oh, now it is up again, and I was watching it to buy at 39," she says. "What will I do now? Alice, it is even more than you paid, because, of course, three-fourths is more than a half."

"I can see you must of been very bright at school, Ruth," says Miss Halleck.

"But you don't think I ought to buy now, do you?" asks Mrs. King.

"I don't see why you are waiting," Henrietta chirps. "I would much rather buy while it is still 40 than wait till it gets to 41, and you know how Oscar Grossman said it must go to 45 this week."

"Well, then, I think I will," says Mrs. King; "but I only want 100 shares. Willoughby Wilson said the $800 I gave him wouldn't pay for any more than that."

We paid 41 for her hundred, and you can imagine the rest of them give her the laugh, especially the little Vanderberg one, because none of them had paid that high. Still, a good time was being had by one and all at the close, because Modern went on up, and the last price for the day was an even 42.

"Oh, just think how much I have made!" crows Henrietta. "Just how much is it, Larry?"

"You must be ahead about fifteen hundred," I told her.

"Isn't it thrilling?" she says. "Being so successful in Wall Street is simply a joy. And I suppose you have made a lot, too, Inez, dear, now that you have bought more."

"Oh," says Inez, putting it over with plenty of oil, "I am ahead about sixteen hundred, I think."

"But you can't be!" Henrietta whoops. "You can't have more than I have, Inez. Can she, Larry? You must of added up wrong."

"I have twice as many Modern Motors Company shares as you have, dear," says sweet Inez, "so naturally I make money much faster than you do."

They all went out together after that, but anybody could see how the Sinclair member of the gang wasn't so chipper as having fifteen-hundred profit ought to of made her.

Well, next morning the lodge was there in session again with full attendance. No new members come to be initiated, but sister Sinclair was all fixed to get back to being the prima donna again. She took me to the side and showed me a check for another twenty-five hundred, and wanted to know if giving us that would let her buy 400 more Modern Motors. Of course 400 more would give her 700 shares in all, and then she would be ahead of dear Inez again. I told her she better see Mr. Wilson about it, and when she did he advised her not to.

"You had better think about cashing in the profit you have already," he told her. "This whole stock market has been going up pretty fast, and is beginning to get ragged. Modern is up from 12 a few months ago to 42 now, and it might get a good setback any time."

But that didn't go with Henrietta. It seemed she had dinner with the Grossman outfit the night before, and Oscar, the wizard, had told her 45 would be only a local stop for Modern Motors, because the figure it was really going to was 60.

"What does Grossman know about Modern anyhow?" the boss asked her. "How does he get all this information?"

"Why, don't you know, Willoughby, that Oscar is one of the principal owners of it?" says Henrietta. "He owns thousands and thousands of the shares, and spends all his time helping to run the business and see about the stock's price."

"Buy more if you like," Mr. Wilson gives in, "but I wouldn't advise you to buy as much as 400 shares more. This check makes your account all right now, but if Modern gets much of a reaction we will be calling on you for still more money."

But 400 was what she had to have, so we bought it for her, paying 42½ for the lot. After she got it you might know she would have to rub it in hard on Inez that now she had 700 shares. You might know, too, that after a while Inez would begin to get mad.

I had to be out in the order room most of the time, looking after my regular job, but I was running back and forth to see if the

Continued on Page 59

This gold button identifies the Bonded Realsilk Service Representative when he calls at your home or office.

A tip on how to do your Christmas Shopping

Men, Listen! If you want to make the ladies happy at Christmas time, just shower them with silk hosiery and dainty lingerie . . . And remember, you'll not find it one bit embarrassing to make your purchases of these intimate things, for Realsilk offers you a simple, easy way to do your Christmas shopping . . . *privately.*

A Bonded Service Representative will call on you at any time you may suggest. You will find him a chap who knows his business—reliable, intelligent and willing to help you. He offers the very latest things in hosiery and lingerie . . . a wonderful array of all the newest modes, shades and fabrics . . . many far in advance of the styles shown anywhere else.

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Also, if you want to remember some of the boys, what better can you think of than Realsilk's Famous *friction-tested* SUPER-SERVICE Socks? They've established a reputation among men everywhere as *the best wearing silk socks in America—bar none.*

You'll be surprised how much Christmas buying you can put out of the way with one visit of the Realsilk man . . . And, incidentally, you won't object to the savings assured by Realsilk's direct method of distribution.

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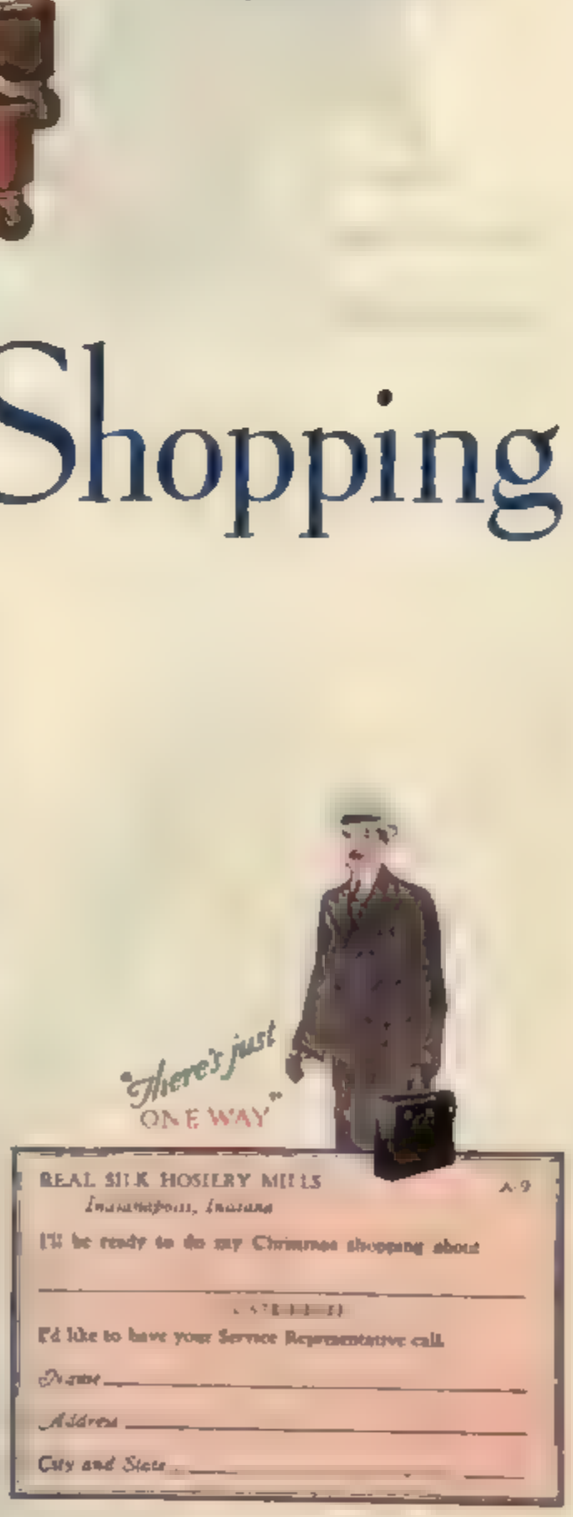

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In the Sedan you will find fulfillment of your desire for beauty, richness, the newest thing in closed car comfort and unrivaled performance in smoothness and reliability.

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When the shooting gallery is in your factory or around any mechanical equipment, Waste's weapons are Friction, Wear, Misalignment, Delay, Depreciation, Rejects . . . . *Losses.* All Industry is spoiling Waste's aim most effectively with Timken Tapered Roller Bearings. They are much more than anti-friction bearings! That is why Industry so swiftly finds new uses for them, gaining many great economies where *merely* anti-friction bearings have been "impossible".

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THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO., CANTON, OHIO

TIMKEN *Tapered Roller* **BEARINGS**

(Continued from Page 54)

women wanted anything, so that way I got several close-ups of the fight. They sent out for sandwiches as usual, not wanting to miss anything on the tape, and it was while they was waiting for the chow that Henrietta says:

"I shouldn't do it, but I'll tell you a secret. The real reason why I bought more Modern Motors Company stock was what Oscar told me in confidence last night at dinner. He told me why the price will be sure to go up to 60."

"Well, why will it?" asks the Halleck lady, quick and snappy.

"You all must promise not to repeat it," says the fair Sinclair, "but they are soon going to sell a new-style motor car that everybody will flock to buy, and the Modern Motors Company stock will make a simply enormous amount of money on it. It will be a new kind of car by the name of straight nine."

"You mean straight eight," Inez tells her.

"No I don't," says Henrietta, jumping right back at her; "and I don't mean straight eight and three-fourths either. I mean straight nine."

"That's silly," snaps Inez. "Motors don't have nine cylinders."

"I didn't say cylinders," says Henrietta. "I said the new style will be called straight nine. Don't you suppose Oscar Grossman knows?"

"I don't believe he said it," Inez states. "You don't know one number from another anyhow. Instead of telling you the price is going up to 60, Oscar might of said it was going to 6."

"Oh, no, Inez, not to 6," says the King woman, looking frightened.

"If you really think that, dear," purrs Henrietta, "I should think you would sell your shares now. Why don't you do that right away, Inez?"

Miss Halleck looked at her for a minute, and then looked on the tape, and then looked up at me, twisting up her mouth.

"The price here is 43," she says. "Will you pay me that much for my shares?"

"I'll put in the order if you say so," I told her.

"Don't be so absurd, Inez," says Mrs. King. But Inez just took another look at dear Henrietta's grin and says to me:

"Do it."

Which I did; and we got off her whole 600 at 43.

"You will be sorry when you see the price go up so much higher, Inez," says Henrietta, being her old gay self again.

"I may not see it," Inez tells her. "I probably will be in Paris by that time, spending the two thousand dollars I have made."

"But you would of made so much more by waiting, Inez," says little Vanderberg. "I think you are just foolish."

"If I am foolish," states Halleck, "then I am just in style here."

When I went out in the order room again old man Cook come to me and says, "Well, Larry, what does the Colonial Dames think about things this morning?"

"There's a split in the party," I told him. "One of them just sold out."

"Ain't that the way with women?" he says. "When they see a little real money they're crazy to get hold of it so as they can go blow it."

"And on the other hand," I said, "the one that got the hot tip first has just bought more stock, because she gets it now that Modern is sure to go to 60."

"There's the wise girl," says Cook. "She knows how to play information, and she's got her nerve. The stock acts better all the time. Buy me another hundred."

I don't know what it was, but right then I got a sort of a hunch that something was going wrong. Believe me, it was a good hunch. We bought old Cook's hundred Modern at 43¼, and that was the first and last time any of the stock ever sold that high. Right afterward the whole market begun to get soft, and a little later the money rate run up to 5½ per cent all of a sudden on the exchange. Then everything slumped off pretty sharp. Modern closed around 41.

You can imagine there wasn't so much girlish laughter in the lodge room. When I went in after the market closed, little Vanderberg was telling King she just couldn't understand it at all, and Henrietta Sinclair was telling everybody everything was all right anyhow, and if they didn't think so to ask Oscar Grossman. The Halleck dame wasn't saying a word, but I could see she knew she didn't need to.

"I am sure it will rise tomorrow, aren't you, Mr. Owens?" says little Vanderberg to me when they all was ready to go home. "It will certainly get up to 45 some time this week, you know."

"You could easy be right, at that," I told her, not believing that way, but wanting to make her feel good. "If they let the money rate down again tomorrow we might get a quick jump in everything."

"Why does the money per cent have to go down?" Henrietta wants to know, showing she thought that was all wrong. "I certainly would be glad if my trust company would give me more per cent on my bank account, and I should think the stock exchange would be glad to see a larger per cent instead of acting this way and reducing the price on our Modern Motors Company stock."

Darling Inez jumped in then and told her how the higher money rate was what the stock exchange was being charged, and not what it was getting.

"I don't see any difference at all," says Henrietta, "and anyhow I do not think it ought to be allowed to do anything to the price of our shares."

Of course Henrietta and the other two plungers was on deck early the next morning, and dear Inez come in soon after them to get her bonds back, and a check for what money was coming to her. So the club had another full meeting, but it didn't turn out to be a laughable occasion. The market was weak all day. The banks called a lot of loans, and money got up to 6 per cent. Stocks kept coming out all the time and everything naturally went down. Modern got around 39 before noon, and while I was out getting a little lunch it broke down to 38. Old Man Cook grabbed me when I come in, and says:

"You go on in and see what them women know about Modern now. Ask the one that sold out yesterday. She must of known something. I got a big loss in my 200 on account of what you told me, and it's up to you to find out about it."

"I only give you what you asked for," I told him. "If I hear anything I'll let you know."

I got into the lodge room just in time to hear Henrietta say, "Oh, now it is going up again. Here it is at thirty-eight and three-fourths."

"Call them quarters, dear," says Halleck. "I notice you are paying more attention to them than you did before."

"I wouldn't be sitting here noticing anything," snaps Henrietta, "if I had lost my temper and sold my shares yesterday like you did."

"I believe I am wasting time," says Inez. "I think I will go and put this check for what I have made in my bank. Don't forget you are dining with me, dear." So away goes Inez.

"Oh, here it is up to 39 now," says little Vanderberg, pulling the tape away from Mrs. King. "Now I think everything will be all right, don't you, Ruth?"

But everything wasn't all right at all. A lot of new selling come in all through the market in the last hour, and we had a nasty slump all around. The whole list closed weak, with Modern Motors below 37.

It wasn't as funny as you might think in the little room that afternoon. To tell you the truth, I was sorry for them. At first they was only sore because Modern went down instead of up, but I had to tell the three of them that they probably would have to give us more money for margin in the morning, and that changed things.

"But I haven't lost anything yet, have I?" says little Vanderberg, trying to keep her lip stiff. "I still have my shares, so I haven't lost anything yet, have I, Mr. Owens? I can't afford to lose, Mr. Owens."

And Mrs. King says, "But I just can't give you any more money tomorrow. I simply can't unless I go to my husband for it, and how can I do that? How can I, Henrietta? You know Fred."

I tried to help out a little by telling them the market might open "up" in the morning, and then they could sell out and wait till things settled down.

"But then I would lose, wouldn't I?" says little Vanderberg.

"You would lose some, but not all," I told her.

"Oh, I can't do that," she quivers. "I simply can't afford to lose, no matter what happens."

"Why should you want any money anyhow?" comes along Henrietta. "I don't intend to give you any more. Willoughby Wilson knows that Modern Motors Company stock is going right up again to 45 this week, or if he doesn't I will make Oscar Grossman tell him so. Isn't that enough? We shouldn't be asked for more money."

That looked like a chance for me to pass the buck, so I told them it would be a good idea to talk to Mr. Wilson about it before they went home. Neither the Vanderberg or the King woman wanted to do it, but Henrietta said she would love it, so I took her into Mr. Wilson's office, and chased myself back to the order room. Old Cook was waiting for me.

"What do you get on Modern?" he asks me. I told him the women was still holding on to their stock, because they felt sure of the information they still got from a big insider in the Modern Company. "His name's Grossman," I said.

"What Grossman?" asks Cook.

"Oscar Grossman. Know him?"

The old man just let out a yelp. "Oscar Grossman!" he shouts. "Jumping Christopher, Oscar Grossman!" He run away from me, and then come running back. "Think of me getting hooked again on a tip of Oscar Grossman's!" he says. "I'll tell you about him. He never was straight in his life. Why couldn't you of told me that steer come from Grossman?"

Just then a kid come and said Mr. Wilson wanted me, and I had to go in. What the boss wanted was Mrs. Sinclair's margin slate, and when I got it for him he looked it over and told her he was sorry but we would have to get at least twenty-five hundred more margin from her in the morning. Of course he pulled the usual stuff about wishing he could make it easier for her, but his partners wouldn't let him, and his partnership agreement was very strict on that point. That is an old gag all brokers use with their relatives and friends, and it works fine with nearly everybody. Maybe Henrietta swallowed it, and maybe she didn't, but she just says:

"Now, Willoughby, you old dear, I have told you I can't get another cent out of the estate for three months, and that is all there is to it."

"Well then, Henrietta," he told her, "you will have to sell out."

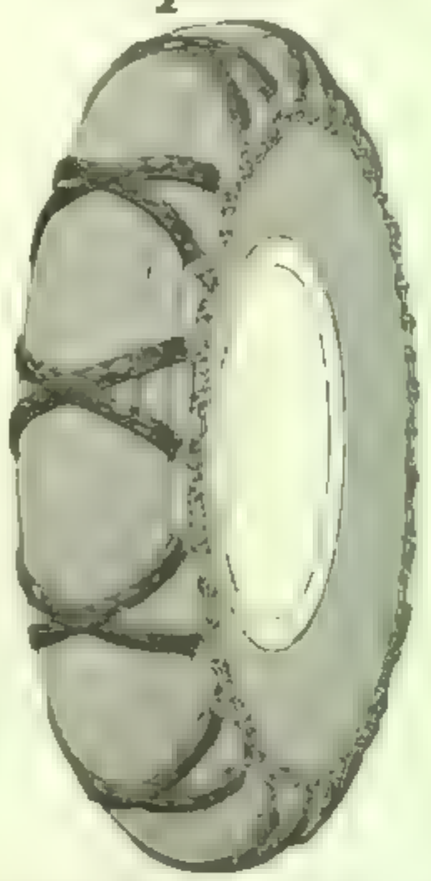
"Will I get all my money back if I do that?" she asks him; and he says, "Not all of it. Probably no more than half, if that."

"Then I won't do it," says Henrietta. "Why should I lose any of my money when my Modern Motors Company stock will soon be up to where I can get back all I gave you, and a lot more besides that I need so as to go to Paris with Inez?"

Then the boss told her, "Frankly, Henrietta, you are very foolish even to want to hang onto your stock, and risk the rest of your money. All you know about Modern Motors is what this Grossman has told you and, in my opinion, that is worse than knowing nothing about it. Grossman has misled you. How much do you know about him anyway? Who else besides himself has told you he is one of the inside crowd in Modern Motors?"

(Continued on Page 63)

A TIRE CHAIN *of* RUBBER *– long wearing – quiet*



GOODYEAR Rubber Tire Chains overcome the two chief objections to ordinary chains. They are *quiet*, and they *wear long*.

They are saving of tires. Under all conditions of road and load they offer car control and safety. Here is the whole story of the Goodyear Rubber Tire Chain.

Quietness: There's no clanging on the pavement or banging on the fenders with Goodyear Chains. *Rubber cross links take the place of steel.*

Long Wear: Mile for mile, one set of Goodyear Chains will, in most cases, outwear several sets of ordinary tire chains.

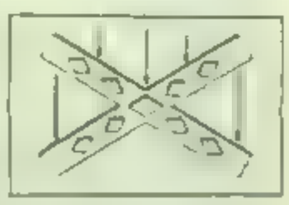
Tire-Saving: The broad rubber cross links guard against cutting or bruising of the tire tread, and especially in deep ruts give valuable protection to tire sidewalls.

Ease of Application: Goodyear Chains are easy to apply. You put them on and leave them on—over mud, wet and dry pavements, or snow.

Security: Goodyear Chains employ the non-skid principle of the famous Goodyear All-Weather Tread magnified for maximum gripping action. Scientifically designed to *resist skidding in any direction.*

Convince yourself of these facts by having your car equipped with Goodyear Rubber Tire Chains at the nearest Goodyear Service Station.

Angularity of cross links sets up effective resistance to skidding sidewise.



Squeegee action of rubber cross links holds the car firmly on wet pavement.

Made by the makers of Goodyear Tires

GOODYEAR TIRE CHAINS

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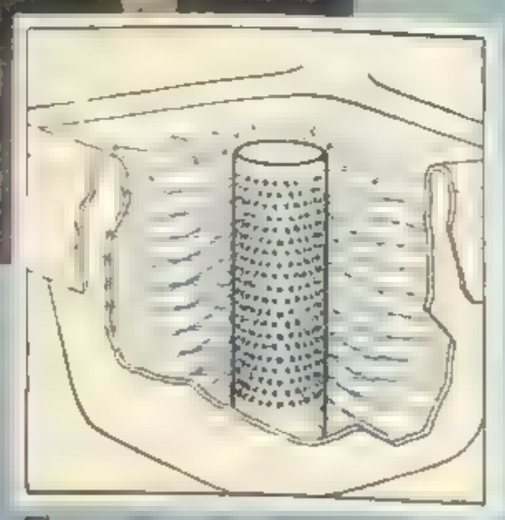


The spray tower, spurting hundreds of streams, not mere wet water, presented above by Kohler Electric Sink a marvelous new efficiency

IF the electric clothes-washer, used once a week, is a boon; if the electric vacuum sweeper, used once a day at most, is a blessing, what shall we say of the Kohler Electric Sink, performing its magic of laborless dish-washing *three times a day—every day?*

KOHLER OF KOHLER

Plumbing Fixtures

Announcing

THE KOHLER ELECTRIC SINK

A SIMPLE, capable machine has come at last to turn the thrice-daily drudgery of dish-washing into a thrice-daily pleasure.

It is the Kohler Electric Sink. The sink that washes dishes specklessly clean. Streaklessly clean. *Clean!*

As you would wash them: as you would have them washed . . .

Very simple, very easy

THE procedure is so simple and so safe that you could trust the most inexperienced user to do the right thing.

You arrange the dishes in the basket, the silver in the tray. You put in a little soap, perhaps, and a few inches of hot water.

You lower the cover and touch the button to start the motor.

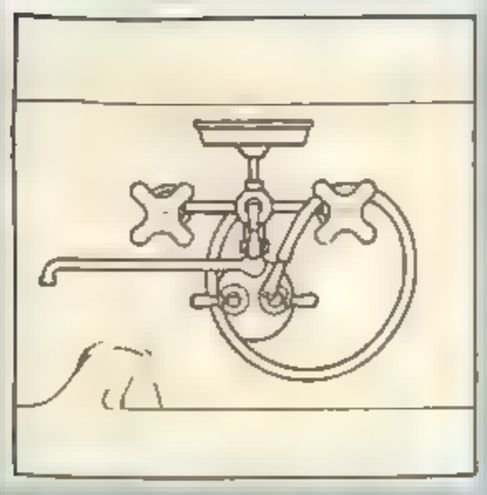
From hundreds of perforations in the spray tower, spurt stinging jets of hot water, washing clean every plate—top and bottom; every cup—inside and outside; between the tines of every fork.

Two minutes . . . *and done!* You stop the motor, drain the water, raise the cover, and use the handy rinsing spray. If the water is really hot you will not have to wipe the dishes.

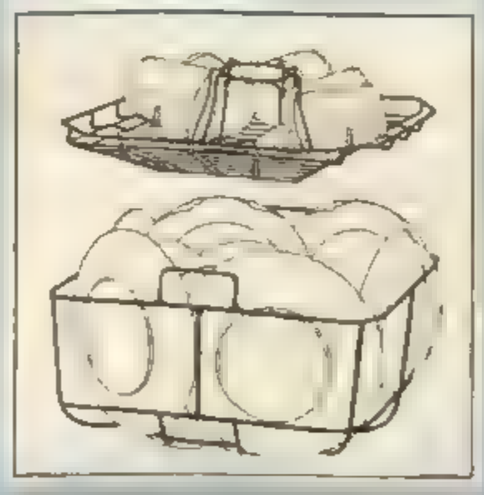
That is all. You have washed, rinsed, and dried without touching a hand to soap, water, or towel.

The modern *sink*

SINKS have been sinks for a thousand years—unchanged *in principle*. Then this one came.



The mixing faucet with swinging nozzle, the handy rinsing spray, the built-in soap dish, and a dozen other refinements add to the user's convenience



Home economics experts have designed the basket and tray so skillfully that proper arrangement of dishes and silver is an easy matter

So now we have what is radically new and incomparably better; a happy union of a regular sink—though a vastly improved one—with the perfected electrical dish-washer. The *modern* sink, embodying every improvement and refinement that home economics consultants have been able to suggest.

The Kohler Electric Sink is a strikingly beautiful, superbly substantial piece of kitchen equipment. It is a built-in fixture—a permanent plumbing installation—and one which should never wear out in a generation and more of using.

The name "Kohler," fused in its unbroken expanse of gleaming enamel, sets upon it the seal of authority. Kohler engineers designed it—and they are the men who have kept Kohler Plumbing Fixtures at the forefront of quality for the better part of half a century; who have built, in the Kohler Automatic Electric Plant, what is accepted as America's finest private light and power producer.

A booklet tells about it

[Five weeks till Christmas! Investigate now!]

DO you want to know more about the Kohler Electric Sink? Do you want to end, for your household, the thrice-daily drudgery of dish-washing?

Then take a moment now. Tear off the corner coupon, sign, and mail it. The booklet you will receive will tell you of Kohler Electric Sinks in several models—for small kitchens as well as large.

After you have read this booklet, go to see the most progressive plumbing dealer you know. He probably sells Kohler Plumbing Fixtures and can tell you more about the Kohler Electric Sink.

KOHLER CO., *Founded* 1873, KOHLER, WIS.
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MAIL COUPON FOR BOOKLET

KOHLER CO., Kohler, Wis.
Gentlemen: Please send me your booklet about the Kohler Electric Sink

Name

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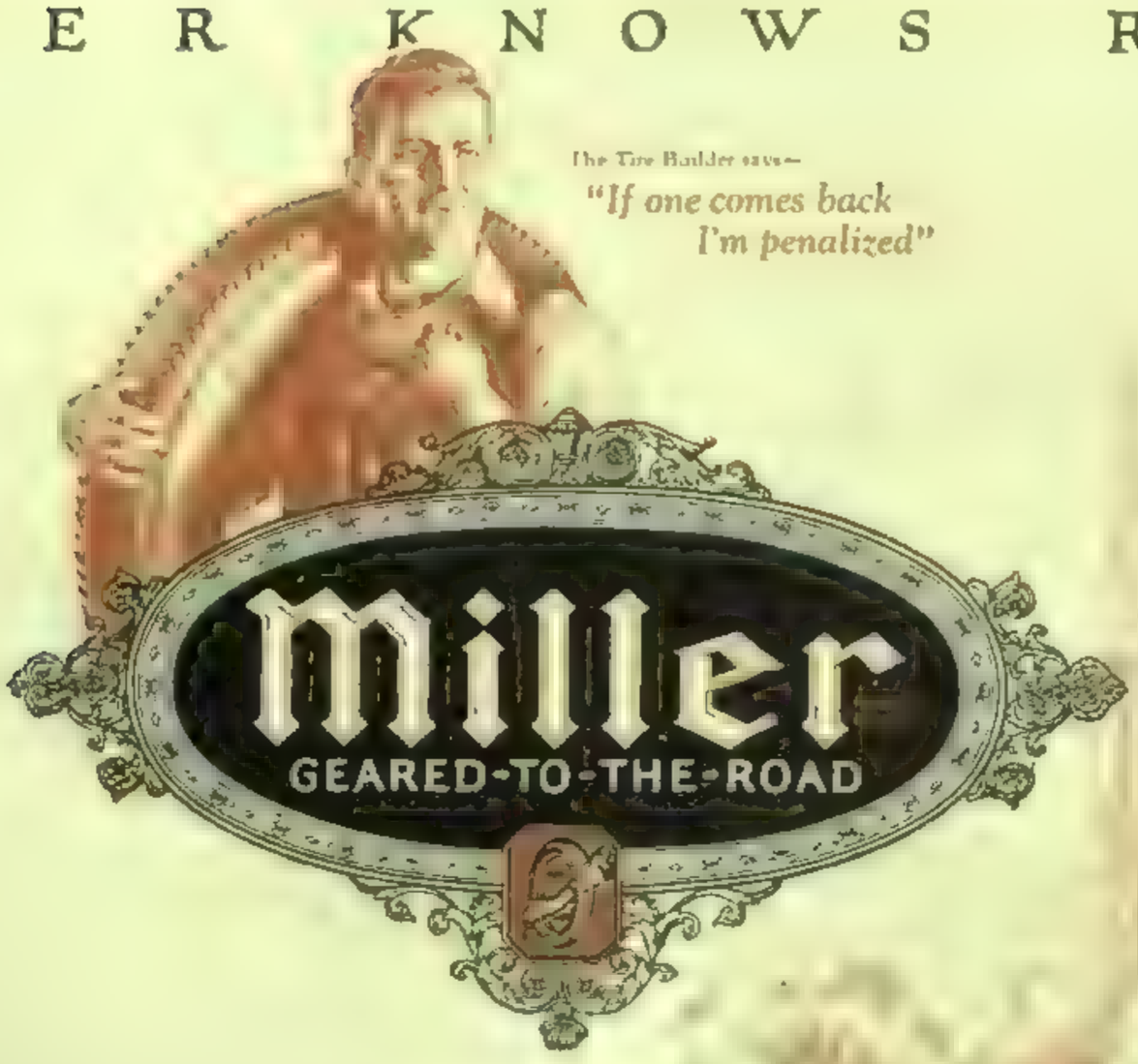
KOHLER OF KC

Plumbing Fixtures

MILLER KNOWS RUBBER



The name Miller Geared-to-the-Road on a tire denotes the last word in tire quality, as it has for a generation. That Miller knows rubber is the verdict of millions of tire users the country over.

Out of this knowledge of rubber was developed the Miller Uniflex principle of cord construction, and the Miller innovation of making Balloon tires in the shape they assume under the driving load, thereby eliminating the cause of uneven "balloon wear."

Next time you buy tires ask for Millers. Once on your car they are off your mind.

To Tire Merchants: No wonder that many a tire merchant has built an enviable reputation by selling Millers. Every year increases the worth of the Miller Franchise. Write or wire the nearest branch office.

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Distributors in principal cities throughout the world.
Dealers wherever there are automobiles.

© The Miller Rubber Co.

(Continued from Page 59)

"Why, Willoughby!" says Mrs. Sinclair. "Edith Grossman, his own wife, has told me herself. Oscar has put a lot of her money in it, besides his own, and she is perfectly sure she will make an enormous lot of profit out of it. Isn't that proof enough for you?"

Right there was when a bright idea give me a sudden jolt.

"Listen, Mr. Wilson," I says, "Just when you called me in here Mr. Cook, one of the customers, was beginning to tell me something about this Grossman, and it started as if it might be good. Maybe he will tell you and Mrs. Sinclair if you ask him."

So we got old man Cook in, and the boss asked him what he knew about Oscar Grossman. The old crab frothed at the mouth, and made a speech.

"What do I know about Grossman?" he says. "I know all about him. He's cost me money more than once, and I ought to know. He's been putting it over around New York for ten years, and getting away with it. He always looks like a million dollars and acts like two million, and he always has got a great story about being connected with something big—some big play in the market or some kind of big deal. His game is to get suckers to believe the story, and give him an interest in whatever stock it might affect, so as he will keep them posted on it. He's just a faker. He never had anything to do with any deal or anything, but he makes them believe he is Henry Ford's son-in-law or the Chase Bank's great-grandfather. A little while ago he hypnotized a rich old girl uptown into marrying him, and since then he's been playing the market big, over in Boverton's office. I hear he's rolling in money."

"Well, well," says Mr. Wilson, looking hard at Henrietta, "this is rather interesting. You do seem to know a lot about Grossman, Mr. Cook."

"I know more than most people," Cook told him. "I know where he come from and what his record is. He was in jail twice for swindling before he come to New York."

"Are you sure of that?" asks Mr. Wilson, very sharp.

"Once in Texas, and once in California," says the old man. "I can tell you where to send for the records."

So that was that. After Cook went out Mrs. Sinclair jumped up, and stood looking out of the window. Then the boss asked her:

"Henrietta, was Mrs. Grossman always around when Grossman told you women these wonderful things about Modern Motors?"

"Of course she was," Sinclair told him. "I never saw Oscar except when we was all together."

"Then it all matches up," he says. "It's a bet that when he kept telling you about the stock going up it was intended to impress Mrs. Grossman, because he was getting money from her to gamble with, and making her believe it was being put in Modern Motors. And I'll make another bet that Mrs. Grossman never heard anything about those two jails yet."

"She would of killed him before this if she had," Henrietta said. "Edith is very temperamental."

"Exactly," says Mr. Wilson. "Now, Henrietta, it doesn't seem just fair that you and Mrs. King and Mrs. Vanderberg should suffer because Oscar Grossman is putting several things over on his loving wife. I think maybe if you would go and have a private talk with him he might see it that way too. You are an intelligent woman, Henrietta, and I hope you catch my idea. If you don't, Larry will step out of the room, and I will make myself clearer."

Of course I don't know what he told her, but what I do know is that the next day, before the market opened, Mr. Wilson called me in and said:

"Don't bother any more about those women's accounts, Larry. Mrs. Sinclair phoned me last night that she had made certain arrangements, and this morning we are going to deliver out all the Modern Motors we are carrying for the three ladies to Boverton & Co., for the account of Mr. Oscar Grossman. It seems that Mr. Grossman has generously consented to take the stock off of the ladies' hands at exactly the same prices they paid for it."

And maybe that wasn't the berries for them! The market broke wide open that day, and Modern was slammed down below 33, where the whole three of them would of been cleaned out. They all come downtown again, including lucky Inez darling, and they went in to talk to Mr. Wilson for a while. I was too busy with orders to go in then, but I seen them when they was going away again, and Mrs. Sinclair says to me:

"Where is that dear old man who spoke with such feeling yesterday? He is so quaint, and I want to thank him."

"You better leave him alone today," I advised her. "He has been cashing in on several good losses, and he ain't very human. One of the things he lost on was 200 Modern Motors."

"Oh, why didn't I know that?" says Henrietta. "I would of made Oscar Grossman take that too."

"Good-by, Mr. Larry," says little Mrs. Vanderberg. "We all have promised Willoughby Wilson we will not gamble in stocks any more, so I suppose I won't see you again."

I shook hands all around, and said good-by, and I went back to my phones. I hadn't any more than got there when Henrietta comes shooting into the customers' room and up to my window.

"Larry!" she yodels, so as everybody could hear every word. "Larry, we girls are all going up to the Ritz for lunch, and we would dearly love to have you with us. If I get Willoughby Wilson to say you can, won't you come? We all really want you very much."

And, as you can imagine, that is where all these wise cracks comes from about me being Reilly & Wilson's head sheik.

FILL 'ER UP

(Continued from Page 24)

mouth of the crank case. That was where Max hung himself.

"I guarantee it's Blank oil," he said.

One of the men handed Max a dollar and received back seventy cents in change. The men drove off then, and immediately afterward the big moving van rumbled away without having discharged or received any burden.

A motion-picture camera was concealed in its interior, and by projecting the lens through a small hole in the side of the van the operator had been able to make a continuous photographic record of the sale by Max of one quart of something.

If Max had followed the sedan around the corner from his station he would have seen his recent customers dismount, lift the hood of their car and withdraw from its place of concealment a clean metal container which had received that quart of oil at the time Max had supposed he was pouring it into the crank case of the engine. The can was then sealed and taken to a chemist for analysis.

Max learned just how shabby a trick he had been playing on his customers only when the result of that analysis was read in the magistrate's court to which he was taken a few days later on a warrant charging him with filling an order for a branded lubricating oil for an internal-combustion engine with a grossly inferior article.

"But I didn't know it was a crime," wailed Max even as the justice was fixing bail at $100.

The oil company whose scientific expedition had trapped him was almost inclined to feel kindly toward Max for permitting its agents to get such a good case against him, but the gasoline company whose pump he had been using was in a more bitter frame of mind. Some of its own investigators had discovered that there was a high kerosene content in the fluid that responded to their pump.

They wasted no energy in building up a court case against Max. Instead they went to the owner of the lot.

"Unless you get rid of this gyp who has been operating your filling station," they said, "we shall open up stations on every vacant bit of land around you. We are in a position to sell gasoline quite cheaply too."

It was the day after that conference that Max discovered the meaning of several clauses in his agreement with his partner that had seemed insignificant when he had first gone into business with the owner of the tiny strip of land. Anyway, he discovered that he was no longer in the filling-station business, and his late partner, by way of impressing this fact upon the trade, caused to be inserted in the newspaper that advertisement which stated that Max was no longer connected with the Pep Filling Station. The bluntness with which that notice was worded was due entirely to the high cost of such publicity and was not due in any degree to hard feelings.

"Business, you understand, Max," explained the sole proprietor of the Pep Filling Station, "is business."

Max is by no means to be considered as the lowest type of cheat to be found operating a filling station in competition with honest men. The most depraved of the species was discovered a few months ago in Washington. He was selling crank-case drainings, and in cold blood was pouring it into the engines of his customers. Possibly he had filtered the gritty fluid through an old derby hat, but the investigators established to their own satisfaction that he certainly had not subjected it to any more thorough reclaiming treatment.

One does not have to be an automobile mechanic to suffer a twinge in the pocketbook at the thought of the terrible things that dirty fluid would do to the bearings and cylinder walls it was supposed to lubricate. However, that was only one filling-station operator and there are in the United States, according to the carefully calculated guess of one of the large companies engaged in the manufacture and sale of lubricating oil, 75,000 drive-in filling stations; 280,000 sandwich booths with gasoline pumps; 45,000 garages selling gas and oil. Which would mean, on the basis of 20,000,000 automobiles, one gasoline filling station for every fifty automobiles. Certainly there are not many tourists who will be inclined to regard the estimate as excessive.

The honest refiners are trying by every means in their power to destroy, or else to reform, the cheats in the filling-station business, but it is a hopeless fight unless the men and women who buy gasoline and oil at these filling stations learn how to avoid the unscrupulous retailers so as to give their patronage consistently to those who deserve it.

I asked one of the star salesmen of a big refining company how to identify a dependable filling station.

"I wish I knew," he said. "I can tell you how I pick them when I'm touring, but I'm not infallible. The surest way, I think, is to buy from the stations when the salesmen are most eager to sell. If they are good salesmen you can be sure they won't have the heart to kill trade by selling diluted gasoline or inferior oil.

"In the suburban community where I live there are seven or eight service stations and garages. I've traded, or at least I've tried to trade, at five of them. I'm giving

Both are milk chocolate . . . yet

Each satisfies a distinct taste

"Richest in CHOCOLATE"

THERE are two preferences in milk chocolate. Some like the full chocolate flavor, others a milder, creamier blend.

Peter's—richest in chocolate—gives the full chocolate taste. It is the original milk chocolate, invented over fifty years ago in Switzerland.

Nestle's—richest in cream—is a milder, creamier blend.

Both are made by the world's oldest manufacturers of milk chocolate—The Peter Cailler Kohler Swiss Chocolates Co., Inc.

'Both come in 5¢ and 10¢ bars—plain and almond—or the new 5¢ croquette packages

"Richest in CREAM"

ANSONIA ALARMS

Stop Hurrying!

Don't think of an alarm clock as something that *hurries* you. A good one starts you on time so that you *don't have to hurry.*

That's the big point about Ansonia Alarm Clocks—"On Time." Not only do they keep correct time, but the alarm goes off at exactly the hour it is set for.

And as for looks, the new APEX JUNIOR with Necrolian bronze case, and the four different models of the SQUARECLOX family in platinum-like, antique gold, blue or white cases are so attractive, so different from the old-fashioned conception of an alarm clock, that their use is extended beyond bedroom or kitchen to any room where a clock is needed.

Apex Junior costs $3.50; radium $4.50. SquareClox $2.50 to $6.00; radium $1.00 to $1.50 extra.

You will see them in the windows of jewelers', department and drug stores.

Go in and look them over.

Canadian Distributors—Lymans, Montreal and Toronto
Prices in Canada are a bit higher

Apex Junior—$3.50

Booklet sent upon request.

THE ANSONIA CLOCK COMPANY
Makers of Fine Clocks for Half a Century
7th Ave. & 12th St., Dept. P. Brooklyn, N. Y.

ANSONIA *means* CLOCKS

my trade to one of the five, and I'd drive miles to avoid spending a penny with any of the other four that I have tried.

"Garage Number One was a fine-looking place, a sort of Byzantine outhouse. It should be a first-class filling station if appearance alone counted, and when I first moved into our community I drove in and had a talk with the proprietor.

"'My wife drives the car every day,' I told him. 'I'm going to ask you to keep an eye on it, because my wife hasn't any idea of what goes on under the hood of an automobile even though she can start and steer and stop skillfully. When she drives up I want you to see that the gas tank is filled, and I want you to make sure that she has plenty of oil of the right kind.' I told him what kind of oil too. 'One thing more: I'll expect you to have one of your men put air in the tires when necessary.' I thought that was an intelligent and moderate request to make of a retail dealer in gasoline and oil. The man promised faithfully to do all these things. But did he? He did not.

"I discovered that he had not when I noticed that the engine was running hot one night when my wife met me at the station. A look at the gauge showed that the oil had nearly reached the vanishing point. I was in a fever when I called the garage man's attention to this situation.

"'Gosh,' he said, 'I'm glad you reminded me. I gotta speak to the boys about that.'

"The next man I tried lost my business because he tried to do me an oversized favor. I left a spare tire with him to be mended. When my wife called for it the mechanic in charge of the work couldn't find it.

"'But that's all right, lady,' he told her. 'I got another tire here that the owner won't call for until tomorrow. I'll lend it to you until tonight. By that time we will have found your tire.'

"Unhappily for everyone concerned, we had a puncture that day and discovered that the borrowed spare would not fit our car. While we were waiting to be rescued from that situation I had plenty of opportunity to wonder what other favored customer was riding around on my tire. A dog that will fetch will carry.

"The third filling station lost my trade because the owner and his hired hands were adepts at substitution. Well-known brands were carried in stock I discovered, merely as decoys for materials he could buy more cheaply. Whether it was spark plugs, or new bulbs, or oil, or anything else, he always had something just as good, and on one occasion he sold me something on which I found a rubber-stamped statement of its origin in a foreign land to refute his guaranty that it was made in a well-known factory in America."

The Desire to Sell

"I discovered, soon after beginning to patronize the fourth place, that the oil I had been buying under the supposition that it was of a certain grade came out of the same drum that supplied customers who ordered many different grades.

"The fifth man—the one I am still trading with—is eager to sell. A few weeks after he had drained my car the first time I received a post card reminding me that it must be nearly time to drain the crank case and refill again, as I had probably clocked up a thousand miles since my last visit to his pit.

"When I went again he showed me a file in which he kept the names of his regular customers. Each customer's name is represented by a card, and when a draining job is completed the card is moved forward in the file a few weeks. When that date comes around the owner is sent a post card, and if he doesn't respond, another card follows a week later.

"I never have to ask for air or water at that place, for the helper always looks to see if I need them. These little things are indicative of the desire to sell, and that is what sells me. It is the test I apply to the strange stations at which I stop along the road. If the filling-station man appears to be taking a real interest in my wants, it seems reasonable to believe that he is too good a salesman to gyp me with diluted gas, or a substitute oil, or short measure. But I usually take two other precautions: I never stop at places where the sale of oil and gas is a side line for a hot-dog business and, besides, I always get out of my car and watch the attendant while he works."

The motorist who lounges behind the steering wheel while his car is being serviced, is a mark, of course, for the unscrupulous filling-station attendant, who can cheat him out of a half or three-quarters of a gallon of gasoline by no more complicated process than the simple failure to drain into the automobile tank, by gravity, the pump hose. But there are many other ways of giving short measure which may not be guarded against so easily.

Bootleg Gasoline

In one of the Middle Western states the filling-station men were up in arms some time ago against the state sealer of weights and measures, because that official was exercising his authority to seal up pumps that did not meet the specifications of his office.

The bulk of the pumps in service in the United States are bought by the big companies engaged in selling branded products, and are lent by them to the filling-station operators who undertake to sell their wares. For this reason most of the pumps encountered on an ordinary day's journey are likely to be well made, and difficult instruments with which to tamper. In those states where the sealer of weights and measures is an active official who takes an earnest view of his responsibility, it is customary to have inspectors make unscheduled calls on the filling stations from time to time. They bring with them honest measuring cans, and if a pump fails to deliver a full five-gallon charge when operated normally, that pump is sealed, and sometimes there are other unpleasant consequences for the operator. Losses caused by short measure are unimportant, though, when contrasted with that which results from either of the two forms of adulteration which are practiced by some retailers.

One of the commonest forms of adulteration is accomplished by the addition of a cheaply refined, unbranded gasoline with heavy ends, to a better quality of branded gasoline possessing in its well-advertised reputation that indefinable value which the business world classifies as goodwill. A gasoline with heavy ends is one less volatile than the best gasoline, for the reason that the refining process has not been carried far enough to separate it from the less desirable kerosene.

One of the big refinery companies that had established its pumps over the underground tanks of more than 350 filling stations in one of the largest cities in the country, discovered some time ago that its sales of gasoline in that area were running behind at the rate of 1,000,000 gallons a month in contrast with the previous year. This was in spite of the fact that the consumption of gasoline in that territory was increasing at the rate of 15 per cent annually.

The executive at the head of that organization put some investigators to work. They interviewed many of the company's salesmen, and also called on some of the filling-station men whose orders were steadily diminishing, even though all the gas they sold was drawn through the pumps that had been lent to them by this company. The investigators did a lot of work at night, too, and spent weary hours shadowing strange tank wagons and trucks. These trucks were unmarked in any way. They were just unidentified gasoline trucks, and the drivers were as unsociable as if they were delivering cargoes of bootleg liquor.

When the investigation was completed the big company brought together a big force of salesmen, drafting them from other territories, so that within a period of four days it was able to make a proposition to all the proprietors of the more than 350 filling stations which were using its pumps. That proposition was this: The filling-station men were told that they could continue to use the borrowed pumps painted with the trade-mark and name of the big company only if they would consent to the sealing of their underground tanks. The company had acquired the patents on a device for sealing these reservoirs in an effective manner, and under the new arrangements the seal was to be removed only by the company's representative when he came to refill a tank.

The Famous Natural Bridge, Virginia

Out for the Profit

About half a dozen filling-station proprietors refused to accept this proposal, and the company accordingly removed its pumps from those stations. All the others accepted the new arrangement, and thereafter, month by month, the company's sale of gasoline mounted until it made up vastly more than the 1,000,000 gallons a month it had been running behind. That 1,000,000 gallons represented the volume of its business that had been going to the operators of the night-rider trucks, the unidentified sellers of a product that was only partially gasoline, a third-rate product, so poorly processed that automobile engines in which it was burned soon choked up with carbon deposits, became afflicted with something akin to chronic bronchitis, were hard to start, and when operating were suffering constantly from insufficient lubrication by a crank-case fluid diluted by this imperfectly burning fuel.

This 1,000,000 gallon adulteration, please remember, was the monthly volume in one large city among dealers who sold certainly not more than one-eighth of all the gasoline consumed in that territory.

The motive for this is not hard to seek. The filling-station men in that community who sold the cheaper, unbranded gasoline while representing it to be a reliable product were making an extra profit of from three to five cents a gallon. The normal

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This improved Valve Cap *holds air up to 250 lbs.*

Make this simple test yourself and prove once for all that the Schrader No. 880 Valve Cap seals the air at the mouth of the valve

HERE'S a test that every car owner is urged to make. It shows you the importance of using the Schrader No. 880 Valve Cap on every tire valve.

First—buy a new box of Schrader No. 880 Valve Caps at any accessory store. Next—inflate a tire to its proper pressure. Unscrew valve inside until you hear the air escaping. Then—attach a new Schrader No. 880 Valve Cap firmly by hand (do not use pliers).

Hold a glass of water *over* valve. You will find the valve absolutely air-tight. The reinforced dome-shaped rubber washer inside the cap forms an absolutely air-tight seal at the mouth of the valve stem. After above test, screw inside down tight and replace cap.

Should the valve inside become worn out or damaged, the Schrader No. 880 Valve Cap will prevent escape of air at mouth of valve until you can reach an air line and insert a new Schrader Valve Inside. In addition, the Schrader No. 880 Valve Cap will keep small particles of *dirt* and *grit* from damaging the new valve inside. This fact alone makes its use imperative, for a small particle of grit may interfere with the efficient operation of the valve mechanism.

Do not let your tire valves go without the protection of Schrader No. 880 Valve Caps. With balloon tires this extra protection is especially important, for a tire intended to carry only 30 or 35 pounds pressure should never run with even 3 or 4 pounds less pressure.

In purchasing Schrader Valve Caps or Valve Insides, be sure to get the genuine Schrader products packed in handy red metal boxes on which the name Schrader is plainly marked for your protection.

Schrader products are sold by more than 100,000 dealers throughout the world.

GUARANTEE TO MOTORISTS

WE guarantee that Schrader No. 880 Valve Caps (sold in the red metal box) are air-tight at any pressure up to 250 pounds when screwed down tight by hand, and if they are found not so be air-tight when subjected to the test explained in this advertisement, the dealer from whom they were purchased is authorized to replace them free of charge

A. SCHRADER'S SON, Inc., BROOKLYN, Chicago, Toronto, London

Schrader

Makers of Pneumatic Valves Since 1844

TIRE VALVES — TIRE GAUGES

Five in the red metal box cost but 50 cents

'round the clock-

an''round th'calendar —me an' Eskimo Pie

Lots o' things you can only have at certain times an' on certain days—but clocks an' calendars all look alike to me when I think o' Eskimo Pie. I'll roll out o' the hay in the middle o' the night for it, an' I'd just as soon eat it as wait for my birthday—even if it is the big noise in the treat world. Lemme bite right into that choc'late coatin' that crisps down into the scrumptious, thick, cold ice cream inside! Lemme get that flavor that's better'n anything else in the world. Stand back an' lemme show you some real eatin'! Wow! How do I know real Eskimo Pie? Why it's got a patent an' trademarks on it so's I won't gyp myself with a phony cake! I don't eat it by the clock, but by the cake; I don't go by the almanac—my appetite is my friend.

© 1926, E. P. Co.

NOTE TO DEALERS: If your manufacturer does not supply you, write name of one within shipping distance who will—over half the ice cream manufacturers in America make Eskimo Pie. Eskimo Pie Corporation, P. O. Box 11, Louisville, Kentucky.

Firm, delicious ice cream inside! Crisp, pure chocolate outside. And around this entering bar, a sanitary, moisture-proof foil wrapper. That's the magic product—the patented trade-marked product—Eskimo Pie.

Over two hundred million sold yearly

ESKIMO PIE

ICE CREAM MANUFACTURERS: *The most valuable ice cream confection franchise in the history of the ice cream industry. Full information obtained by writing us.*

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profit is said to be about three cents a gallon.

All the big refining companies which have given their product a name and which are lending pumps bearing their trademark to filling-station outlets are concerned with this form of adulteration. But they are not the only ones concerned. The ones who suffer most are the automobile owners whose road experiences are less satisfactory and whose repair bills are larger because they have been gypped at the gasoline pump.

The other form of adulteration is accomplished by the simple process of adding a quantity of kerosene to the gasoline tank and then selling the mixture as pure gasoline. Again the motive is not hard to seek.

In the summer when the increased demand for gasoline tends to raise the price, there is a decreased demand for kerosene, with the result that as the price of one commodity rises the price of the other falls. Normally the difference in price is about four cents, but in summer there is frequently a difference of eight cents. If the filling station is out on a highway where the customers are chiefly tourists who pass that way but once, you may easily measure the degree of the operator's temptation.

One of the big oil companies which has made a study of this sort of thing has, through its investigators, bought many gallons of a fluid which was proved by analysis to be 50 per cent kerosene. If the station is paying seventeen cents a gallon for gasoline and eleven cents a gallon for kerosene and is retailing the mixture at twenty cents a gallon, there is a fine profit, say what you please about ethics, because two gallons of this mixture cost twenty-eight cents and sell for forty cents. Is your car, apropos of all this, suffering from an excess of carbon?

But the filling-station man does not do all the cheating. There are unnumbered thousands of thoroughly honest ones whose only contact with crookedness occurs when they meet a crooked customer. The proprietor of a chain of thirty-five stations which is operated in the East was informed by his cashier one morning some months ago that each of three stations had sent in a counterfeit ten-dollar bill as a part of the previous day's receipts. A secret-service agent called to see him not long after the executive had filed a complaint with the nearest police station, and took possession of the three bogus bills.

Secret-Service Stations

"Thirty dollars is a lot of gasoline," complained the service-station-chain proprietor.

"It's your hard luck," sympathized the government officer. "We've been trying hard to catch the people who are making these. I don't suppose there's any use asking if your men took the numbers of the automobile-license plates on the cars of the customers who gave you these phonies?"

"Say, mister," boasted the chain proprietor, "I'm a pretty good detective myself. These bills were all passed by the same man, and I can give you the number of his car. What do you think of that, hey?"

The boast was made good, too, because this particular chain was equipped with a style of pump that carries a printing device for recording the details of every sale. Within a week there was a successful raid, in the city where that chain operates, on a counterfeiters' den, and since then no more of those imitation ten dollar bills have been offered in trade.

There is one open-air filling station in New York selling only a few accessories besides gas, grease and oil on land worth $350,000. It is overshadowed by tall buildings that have risen, story on story, because of the high value of the ground they cover, yet this business is flourishing. The tiny shelter that houses the attendants when they are not busy—rare moments—and the distinctive tile wall that provides a background for the lot cost probably not more than $15,000, whereas the tall structures must earn heavy fees for capital investment before it is possible for the owners to regard a share of their rentals as profit.

The chain of which that station is a unit buys its gasoline in such vast quantities that the margin between the buying and the selling price is almost five cents a gallon wider than the buying and selling margin of a single station.

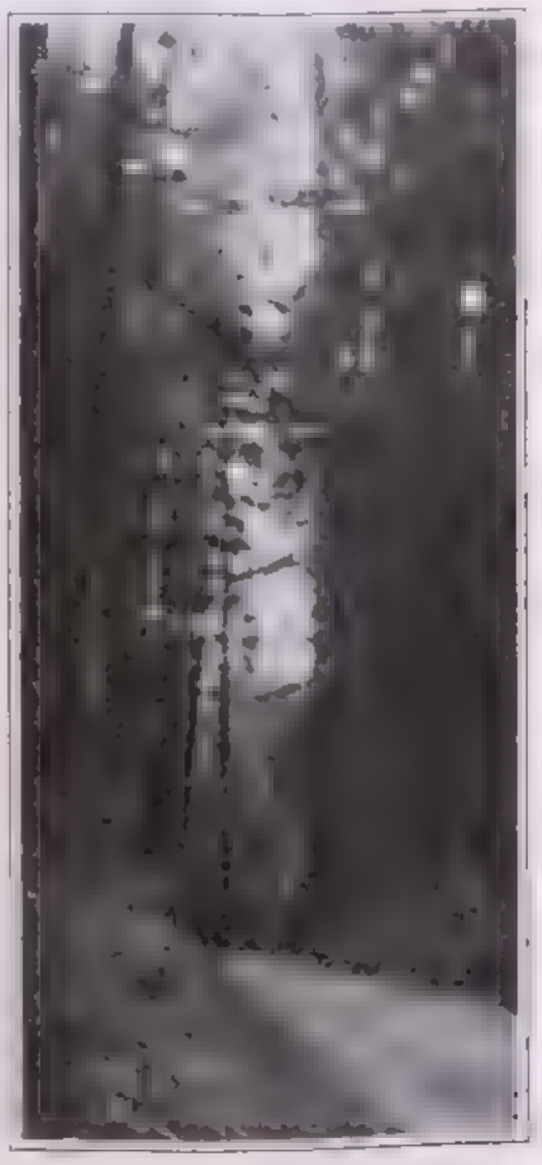
As fast as they can be established, some of these chains are being purchased by one or another of the great refinery companies to be included in super-chains of filling stations that will insure the manufacturers of permanent outlets. One of these oil companies is said to have set aside this year $25,000,000 with which to add filling stations to the huge chain it has been creating in past years. Already the pumps of that organization mark the highways of the continent as thickly as the clusters of colored pins that form a pattern on the map of the United States that covers one wall of the office of its general sales manager. Another big company is reported to have appropriated $10,000,000 for a similar purpose.

Gasoline Cafeterias

These huge sums are not being spent for sandwich booths. The buyers who write checks against those tremendous pools of capital know to the ultimate gallon just how much gasoline they may hope to dispense from a given site. Their employes make careful counts of the automobiles that pass the stations they plan to buy; from other sources they learn how much gas is being sold to the existing stations; and already they possess a wealth of experience with the buying habits of the people who drive automobiles.

The selection of sites for new filling stations by the big chains is never a haphazard process. There is one high in the mountains at the upper end of Yosemite Valley that has no other hope of business than that of the mountain tourists who flock in there between May and October. Two tank trucks are permanently assigned to the work of hauling gasoline and oil to this station from the company's big depot more than sixty miles away, which is the reason the tourist pays four and a half cents a gallon more for the gasoline bought up there in the mountains than he would pay in the town from which it is hauled.

There is a sound reason for the establishment of that far-away station at a point where, thirty years ago or less, only the adventurous came to enjoy the green and gold and purple patterns of the mountain scenery. It is a curtsy to the automobile tourists. The goal of some of these filling-station-chain builders is the creation of a service that will make it easily possible for a customer to tour the country and never drive to a place so remote that the chain is not in a position to give him some of its more or less free air.



The Olympic Highway West of Port Angeles, Washington

Deciding how free that air is constitutes a problem that is driving many of the inefficient merchants out of the filling-station business, and, happily, it is the inefficient ones who are most given to the practice of substitution, adulteration and short measure.

In a few places in the country self-service stations have been established at which the price of gasoline is less than at competitive establishments because the customers help themselves, dropping quarters, or half dollars into slots in the side of the pumps. With gasoline at twenty cents, for example, the machine returns five gallons for a dollar; two and a half gallons for fifty cents and a gallon and a quart for a quarter. The deposit of a coin releases a valve which opens to permit the flow of gasoline into a five-gallon bowl, but if less than a dollar has been inserted in the machine the fluid drains off until the right measure is left before the valve which permits the gasoline to flow from the hose can be opened. At these automatic stations free air is available for tires that need it, but the customer must help himself.

The bulk of the 20,000,000 automobiles licensed in this country, however, seem to be owned by men and women who prefer those stations where the arrival is greeted cordially by a squad of men who fill the radiator, attend to the tires, clean the windshield and tenderly dust off the coach work before their leader dares to inquire whether the sahib will permit him to consult the oil gauge. This extra service, which the motorist pays for just as inevitably as he pays his taxes, has reached unusual lengths in some communities. There are places in the country where filling-station proprietors serve free lemonade and cookies to all patrons; there are some that offer free parking space; at least one that provides a shop in which its customers are privileged to do their own repair work; and there is one, in Oklahoma, which sent out a road scout during the Florida boom, whose duty it was to keep his boss advised by telegraph as to the respective condition of two possible routes between Oklahoma and Florida.

A Business Gamble

Information about roads seems to be a sort of free service which a filling station might reasonably be expected to give to its patrons, but neither Marshall Field nor any other great merchant prince ever used the scheme by which one filling-station operator sought to survive in a highly competitive field in the West. This man, after years of shaking dice with those who patronized his first business venture—a cigar stand—set up a spindle wheel on the lot of his filling station. Customers who were so inclined could joust with him in front of this device to see whether they paid for their gas and oil or received it as freely as air and water. Until the sheriff interfered, the owner had plenty of patrons who were not concerned because his pump prices were slightly higher than those of competitors.

Unquestionably, the stations which provide willing service sell more gasoline and oil than those at which the customer is obliged to help himself to air and water, soiling his hands in the process. At that Oklahoma station which lures trade by advertising We Know the Roads, a count was kept during 1925 of the number of automobile tourists who drove their cars into the station to ask for information. There were 18,200 of them, and of these about two out of three purchased something, even though

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We asked Mr. Macauley....

...he said "Ask the man who owns one"!

ALVAN MACAULEY is President of the Packard Motor Car Company . . . Last March he made Budd-Michelin Wheels standard equipment on all models of the Packard, both Six and Eight. We wanted to know what Mr. Macauley thought of them now, after six months' experience, and so we asked him . . . "We put Packard on Budd-Michelins" said Mr. Macauley, "because we firmly believed they were the finest wheels for the finest car in America. Now we know it. Just . . . *ask the man who owns one!*"

We did. Hundreds of them. People who, in almost every instance, had also owned cars with wooden wheels. We asked them whether their experience made them prefer steel wheels (Budd-Michelins) or wood—and why?

Three out of every four persons interviewed endorsed the Budd-Michelin Wheel equipment with specific comments explaining their preference. Here are a few quotations from the actual replies.

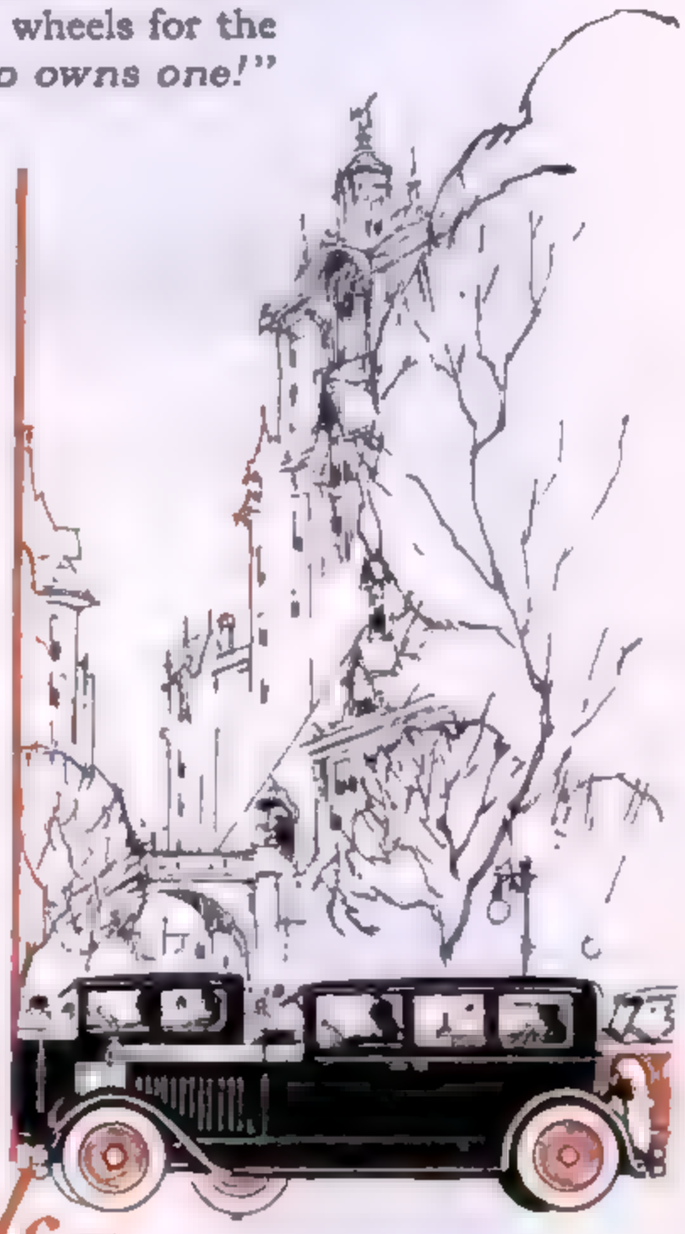
New York—"I prefer steel wheels by all means because of their better looks, their greater strength and the ease of cleaning."

California—"Brakes more accessible, wheels far easier to clean, they look better and are much safer. They, too, have an extra wheel."

Colorado—"In wet weather my brakes remain more dry and efficient with steel wheels."

New Jersey—"My car skidded. If I had had wood wheels I could not have continued my trip but the disc was just bent and easily reshaped. A wood wheel would have crushed."

And so runs the story of Budd-Michelin preference based on actual experience. Experience that has made Packard owners—as critical and discriminating a group as there is in all motordom—truly glad to swell the chorus of: "Good-bye, buggy wheels!"



"Goodbye buggy wheels"

BUDD

WHEEL COMPANY

Detroit Philadelphia

Also makers of Budd Interchangeable Wire Wheels which fit the same hub as Budd-Michelin All-Steel Wheels.

Drive a New Car ALL the Time!

Give your Car the Glow of Youth!

A BEAUTIFUL "finish" makes even an old car look smart and modern. And a Nitro-Valspar finish can make your car one of the smartest in town—and *keep* it in that class!

Any color or combination of colors you may choose—two-tone effects, soft cool shades, or vivid glowing colors, can be applied by your painter, with assurance of unapproachable durability—if you insist on Nitro-Valspar. For a century of experience in making the world's finest finishes has enabled Valentine to produce in Nitro-Valspar the perfect combination of surpassing Beauty and Long Wear!

And what's more, no finish can be applied so quickly with certainty of standing up. With Nitro-Valspar *all* coats from bare metal to final finish can be applied easily, and without rush or artificial drying, in a few days instead of the usual two weeks.

If you seek the best finish the market affords—one that will last as long as your car—don't compromise. Insist that your painter use Nitro-Valspar.

Suggested
Nitro-Valspar
Color Combinations

VALENTINE & COMPANY

Largest Manufacturers of High-Grade Varnishes in the World—Established 1832

New York Chicago Boston Toronto [illegible] Paris Amsterdam

W. P. FULLER & CO., Pacific Coast

NITRO-VALSPAR

The Valentine Lacquer Finish

(Continued from Page 66)

the men who operate the station strive to give the advice in such a way as to keep the tourists from feeling that there is any obligation to buy.

It requires a man with the skin of a walrus, though, to receive from a filling-station man information as to what road to take, at what camps to stop, and in which streams to fish, without buying at least a quart of oil. Besides having logged the roads between Florida and Oklahoma, that same station has sent a representative as far east as Boston and as far west as California.

Mileage, of course, is given in the ordinary guides, but what the scouts sent out by this small retail establishment report on are fishing holes, detours and camp grounds. The bulk of the information given away, however, comes from those who receive it—the tourists.

Off to a Running Start

There is another side of the free service given by the well-managed filling station, the cost of which is less apparent to the casual purchaser, and that is speed. Seemingly, men and women who might wait with some degree of patience for a grocer's clerk to wait upon them are seized with a querulous impatience whenever they do any shopping for their automobile. Recognizing the existence of that mental state has caused most of the chain operators to employ unusually large staffs.

"Much of the average automobile driver's craving for speed is a purely mental state with no real emergency behind it," explains one of the big chain-station owners to all new employes. "If you will get to his car with a rush that satisfies his imagination, the chances are mighty good that he will allow us to complete our whole program on his car. Instead of merely selling him a few gallons of gasoline our experience has shown that such a customer is more likely than not to ask us to give his car the works—drain and refill the crank case, grease the chassis, fill the tank, or any one of the other necessary things that he probably has been postponing for no other reason than because he did not want to lose time. He knows he needs these services for the good of his car, he feels that he is in a hurry and he is sold by that burst of speed with which we greet him. Any automobile driver is flattered by having the staff of a service station greet him as if he were Oldfield or De Palma stopping at a pit in the midst of a race."

However much he may hurry, the filling salesman is trained to take certain precautions that are essential in the handling of gasoline. There are some stations where the employes are forbidden to fill a gasoline tank located under the seat in a closed car until at least one window is wide open. The thing that is feared, of course, is fire.

One of the first things a filling-station employe is taught, as a rule, is that the metal nozzle of the pump hose should be placed in contact with the metal of the gasoline tank before starting a flow of gasoline into the tank. The danger of a spark of static electricity forming in a narrow gap between the metal may be slight, but it can happen, and with disastrous results. It is a danger that is pretty generally avoided but it is amazing to discover that, though this precaution is so generally taken, hardly a night passes at the big stations without some employe having occasion to warn a customer against using a match to help him decide whether he needs three gallons or five.

Sometimes the customer does not strike a match, but merely shades his eyes with a hand in which glows a cigar stump. One chain in the East, operating about twenty-five stations, had, when it first started, an average of a fire a night; nowadays it does not have one a month. The manager of the chain says that, though most of this reduction is due in some part to the use of electricity instead of kerosene lamps, some credit is due to the fact that they have a small labor turnover and the old employes have developed a technic in dealing with the carelessness of customers.

A few months ago one of these old employes was horribly burned by a fire that was caused by a driver who leaned over to read the gauge while gasoline was flowing into his tank.

He had a cigarette in his hand, and when he saw flame leap along the hose he snatched the tubing away with the idea of saving his car from destruction. He saved the car, but the hose sprayed a stream of fire over the attendant.

Out in California one of the companies operating a great string of filling stations will have none in its employ who are not graduates of a high school. These men are indoctrined with the idea that they are salesmen and that the acceptance of a tip for any service they may render a customer is not only a blow at the prestige of the company by which they are employed but an action harmful to their own self-respect.

"Meet our customers as equals," this big company advises its men. "You are not servants; you are salesmen." It seems to work in California, too, but in New York one of the successful chains has been operating on an entirely different basis. Most of its employes are men past their first youth. Many are retired firemen, policemen and mail carriers. Some are men afflicted with lung trouble who are glad of a chance to earn their living in the open air. The company pays these men about twenty-five dollars a week, plus a commission on sales of oil and grease, and when its executives are recruiting more workmen one of the advantages of which they speak is the flood of coins their employes harvest in the form of tips. Many of them are said to receive as much in gratuities as they get from the company in the form of wages.

One of the big oil companies which has been striving to persuade its customers—filling-station men—to adopt sounder merchandizing principles in the conduct of their business sent out a circular not long ago warning them:

> Many who had little or no knowledge of business practices drifted into the retail gas and oil business attracted by long profits. For a long time they succeeded in spite of themselves, but the keen competition today is fast weeding them out. As recently as five or six years ago the gas and oil business was growing enough to permit an increasing number of successes each year. However, in the last two years the successes have become fewer.

This same company is trying to get its customers, especially the little fellows, to pay more attention to the slack hours of their business day, and is endeavoring to get them to offer inducements to regular customers to bring in cars during those periods for greasing, crank-case service and other jobs requiring time.

The Temples of Gas

In the West it has been found that the average station's peak-load hours are between seven and ten in the morning and between four and seven in the evening. In the East the peaks come at eight in the morning and last until 10:30 and in the afternoon from two until seven.

That sort of advice is not the only help the oil companies are prepared to give the retailers. Those gorgeous temples of plate glass and colored stone that spring up like so many mushrooms along the highways are not designed by native builders, as a rule.

Blue prints of ornate, but entirely practical structures, are to be had by almost anyone who throws out a hint about going into the filling-station business. These are the designs of architects retained by the oil companies.

But whether these structures are intended to resemble the candy dwelling to which Hänsel and Gretel wandered in the woods, or a Swiss chalet with a gangrenous cupola, or even a little boy's dream of a mansion in the sky, you may be sure the plans are about as free as the air that goes into your tires, and the oil companies get their pay in the same way that the filling-station man gets paid for your free air. It all comes out of the gasoline pump.

AMERICAN NOTES ON THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

(Continued from Page 4)

scene against the complexities involved in the idea, you get the sense of its being more ideal than probable; contingent, actually unreal. The premonition of a truth that has yet no definite shape and may turn out to be altogether different.

It will occur to you that as reality develops, if it does, so the scene will change and the meaning with it. In place of this old hotel—a piece of monumental architecture. In place of strife among nations and races composed by their free consent—world government by authority. Authority of whom? Of the powers that are, thinking themselves just, perhaps.

You remember the man in the evergreen shade. He is probably still there. The only trouble with his ideas is that they will not work. The reason they will not work is that they assume, as Elihu Root has said, that human nature will behave in a certain way, whereas if human nature would behave in that way, there would be no problem at all, no need whatever to impose upon people patterns of amiable conduct.

The door swings free under an invitation to enter. Half the front of the old hotel is of glass, because formerly the guests liked to take the sun indoors, facing the lake. Straight ahead, as you enter, was the way to the office. To the right is a long tiled corridor full of sunshine; and the first thing you see, looking in that direction, is a portrait of Woodrow Wilson. Under it in red ink his celebrated Fourteenth Point: "A general association of nations must be formed under specific covenants for the purpose of affording mutual guarantees of political independence and territorial integrity to great and small States alike."

There is then a graphic representation of how the idea took shape—that is, a chart showing the physical organization of the League of Nations. The Hon. Jim Reed of Missouri and other irreconcilable senators might have used this chart to some effect when they were trying to prove that the World Court was an instrumentality of the League, for here it is structurally joined thereto in black diagrammatic lines. There is official text to the same effect. A Survey of the League of Nations, published by the Information Section, says: "The main organs are the Assembly, the Council and the permanent Secretariat, with the two essential wings in the Permanent Court of International Justice and the International Labor Organization." The question of our adherence to the World Court, you remember, turned on a matter of fact. Did a World Court, regarded as an essential wing of the League of Nations, realize, as the Yearbook of the World Peace Foundation says, "a policy which has been advocated by the United States Government for more than fifty years?"

However, at the far end of the long tiled corridor filled with sunshine is what had been called, when this was a hotel, the solarium. It is an enormous glass room in the proportions of a theater; and when momentous events of the international mind are taking place there, actors—maybe 100—seated at a hairpin table and spectators to 1000 or more tightly packed in

"Chequing" the American Traveler

Not with the little brass checks or cardboard tags that go on your luggage, but with the magical sky-blue *"Cheques"* with which travelers, who know how to travel, always *"Cheque"* themselves for personal service and their travel funds for safety before they start on journeys anywhere—

American Express Travelers Cheques

These Cheques protect you against the loss or theft of the money they represent. They are spendable anywhere, acceptable everywhere; and they everywhere command the "Helpful Hand of the Great Service" of the American Express Company.

Winter travel season is opening. Delightful tours or cruises to summer lands will call you to the Mediterranean, or the West Indies, South America, California, Hawaii, or any of the thousand nearby resorts of the Southern States.

Before you start on your travels anywhere, "Cheque" *your money for safety* and *yourself to be sure of personal service*—with American Express Travelers Cheques.

They cost only 75 cents for each $100—a mere "tip" in traveling expenses, but a "tip" you will never forget to make, once you have made it.

FOR SALE AT 22,000 BANKS, AMERICAN EXPRESS AND AMERICAN RAILWAY EXPRESS OFFICES

American Express Travelers Cheques

Secure your steamship tickets, hotel reservations and itineraries or plan your cruise or tour through the American Express Travel Department.

When travelers talk about ships

WATCH the passengers as they debark from a United States Lines ship, in New York or in Europe. Listen to the time honored questions, "How did you like the ship?" and "How was the food?" Listen to the answers. The enthusiasm about the cuisine, the service, about everything aboard, will clearly indicate the way for you to go yourself. Consult the chart of rates below.

S. S. George Washington

Swift, steady, beautiful—a luxurious home on the sea. First, second and third class to Plymouth, Cherbourg and Bremen.

S. S. Leviathan

Flagship of the Fleet and most famous ship in the world. First, second, third class to Cherbourg and Southampton.

S. S. Republic

The famous cruise liner. A Cabin ship without first or second class distinctions to Cobh (Queenstown), Plymouth, Cherbourg and Bremen.

S. S. President Harding and S. S. President Roosevelt

The fastest Cabin (one-class) ships on the North Atlantic. To Cobh (Queenstown), Plymouth, Cherbourg and Bremen.

Get complete information from your local steamship agent or write to the address below

United States Lines

45 BROADWAY NEW YORK CITY

Chart of Rates

FIRST CLASS	CABIN CLASS
S. S. LEVIATHAN $265 and up S. S. GEORGE WASHINGTON $210 and up	S. S. PRESIDENT HARDING and S. S. PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT $145 and up S. S. REPUBLIC $140 and up
SECOND CLASS	**THIRD CLASS**
S. S. LEVIATHAN $147.50 and up S. S. GEORGE WASHINGTON $136.25 and up	From $85. Tourist Third Class in season $95 up

collapsible chairs, the general impression to an outside point of view, say, from the veranda steps, is that of a crowded aquarium. People, as in a fluid, under glass, moving, when they move, with a curiously retarded and magnified effect.

Inside you understand how this suggestion was produced. Smoking is permitted. Everyone smokes. But fresh air is anxiously excluded. The medium therefore becomes opaque and all objects are distorted to the eye.

This question of air is one as to which no international protocol has been found possible. Just the opening and closing of the one big door, managed silently, swiftly and with the utmost care, causes the Continental Europeans to look about apprehensively. They have felt the terrible air *courant*—that is to say, a draft—and begin to shudder. The Americans and the English are alike strange, unnatural people whom the draft does not kill; it makes them only more unreasonable. Once they opened a window. The Continental people rose in mass and closed it. The Anglo-Saxon race opened it again, with the same result. In the lunchtime the fresh-air race left two of its members behind to nail the window open. This very nearly wrecked the whole international idea, and they never did it again.

But for the celebrity of the principal actors, the show in the solarium would be very dreary. What they say is more interesting in the newspaper reading than in the hearing. Every speech has to be made twice—once by the diplomat and once by the interpreter. The official languages are English and French. If the speech is delivered in French, then immediately the interpreter rises and does it into English, or vice versa. This is true not only as to speeches but also as to every utterance of a diplomat, a word, a rejoinder, a high pleasantry.

The interpreters are subtle; their wisdom is specialized. They know what is important and what is not, and how values change with the hours of the day. A minor diplomat who has made a thirty-minute speech to weary ears and hungry stomachs is dazed when the interpreter who rises with it in the other tongue turns it off in three minutes and sits down. Everybody knows what he has done. He has condensed it, saving only the sense, suppressing the rhetoric. He is therefore a daring editor also. In another case, the speaker being in the first degree eminent, the same interpreter develops pride of elocution and may go so far as to put the audience in its place.

The audience is in three classes—namely, those who understand French, those who pretend to understand it and those, frankly, who don't. Thus it may happen that as a long English speech is by way of passing into the nuances of beautiful French, a third of the collapsible chairs begin to creak and the bodies upon them to yawn and sigh and cough. At this the interpreter stops, drops the hand that holds his notes and stares hard in the direction whence the offense cometh. That has the right effect.

Where Thieves Fear to Tread

The solarium is in fact a theater. Ends, not beginnings, are dramatized there. Every actor knows his part before he comes. It is only the audience that is ever surprised. Elsewhere the event is shaped. Then it will be tooled, publicized and staged by the Secretariat, which is the indwelling part of the League of Nations. It is to the League what the heart and lung and gland mechanisms are to the body. The brain, the muscles, the vocal organs, the spirit, the will—these all must stop for rest. The Secretariat has time for everything, knows not fatigue and never stops. It thinks also, keeps the rhythm of all activities and has extensive activities of its own. It never appears in the solarium, nor anywhere as a body like the Assembly or the Council. It is not a body like either of these; yet at the same time it touches everything, knows everything and permanently occupies the hotel.

You have not been in the hotel yet—straight in. The ground floor spaces are large, as they would have been in an old-fashioned Geneva hotel; there is a grand staircase all the way to the roof. Here the first impression is of a world house party. There is tea; people of all races stand about in little groups, drinking it and talking. Members of the Secretariat act as hosts. The tongue is babel. Informality is the true manner, even as to dress. The Americans and Syrians appeared once in long coats—once only.

There are facilities—a telegraph office, a post office, a money-changing bureau where you will never be shaved on the rate. Hats and coats lie about everywhere carelessly. Everything is safe. Nothing was ever lost. Many things are found. There is a bulletin board for the personnel. A Genevese lady wishes to exchange conversation with an American lady. An umbrella has been found. A gramophone for sale, very sweet tone. A private fund is available for those who wish to join the Geneva Golf Club and don't because they cannot afford it.

The Atmosphere of Geneva

Conferences are holding in the big rooms. The desks are little pine tables, like schoolroom desks; on the tops, sheets of clean white paper fixed with thumb tacks. Private offices begin on the second floor. It must have been a discreet old hotel. The doors were padded. They are that way still. The idea is excellent. Upholstering in that style absorbs sound and insulates thought waves. The silence, notwithstanding the traffic, is surprising, though, of course, there are deep carpets.

Presently you may be asked a question. Certainly you will be if it is supposed that you intend to write something about the League. Not that it is sensitive to publicity in the specific case. How can it be? It has so much publicity, good and bad, that it has to weigh it in mass; only the great tendencies are important. Still, since human opinion is its basic material, it is bound to be interested in what you think; at least enough to ask and to make sure that the point of view is unobstructed. This will occur perhaps in the Information Section.

The question is: "Well, what are your impressions?"

If you say you are still a little dazed, and suppose it is from trying to recognize the old face of the world as it appears in the Geneva atmosphere, meaning then to go on and give your impressions, you will not go on. You will be stopped. There is a positive and extremely exasperated reaction to the word "atmosphere." They tell you they are sick of it. Besides, it doesn't mean anything. What does it mean? It was the work of the League they asked your opinion on. And then, like so many others, you speak first of the atmosphere.

All the same, "atmosphere" is a good word—the best of its size. You will be surprised at the strength of the taboo upon it among the elect; all the more, since they themselves were wont to enunciate it formerly in a mystical manner. Says the Covenant—Article 7—"The seat of the League is established at Geneva." That was for atmosphere, to begin with.

Such inner aversion to the word as one now discovers is more than contempt of the few for a thought or a sign sound that has passed into common speech, thereby losing its pure significance. It is not a silent contempt like that; rather an active dislike; and what it means is not easy to say.

One must remember what created the League of Nations. Emotion created it. Expectations of it were extravagantly wistful. The architect of the Covenant was a man who believed in the power of a phrase to command reality; in an extraordinary manner he imparted this belief to millions of people. Faith was in it. Faith is real; so are its disappointments.

Now more and more clearly it is perceived that the work of the League must be practical. "Atmosphere" is a romantic word; it does not associate with the necessities of common fact. Hence it falls into disesteem among those who have learned to combine ideality with realistic thinking. This, of course, involves compromise; and since that is deplorable, they hate to be continually reminded of it by people who bring back to them the word "atmosphere."

No one is yet able to say that the League of Nations is indispensable. It is by no means the first adventure. It may fail or turn into another thing. The higher the intelligence with which these fatal possibilities are discussed, the keener is the understanding that if the League does fail the cause will be that events greatly transacted in the glamorous light have too often turned out to be atmospheric. When brought into contact with the vulgar air they have faded, changed from beautiful to ugly colors, and the people have rejected them. And every event has to stand this test. That is to say, it has to be taken home and lived with. Hence now the increasing emphasis upon political realism—not as they ought to be, not as they may be, but people as they are, their days running together. That man's visions, hopes and infatuations are incurably romantic only proves how desperately practical the business of existence is; and by the same mark of contradiction, it is probable that if he knew how to deliver himself from the scourge of war his longing for peace would weaken.

For those who may wish to pursue an occult line, there is the possibility of a mysterious fact. There may be, after all, some power of enchantment in the atmosphere of Geneva. That would be the easiest way to account for the behavior of tough-minded, cynically trained diplomats, when of a sudden, here at Geneva, they publicly experience states of uncontrollable ecstasy and leave the plane of the earth. Afterward they have sometimes accounted for it in that way themselves, saying it was what happens to one in that atmosphere. And yet, not to prefer the superrational explanation, one should pause at the word "publicly." They now experience these states in the public view. That may be the only difference. It may be diplomats were always like this; only that before there was the League of Nations such episodes were not dramatized in the press of the world, but concealed in the chancelleries. This supposition, besides, would bear charitably upon the legends that grew up about them—that they were hypocrites, always saying what they did not mean, vowing eternal friendship and plotting war at the same time. If in the chancelleries they were before as now they are at Geneva, then it is not so that they vowed friendship and plotted war at the same time. These were alternating moods, both sincere.

A Bagful of Old Tricks

Thinking on it may be endless; it tends to become complicated. There is yet the effect to be made visible. For this purpose, take a recent occurrence, perhaps the most important, certainly the most melodramatic in the history of the League.

The steps by which Germany came to be admitted to the League of Nations were devious. They were taken one by one, under every sign and practice of diplomacy in its old aspect; trading, intrigue, threatening, alignments of power in groups, bargains secretly arrived at, wounds, defeat to the weak, success to the strong.

All motives, to begin with, were practical. Germany wished to be admitted for the obvious reason that her fixed policy of nonexpiation could be pursued more effectively within the League than from outside. Once she got inside, that would be the end of sanctions against her under the Treaty of Versailles, by the victors as such. She could demand a review of that treaty, a revision of reparations, restoration of the Rhineland. As to the Rhineland, certainly, once her word of honor to behave as a member of the League had been accepted, the

(Continued on Page 72)

The Logical Successor to the Finest Car of Yesterday

PERHAPS it is not altogether fair to the older makes of fine cars to try to compare them with the Chrysler Imperial "80". ¶Standards in everything improve, so it is not surprising that the fine car of yesterday is surpassed by the finer Chrysler of today. ¶The Imperial "80" is the highest interpretation of Chrysler's *unique* and *novel* engineering and manufacturing plan of uncompromising *Quality Standardization.* ¶And you need no one to tell you that Chrysler *Standardized Quality* has initiated something *new* and vital in motor-car manufacture, the effects of which are apparent everywhere in the industry. ¶So it is inevitable that the Imperial "80" should be surely and steadily gaining preference not simply with those who demand the best that money can build—but with those who *know* the best when they find it.

CHRYSLER SALES CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

The Supreme Interpretation of Chrysler Standardized Quality

The Chrysler plan of Quality Standardization differs from, and is superior to, ordinary manufacturing practice and methods, because it demands fixed and inflexible quality standards which enforce the same scrupulously close limits—the same rigid rule of engineering exactness—the same absolute accuracy and precision of alignment and assemblage—in the measurement, the machining and the manufacturing of every part, practice and process in four lines of Chrysler cars—"50", "60", "70" and Imperial "80"—so that each individual car shall be the Supreme Value in its own class.

Ten body styles, priced from $2495 to $5495, f. o. b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax.

CHRYSLER IMPERIAL

CHRYSLER MODEL NUMBERS "80" MEAN MILES PER HOUR

We Offer Men
a shaving experience they'll never forget

HERE is a shaving cream developed to soften your beard at the base right where the razor does its work.

It is a unique shaving method—different in formula, action and result from anything you have ever known before.

The name of this product is Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream. It is really shaving cream in concentrated form—a super water-absorbent.

And remember, water, not shaving cream, is the real softener of your beard.

It softens beard at the base

In Colgate lather, the bubbles are smaller, as the illustrations at the right show. This makes possible two important and distinct advantages: (1) Small bubbles hold more water and much less air; they give more points of moisture contact. (2) They permit greater penetration into the base of the beard.

So that this moisture may soak right into the beard, Colgate's first emulsifies and removes the oil film that covers every hair

Then quickly thousands of clinging, moisture-laden bubbles penetrate deep down to the base of the beard—bring and hold an abundant supply of water in direct contact with the bottom of every hair.

Thus the entire beard becomes wringing wet—moist and pliable—softened down at the base, where the razor does its work

Right—ORDINARY LATHER
Photomicrograph of lather of an ordinary shaving cream surrounding single hair. Large dark spots are air—white areas are water. Note how the large bubbles hold air instead of water against the beard.

Left—COLGATE LATHER
Photomicrograph prepared under identical conditions shows fine, closely knit texture of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream lather. Note how the small bubbles hold water instead of air close against the beard

In this way the beard becomes properly softened right where cutting takes place "Razor-pull" is entirely banished.

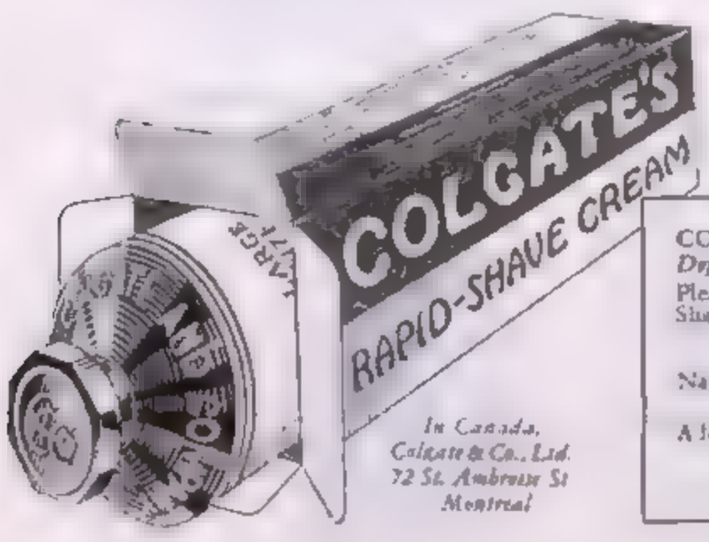
In addition, Colgate lather lubricates the path of the razor—lets it glide across your face without catching or dragging. And it leaves your skin clean, cool and comfortable throughout the day.

Here is a shaving experience such as you have never enjoyed before.

Unlike any cream you've ever used

It is interesting to note the difference in the comfort of your shave when you lather up with Colgate's—to discover how clean and cool it leaves your face, how smooth without the usual dryness.

Clip the coupon and let us send you a generous sample tube. Once you try Colgate's you'll never be satisfied with any other.



Colgate & Co.
NEW YORK

In Canada, Colgate & Co., Ltd. 72 St. Ambroise St Montreal

COLGATE & CO
Dept. 140-El. 581 Fifth Ave., New York
Please send me the trial tube of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream for better shaving. I enclose 4c.

Name

Address

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SOFTENS THE BEARD AT THE BASE

(Continued from Page 70)

French could no longer keep troops on German soil.

Great Britain's desire to get Germany in was instinctive. She had nothing more to play against the influence of France in the League of Nations. The struggle between them as to which should dominate had already produced moments of high tension. France, with her allies and friends and her genius for political strategy, had gained exactly half the Council.

The thoughts of France on the subject of admitting Germany to the League were complex. Perhaps more clearly than any other European nation, she could see the high political reason—that is to say, the idea of solidarity in Europe versus the world. But that was not nearly enough. French reasons first. If she could trade her consent for security—specifically, for an undertaking on the part of Great Britain to come to her defense in the event of being attacked again by Germany—then she would say yes.

Treaties to Make War

Out of these involved considerations, these among others, came a series of writings commonly celebrated as the Locarno Treaties. A stranger set of documents has never existed. Therein the European mentality is perfectly illustrated; therein also you will see, perhaps, wherein that mentality differs from our own and why the roads of understanding back and forth are so very difficult.

These are the Locarno Treaties in a pacific light:

(a) Germany, Belgium, France, Great Britain and Italy together and severally guarantee the frontiers between Germany and Belgium and between Germany and France as they were fixed in the Versailles Treaty; also the perpetual demilitarized status of the Rhineland zone.

(b) Germany and Belgium and Germany and France mutually undertake in no case to make war on one another except in self-defense or in obedience to a decision of the League of Nations.

(c) Germany and Belgium specifically agree to arbitrate their disputes.

(d) Germany and France specifically agree to arbitrate their disputes.

(e) Germany and Poland agree to refer their disputes to an arbitral tribunal, to the World Court or to the League of Nations.

(f) Germany and Czecho-Slovakia agree to handle their disputes in a like manner.

And these again are the same treaties in a grim light:

First, they are undertakings in certain contingencies to make war.

Second, they are undertakings to begin war without the sanction of the League of Nations.

Germany, Belgium, France, Great Britain and Italy together and severally undertake to make war against whosoever shall break the treaty in a flagrant manner, and to begin it immediately, without waiting for the League of Nations to act. However, the League, as they say, shall be "seized of the question," with the responsibility to consider it, and they shall all be bound by its decisions.

Here Great Britain departs from a fundamental point of policy, which was to hold herself free as to the internal affairs of Europe. Now she binds herself in certain cases to wage war on the Continent. If France is again attacked by Germany she is obliged to go at once to her assistance. It is the security pact France had long demanded. She got it at last in exchange for her consent to receive Germany into the League.

Now the frontiers between Germany on the one side and Belgium and France on the other side stand guaranteed by an undertaking on the part of five powers to make war instantly against the aggressor. The more guarantors the better, of course; they cannot all break faith. But what of Poland's frontier? And that of Czecho-Slovakia? These are not yet guaranteed. True, Germany has signed treaties of unlimited arbitration with both Poland and Czecho-Slovakia. It is not sufficient. Poland and Czecho-Slovakia are not satisfied. They want somebody to undertake to go to war for them too. As allies of France, they look to her. Then two more treaties, one between France and Poland and one between France and Czecho-Slovakia. They read that in the event of Poland or France, Czecho-Slovakia or France, "suffering from a failure to observe the undertakings arrived at this day between them and Germany," they will go at once to one another's aid. That is, if Germany breaks her word against Poland or Czecho-Slovakia, then France will go to war for them; on the other hand, if Germany breaks her word against France, Poland and Czecho-Slovakia are obliged to go to war for France along with the other powers similarly committed in the preceding treaties.

A Round-Robin Covenant

All these documents are pinned together, under a protocol saying that they shall take effect when and if Germany is admitted to the League of Nations. They are in one whole the Locarno Treaties.

Fancy, if you can, the United States entering into a kind of round-robin covenant in which, after she has pledged her word, others separately, though in the same piece, pledge themselves to fight her in case she breaks it! There is a difference here,

(Continued on Page 74)

The Little Iron Gate at Geneva at the Entrance to the League of Nations

NASH

Leads the World in Motor Car Value

Just Try 7-*Bearing* Motor Performance

A Revelation in Power-Smoothness

This richly luxurious Nash *Advanced Six* Sedan illustrated above offers you travel luxury such as you have never known in this price field.

For it is powered with a 7-bearing crankshaft motor—known to engineers as the *World's Smoothest Type.*

And thruout its full range of power and speed it delivers performance that is so incredibly smooth, and so marvelously quiet that it is creating comment all over the country.

Furthermore Nash scientifically insulates the motor from the frame with rubber cushions at the motor supports, thus deepening operative silence still more.

The interior is graced with classically beautiful hardware and upholstered in the genuine Chase Velmo Mohair Velvet.

There is a superb new instrument board with all instruments including an hydrostatic gas gauge, and an electric clock, deftly grouped in a single attractive panel under glass, indirectly illuminated.

The double-beam headlights are conveniently controlled with a lever on the steering wheel, there's a thermostatic water regulator for control of motor heat, and a crankcase breather device for preventing crankcase dilution. There's also an oil screen agitator to banish the possibility of oil coagulation on coldest days, together with a long array of further notable attractions. 4-wheel brakes and five disc wheels are standard equipment with no extra charge.

Advanced Six 4-Door Sedan

$1525

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(4426)

for Steady Nerves *and* Tireless Days

Now a natural way to strengthen over-strained nerves . . . gives you the stamina to meet the strain of modern life—make this 3-day test

Too easily depressed . . . too quickly tired . . . no power to concentrate . . . irritable . . . sensitive . . . lacking the snap to swing into your daily work . . . hard to get to sleep at night?

9 times out of 10, the cause is digestive unrest or lack of certain elements in your food. This, authorities say, is what keeps men below par. Never capable of their best.

Now modern science has found a *natural* way *(a way without drugs)* to overcome this—a way to restore your nervous system—to bring new strength and stamina.

It is a new Swiss food drink called Ovaltine. A cup every morning and afternoon (and at bedtime) turns you into a new man. Alert. Poised. Confident. Your nerves are calm. You attack your work with a new zest and assurance. Just try a 3-day test.

How it overcomes nerves

FIRST—Ovaltine digests very quickly. Even in cases of impaired digestion. It combines certain vitalizing and building-up food essentials in which your daily fare is often lacking. *One cup of Ovaltine has more real food value than 12 cups of beef extract.*

SECOND—Ovaltine has the power actually to *digest 4 to 5 times its weight in other foods* which may be in your stomach. Thus, a few minutes after drinking it is turning itself and all other foods into rich, red blood.

This action is restoring to the entire body. For it strikes at the cause of almost all nervousness. Digestion goes on efficiently. Your whole nervous system is freed from strain. And you quickly gather new strength and energy.

Hospitals and doctors recommend it

Ovaltine is a delightful pure food-drink. In use in Switzerland for 30 years. Now in universal use in England and her colonies. During the great war it was included as a standard war ration for invalid soldiers.

A few years ago Ovaltine was introduced into this country. Today hundreds of hospitals use it. More than 20,000 doctors recommend it. Not only for nerves but also for malnutrition, sleeplessness, convalescence, backward children and the aged.

Just make a test of Ovaltine. Note the difference, not only in the way your nerves are calmed, but in your whole outlook. You tackle your work with greater vigor. You "carry through" for the whole day.

You can buy Ovaltine in 4 sizes for home use, at your druggist's or store. Or drink it at the soda fountains. But to let you try it, we will send you a 3-day introductory package for 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Just send in the coupon and ten cents.

OVALTINE

Builds Body, Brain and Nerves

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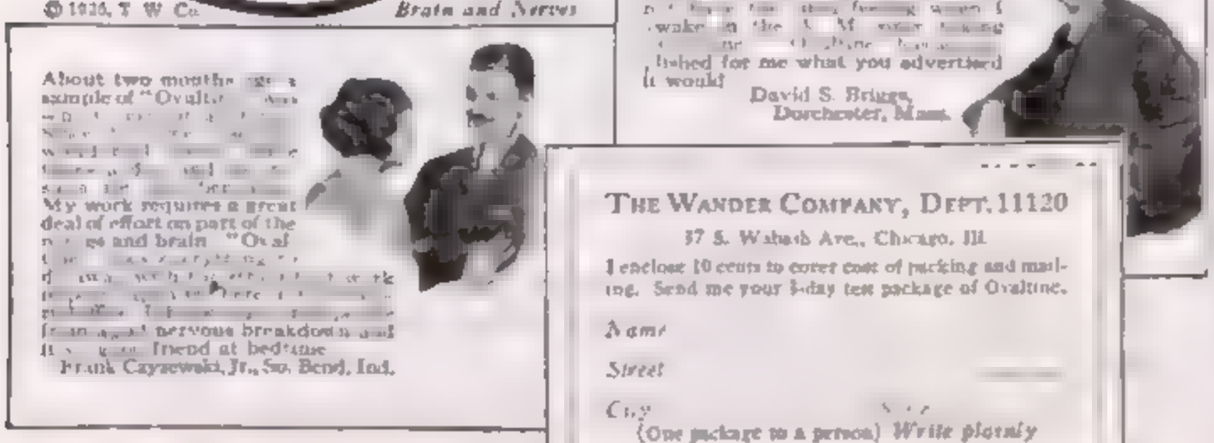
I used "Ovaltine" upon retiring, for nerve strain, nervous exhaustion
David S. Briggs,
Dorchester, Mass.
About two months
sample of "Ovalt
My work requires a great deal of effort on part of the
and brain "Oval
nervous breakdown
friend at bedtime
Frank Czyzewski, Jr., So. Bend, Ind.

THE WANDER COMPANY, DEPT. 11120
57 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine.
Name
Street
City
(One package to a person) *Write plainly*

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profound and subtle. The Europeans put their trust where they have no faith. They have no place else to put it. That is why they keep their arms. It is their history, their mentality, their politics.

All through the Locarno negotiations it was understood that Germany should have a permanent seat in the executive body at the top of the League—that is to say, the Council. The only other nations permanently seated there are Great Britain, France, Italy and Japan. Suddenly France increased her price. She demanded that Poland, her ally, also should have a permanent seat on the Council to make weight on her side against Germany. There was no other reason. By merit of her importance as a nation, Poland was not entitled to a permanent seat. France, of course, was thinking, "What if Germany should vote with England?" Great Britain was so anxious to get Germany in that she consented, saying yes, Poland, too, should have a permanent seat.

Then a great row began. Germany proclaimed that she had been swindled; all the time it had been understood that she alone would be added to the permanent members of the Council. What the Germans were thinking is clear. Poland, as the ally of France, would vote with France; thus Germany's influence in the Council would be nullified. That was only part of the row. Spain said she was much more important than Poland and demanded a permanent seat. Brazil said Europe already had three permanent seats, Asia one and South America none; and now if Europe was going to have two or three more it was time for South America to have one. She demanded it.

Many small countries confined to the Assembly hotly denounced all this trading for Council seats on the question of admitting Germany.

Coming before the League of Nations in a very muddled state, as it did at a special session last March, the whole scheme got bogged. The Assembly, which is the popular body representing all members, was contumacious. The powers of the Council were chagrined, but not defeated. During the summer they worked out a compromise and took care to avoid another mishap in the Assembly. The trouble before had been that they were divided among themselves.

The Entrance of Germany

Hitherto the Council had consisted of four powers seated forever. These were Great Britain, France, Italy and Japan. Then there were to be always six nonpermanent, or changing, members elected by the Assembly. The summer compromise was to create, besides one more seat forever for Germany, also at the same time three semipermanent seats, good for six years—one for Poland, one for Spain and one for Brazil.

France collaborated in this compromise, sure that with Poland in a semipermanent seat she could manage to keep her influence unimpaired. The Assembly was constrained to accept this plan to save the League. Everyone understood that if it failed the League was ruined. However, Spain and Brazil were haughty. They bowed and said farewell.

Mark the fact that the League of Nations had nothing to do with these high arrangements. They were made outside by the powers, practicing diplomacy in its ancient form. Having arrived at their bargains, they brought them to the League to be consecrated. Mark also the fact that the League of Nations had nothing to do with the Locarno Treaties. It is humiliated in their terms in two respects—namely, first, that they bind the signatories in certain contingencies to go to war before the League can act; second, that they are to remain in peace forever, unless a time shall come when the League of Nations may be deemed able to give the signatories the protection against one another which they hereby guarantee to themselves.

Yet this total result, arrived at without the benefit of the League, and to its discredit, costing it moreover the membership of Spain and Brazil, was brought to Geneva to be dramatized. In that atmosphere this is what occurred:

The president of the Assembly, a Serbian, stretched forth his arm toward a closed door, saying, "I will now call upon the delegates of Germany to take their places among us."

Tense silence.

"It was one of those moments in history," wrote Sir Philip Gibbs, "happening rarely through centuries, when men are conscious that some act of theirs marks a new epoch in human history, and, for good or evil, will shape the future of mankind." This is quoted not because it is Sir Philip, but because he happens to be a good reporter. That was the state of feeling. He merely describes it.

The door opens. Enter the German delegates, led by Herr Stresemann, the Foreign Minister. There is a speech of welcome. Herr Stresemann responds, and the German tongue is heard for the first time in the League of Nations.

He pledges the word and honor of Germany to keep the spirit of the Covenant. He pledges the soul of Germany to the ideals of the League, conceived as peace, freedom, unity.

The enthusiasm is tremendous.

A Dramatic Moment

Then Monsieur Briand speaks for France. He is counted a gifted orator even among his own people, who think rhetorically. He transports his audience. People see again the battlefields; many see them for the first time. They hear the guns; they know courage, fear, despair; they experience death. None of it is as if anybody had been morally responsible. It had all happened. The man's voice is lifted suddenly to suggest the trumpet's call: Cease fire! And when he says, "Forward conciliation, arbitration, peace!" no one can breathe. But when he turns to Herr Stresemann and says their two countries have reaped on the fields of battle such an abundance of glory that they may richly divide it and now turn from these feats of competitive heroism—no more war, no more guns, no more suffering—then a delirium possesses all alike, so that diplomats gesticulate and weep, and strangers, seeing themselves as of different races, ecstatically embrace for that reason.

Such moments have verity in themselves. Yet how little they weigh against the sum of reality.

For consider. The Convenant to which Germany has just pledged her national soul is of the tissue of the Treaty of Versailles, and the Treaty of Versailles is founded upon the assumption that Germany alone was responsible for the war. This is graven in the premises.

It might as well have been written on the lintel of the door through which the German delegates entered the League. None of it has been erased.

So you have the unreality of a great nation pledging its honor to a Covenant beneath which its guilt is written. Moreover, in signing the Treaty of Versailles seven years ago, Germany put her hand to a confession of guilt. Now she says she confessed what was not so. She signed because she could not help herself.

The Germans recover quickly. Herr Stresemann went straight from that exalted experience at Geneva and said to his own people that Germany's reception into the League of Nations had solved the question of war guilt. Simply, it was removed. Not officially as yet, but morally.

At this the French recovered and began to make a well-known sound. German guilt had been fixed forever. It was not a question; therefore it could not be opened. The assumption was fundamental.

Of course it was. If Germany was not responsible for the war, then the Treaty of

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A New Way to Banish Old Ills...

A simple method that banishes clogged intestines, corrects skin and stomach disorders and brings new energy to thousands

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active, daily releasing new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day, one before each meal: on crackers, in fruit juices, water or milk—or just plain, in small pieces. *For constipation dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before meals and at bedtime. Dangerous habit-forming cathartics will gradually become unnecessary.* All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days.

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. D-24, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.

RIGHT

"BECAUSE MY LIFE IS A BUSY ONE including club organization and welfare work, I have found it extremely difficult always to feel my best. Now, for a year and a half, I have taken Fleischmann's Yeast daily. As a result my system functions normally, a state rare for busy American women. I have added energy and zest in living and am definitely more useful to society."

MRS. EDWARD CASTLE, Denver, Col.

"MY FACE BROKE OUT. It got so bad I was ashamed to go out the way the other fellows did. One day a friend told me to take Fleischmann's Yeast, and I started in eating from two to three cakes a day. In a short time my skin began to improve and soon my face was clear."

JAMES W. KELLY, San Bernardino, Cal.

"CONSTIPATION FORCED ME TO TAKE PURGATIVES OFTEN. The intervals gradually lessened until I was taking a purgative daily. Gas formed in my stomach in such quantities that it became both distressing and dangerous. Then I began to eat Fleischmann's Yeast. I first obtained relief from gas and finally I was able to give up medicine entirely."

J. E. WRIGHT, Dallas, Tex.

BELOW

"FROM CHILDHOOD I HAVE SUFFERED FROM STOMACH TROUBLE. I began to think my case was hopeless. At last I decided to give Fleischmann's Yeast a trial. My appetite began to improve, and now I can eat any kind of food. I can say positively that Fleischmann's Yeast has banished my stomach trouble."

BERTHA GORDON, Staten Island, N. Y.

THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system—aids digestion—clears the skin—banishes constipation.

Towers of Southern Industry

GREAT TOWERS of slender steel march Indian file up over wooded hills and down through valley fields, carrying power and light to the farms, homes and factories of the South.

The rapid increase in the production of electricity in the South, from water and steam power, is an outstanding industrial achievement of our time. It has risen more than 375% since 1912—in the rest of the country about 275%.

Cheap and abundant electricity is a magnet to modern industry. It effects economies and makes for better industrial methods.

This is one of the many advantages that are making the South a national manufacturing center—that already have made the South the textile center of America.

Railroad transportation has always been one of the cheapest things the American people buy. The charge on the Southern Railway System for hauling a car of 30 tons of freight one mile averages only 35¢.

The Development Service of Southern Railway System, Washington, D. C., will gladly aid in securing industrial locations, farms and home sites in the South.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

THE SOUTHERN SERVES THE SOUTH

(Continued from Page 74)

Versailles was false. No guilt, no reparations. Any Frenchman could see that.

The Germans had seen it first. As members of the League of Nations, they will demand a review of the guilt question, which will mean a review also of the Versailles Treaty, of reparations—everything.

The grand objects of the League of Nations as expressed in the Covenant were three: Peace, social justice, international coöperation in common well-being.

The foundations of peace were established. The means were prescribed and the measures laid down. First, frontiers were fixed—not as everyone wished, but as they might be justified and defended. They represented those facts of territorial integrity and political independence which members of the League were to respect and protect in all circumstances, and fight for if necessary. For the settlement of minor disputes there was arbitration by consent beforehand, for the judicial determination of more serious disputes there was the World Court, and for the extreme case there was the power of the Council to invoke the financial, economic and military resources of the League against one who should commit a breach of the Covenant in the form of war. And seeing that great armaments were inimical to peace—moreover, unnecessary in this scheme—the Council was formally charged in the text of the Covenant to bring about a reduction of armaments to the lowest point consistent with national safety.

Briefly, the Covenant contemplated the end of a political system under which peace, such as it was, the mere illusion of itself, had been maintained by tension, by alliances, by groups of powers balanced one against the other.

The disappointments are deep. They are completely illustrated in the Locarno Treaties. By these treaties five powers undertake to perform in a specific manner that which, in common with all other members of the League, they had already undertaken to perform in principle. Why were these specific undertakings thought necessary? The only possible answer is that these powers were unable to trust themselves to keep the principles of the League. Five powers, trusting more their own strength than that of the League of Nations. The fact is undisguised. It is written in the Locarno Treaties that they are to stand until the Council of the League, which the same powers control, shall by a two-thirds vote decide that the League itself is able to guarantee the peace of Middle Europe.

Three Parts to One Question

So long as Germany was not in the League it was natural enough for France to wish a specific guaranty of assistance in the event of another attack from Germany. That was so, since the undertaking of the League was to act in concert against a Covenant breaker, not against an outsider. But with Germany in the League, within a Covenant saying that an attack of one member of the League upon another shall be treated as an attack upon them all, why should France need or demand the specific undertaking of Great Britain to come to her aid?

So long as Germany was outside the League, there was some excuse for the armaments of France and her allies. With Germany inside the League, there is none in principle. Therefore one would think, of course, a condition of the Locarno Treaties had been a general reduction of armaments. Not so. The matter was not so much as mentioned. Under the Treaty of Versailles, Germany is still limited to an army of 100,000 men; moreover, she is forbidden forever to have any of these in the Rhineland zone, which is her own soil. France keeps her army of more than 500,000 men. Her ally, Poland, keeps an army nearly three times the size of Germany's. Czecho-Slovakia, also her ally, keeps an army larger than Germany's. And yet they have all agreed in no case to make war on one another except in self-defense or in obedience to decisions of the League of Nations.

Nor had the League of Nations either the thought or the power to say a condition of the Locarno Treaties should be a reduction or equalization of armaments. The League has done nothing toward disarmament, which was to have been its capital task, except to explore the subject and expound its difficulties.

For the one feat of disarmament accomplished since the League of Nations was founded, or since the beginning of political history, the world is indebted to the Washington Conference. There naval armaments were reduced and limited because the United States was willing to sacrifice its own supremacy. What defeats the hope of disarmament in Europe is the unwillingness of nations to yield any advantage one may already possess over another. And the principal obstructionists are the nations most heavily armed—notably France.

The problems of world peace have to be approached politically. There is yet no other way. Armaments are tokens of war and sureties of peace; war is the absence of peace. So peace, armaments and war are all one political question. It is precisely here in the sphere of politics the League of Nations has most disappointed the idealists. Its weakness as an instrument for organizing the political life of the world lies in the fact that it is European; and wherein it is European, it has the further weakness that it is bound to be dominated by the principal powers of Europe, whichever they may be.

A League of European Nations

Hitherto Great Britain and France have dominated the League. Now all writers of political science are full of speculation as to what will develop from the admission of Germany, whose economic importance is greater than that of either Great Britain or France. British writers are much concerned about what British policy should be. Generally they think Great Britain ought to maintain her friendly relations with France, provided that will be compatible with the development of friendship with Germany. Immediately upon the admission of Germany, which had entailed a reorganization of the Council of the League, serious reporters of political news began to analyze the facts in their bearing upon the alignments of power within the League, just as years ago they had treated regroupings of power by new alliances. The New York Times report was as follows:

> A glance at the composition of the new Council shows that the French groups came out exceptionally well. The action of Spain and Brazil in leaving Geneva threatened seriously to reduce the French strength in the Council, since those two nations generally voted with France on important issues. But the election of Poland, Rumania, Belgium and Czecho-Slovakia, all French allies, leaves France in a position relatively as strong as before as regards the opposite group, led by England, and even stronger if one figures that the Germans, with the Dutch, will probably be independent. France and her allies are in the position of controlling the Assembly and on most occasions the Council of the League.

When, after this, the British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs went to Italy to talk in a special manner with Mussolini, the political scientists were moved to new conjectures. What did they talk about? Was it probable that Italy, holding one of the permanent Council seats, might now begin to lean with England? If so, with what inducement?

The business of diplomacy still is what it always was. It has now an international stage on which to produce certain old effects in a more sophisticated way. The theme is the same. Backstage is the struggle for power and advantage, as before. If there is a new idea at all among European statesmen, it is the idea of Europe uniting, not in love but in necessity, to save its former economic and cultural leadership in the world. This might easily become a motivating thought strong enough to sink minor

(Continued on Page 78)

NOT ONE AMERICAN CAR LASTS AS LONG AS REO ~ NOT ONE

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PERFECTION
Oil Heaters

(Continued from Page 78)

disputes; it undoubtedly tends to promote peace in Europe; it tends at the same time to intensify the European character of the League of Nations. This already is very pronounced. There is not only its notorious preoccupation with purely European affairs; its composition is European.

On the Council are five permanent seats. Europe has four, Asia has one.

There are nine nonpermanent Council seats. Of these Europe has five, the rest of the world four. Thus the Council as a whole, permanent and nonpermanent seats together, is European nine to five.

In the Assembly, Europe has twenty-six seats, representing fewer than 350,000,000 people. Non-European countries have twenty-eight seats, representing more than 800,000,000 people.

In the personnel of the Secretariat are 291 Europeans and 26 non-Europeans.

The Governing Body of the International Labor Office is European as three to one

The bench of the World Court is European seven to four.

It is perhaps impossible for the Europeans who control it to see the League of Nations as non-Europeans see it.

An American worker said: "Imagine it! Here is a place where little Albania may rise and tell the world. That's new, and isn't it important?" He meant it was a prophylactic against the evils and dangers of the repressed national ego.

That may be so. It probably is. On the other side is the fact that the League of Nations is obliged, for political and inevitable reasons, to treat and classify nations, races and peoples in a manner mortally injurious to their pride.

China is an honorable member of the League. Her delegates command personal respect. But China's influence is nil. Recently, with classic irony, the head of the Chinese delegation rose in the Assembly to announce the fact that British gunboats had bombarded a town named Wahnsien; hundreds of innocent nationals had been killed. This, he said, was an extraordinarily serious act, intolerable under any construction of international law. He did not expect the League of Nations to do anything about it, not even to inquire. He wished merely to put a fact upon the record. And with that he sat down. The British delegates were shocked. They said it was very bad taste to speak like that, suddenly and without notice, of a thing so controversial as the Chinese question.

Nations With a Label

The League's distinctions are both explicit and implicit. That as to China is implicit. So are those as to principal powers, minor powers, states without power. They begin to be explicit where people are classified by letter, as A People, B People, C People.

After the war more than 1,000,000 square miles of the enemy's territorial possessions were to be divided. This is an area roughly equal to all the United States east of the Mississippi River. Great Britain and members of the British commonwealth took one-half. Belgium for special reasons received one-third. France got all the rest, save some North Pacific islands that fell to Japan. The United States was offered nothing; it wanted nothing, took nothing.

The taking was all right; the terms of distribution were sound according to ancient custom. The one difficulty was that a romantic sense then stirring about in the world made it inconvenient to treat this territory as spoil of war. A theory was needed.

Hence the mandate system. People in the captured territories, being too backward to stand alone, should be intrusted to the tutelage of advanced nations, acting as mandatories for the League of Nations. Three classes of mandates were created—namely: the A Mandate for people such as those of Syria and Palestine who might be tried with a kind of provisional self-government; the B Mandate for people needing to be arbitrarily governed in their own interest; and the C Mandate for people so low in the scale that the only thing possible was to treat the territory they inhabited as an integral part of Europe—that is to say, annex it. Then a Mandate Commission was created to watch the advanced nations called mandatory powers, and certain general rules were laid down; one to guarantee freedom of commerce for all members of the League in the A Mandates, and others to prohibit slave trading, forced labor except for public works and military training in the B and C Mandates. There was one exception: France insisted on the right to train soldiers for herself in the Kameruns.

All mandated people have the right to complain to the League of Nations. A study entitled the League of Nations and Mandates, issued by the Information Section of the Secretariat, says this right is a matter of course, according to the spirit of the Covenant. On the other hand, it says, "it is desirable that petitions of an obviously trivial and seditious character should in the general interest be discouraged."

One wonders what would constitute a seditious petition from a mandated people to the League of Nations. However, to discourage the same, it was decided that all petitions of mandated people to the League of Nations, complaining of how they were governed, should be sent through the power that governs them. If sent in any other way they are returned.

The Past Master Mandatory

"That procedure," says the Secretariat, "is not to curtail the right of petition"; it is only to "secure that the Mandates Section shall at the same time be in possession of the views of the Mandatory Power." Efficiency, perhaps.

The Secretariat has to be very careful what it writes, the more because it writes a great deal. Many opinions it must keep to itself. It cannot criticize. And if at times it may seem scholastic in the cause of its faith, that is nothing to hold against it.

The Mandates Commission of the League of Nations consists of eight Europeans and one Japanese. Experiences vary. France has had to shoot a great many of her mandated people—even A People, the Syrians, classified as deserving provisional self-government. The British do it better as a rule, or think they do, and are very touchy at that point. Recently they served forcible verbal notice on the Mandates Commission that it shouldn't be always prying and meddling, as if the British were new to this business, which, though you may give it a new name, is really quite old.

Although in the drama of pure politics the rôle of the League of Nations has been modified by events, and not in a way to enhance its prestige, still in other directions it has acquired importance and authority.

The second grand object was social justice. This ideal was implicit in the Covenant. In the body of the Treaty of Versailles, after the Covenant, it came to be definitely associated with the lot of workers, in the following words:

"Whereas the League of Nations has for its object the establishment of universal peace and such peace can be established only if it is based on social justice; and whereas conditions of labor exist involving such injustice, hardship and privation to large numbers of people as to produce unrest so great that the peace and harmony of the world are imperiled, and an improvement of those conditions is urgently required; as, for example, by the regulation of the hours of work, including the establishment of a maximum working day and week, the regulation of the labor supply, the prevention of unemployment, the provision of an adequate living wage, the protection of the worker against sickness, disease and injury arising out of his employment, the protection of children, young persons and women, provision for old age and injury, protection of the interests of workers when

(Continued on Page 80)

LOCOM-BILE STRAIGHT EIGHT BROUGHAM [illegible] BRIDGEPORT, CONN

UPHOLDING THE HONOR OF A GREAT NAME

FOR more than a quarter century the name, Locomobile, has stood for all that is finest and best in motor cars. The Locomobile reputation has been insured by a policy of constant experimenting, testing, and careful building. And Locomobile has been responsible for many innovations that have definitely affected and advanced the entire industry.

One of the latest achievements of Locomobile is now more than mere claim—it is automobile history. That is the Locomobile Straight Eight, a car of such eminent superiority that its popular price seems hardly possible. Yet thousands of owners have come to know the joy of possessing a great automobile that more than upholds the greatness of its great name.

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LOCOMOBILE COMPANY OF AMERICA, INC., BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT

Locomobile

THE BEST BUILT CAR IN AMERICA

(Continued from Page 78

employed in countries other than their own, recognition of the principle of freedom of association, the organization of vocational and technical education and other measures; whereas also the failure of any nation to adopt humane conditions of labor is an obstacle in the way of other nations which desire to improve the conditions in their own countries; the high contracting parties, moved by sentiments of justice and humanity as well as by the desire to secure the permanent peace of the world agree"—to establish a permanent organization for the promotion of the objects just above set forth.

The organization so created is the International Labor Office, controlled by a governing body of twenty-four persons, of whom twelve represent governments, six represent employers and six represent workers. Once a year there is a general labor conference, composed of four representatives of each member of the League. Of these four, in each case two represent the government, one the employer and one the worker. It is all very involved, with, for example, a provision that four members of the governing body shall be nominated by the four nations in the League deemed by the Council of the League to be of chief industrial importance. Further details may be waived.

The result is an international labor organization whose competence, says the World Court, extends to the regulation of the hours and conditions of labor in both industry and agriculture. It has no power of decree. In its organic book of constitution, organization and rules one finds reproduced a resolution adopted by the Commission of International Labor Legislation at the Paris Peace Conference, in which the hope is expressed that the high contracting parties will ultimately endow the international labor organization of the League of Nations with power to give its acts the force of international law; but this, of course, is looking forward.

The present procedure is as follows: The general conference formulates what is called a draft convention regulating the conditions of labor. This draft convention is submitted to all members of the League. They are not obliged to ratify it; but they are obliged to put it before their parliaments.

The effect is one of pressure. For example, if in a certain country labor has been unable to bring a piece of legislation before its own parliament, it may take its bill to the International Labor Conference and get it into the form of a draft convention. Then its government is obliged to bring it before parliament. Besides draft conventions, the International Labor Conference formulates also recommendations, and these are sent to all members of the League for their guidance and education.

Removing Temptation

There is no doubt that the International Labor Organization has had enormous influence upon the flood of advanced labor legislation that has passed over Europe. It has framed either draft conventions or recommendations on hours of labor, unemployment, protection of women before and after childbirth in both industry and agriculture, minimum age limits, child labor in agriculture, night work, the hours of bakers, rights of combination, compensation, social insurance, hours of rest, continuity of the hours of rest, settlement of disputes, and how to utilize the workers' spare time.

On the subject last named there was a recommendation, not a convention, because it was all new matter. As the eight-hour day came to be established, the workers, of course, had more leisure. Many of them were willing to work more hours for extra pay. This, in the opinion of the International Labor Conference, was bad. Still, to prohibit it in an arbitrary manner might be worse. The conference therefore recommended to the members of the League to see that wages were paid sufficient to remove from workers the temptation to earn wages in their spare time; also to make grants from the public funds for things with which to fill their spare time, such as sports, recreation facilities, gardens, baths, reading rooms and other aids to the moral, intellectual and physical development.

Within the League a conflict developed as to the area of the International Labor Organization's competence. The only workers particularly mentioned in the organic text were industrial workers. The International Labor Organization undertook to regulate the hours and conditions of labor in agriculture also. At this France protested. She did not wish her farmers to be bothered. On the other hand, the peasant class of Europe demanded the benefits of the new social justice.

One League Triumph

While France was making her protest the International Labor Organization went even further, and began to look at the methods of agricultural production with intent to improve them. France characterized this as a very great danger. Then they all went to the Permanent Court of International Justice—the World Court—with two questions: Was it within the competence of the International Labor Organization to regulate the conditions of agricultural employment, and if so, did its competence extend so far as to touch methods of production? The World Court gave a curious decision. To the first question it said yes and to the second one no. It was within the competence of the International Labor Organization to regulate the hours and conditions of labor in agriculture; it was not within the competence of the International Labor Organization to regard methods of production, nor, said the World Court, would it be within the competence of the International Labor Organization to trouble itself about methods of industrial production.

Here again the tyranny of the European point of view. The hours, wages and conditions of labor may be regulated by law. That is one thing. Production is another thing entirely. One thing is political, the other is economic. The American understanding is that they are one thing. It is the joint doctrine of American labor and American industry that the conditions of labor can be progressively improved only provided labor collaborates to increase production.

With the third grand object of the League, which was international cooperation in common well-being, the progress has been impressive. There are two reasons for this. One is that the work generally by nature has been free of politics. The other is that the Secretariat of the League is a very competent body. It may fairly boast of having ramified the League throughout the international life of the world by power of imagination, industry and helpfulness. It has amassed the largest existing body of knowledge on subjects of international interest, and is the great clearing house for new facts of that character. This is all available to members and nonmembers alike.

There was a paragraph in the Covenant saying that all international organizations then existing by treaty might place themselves under the direction of the League, and that all such organizations thereafter established by treaty should automatically pass under its direction. This refers to organizations having official status. There are many international organizations in unofficial status, privately established. These also may affiliate with the League or place themselves under its direction. Many have done so. The Secretariat registers them, gives them information and aid, and regularly publishes a bulletin on their character, work and calendars.

In one way or another it now touches 360 international organizations, having such a variety of interests as astronomy, recreation, city planning, psychology, dentistry, chemistry, feminism, botany, housekeeping, family education, Zionism, morals, music. The Secretariat naturally reserves the right to reject private applications for affiliation. Recently the unlucky landlords of Europe formed an international protective association to combat uneconomic rents and socialistic legislation affecting income from real estate. They asked the Secretariat to take them in and were disappointed.

These are unofficial—perhaps they might be called extraofficial—activities. The formal activities of the League, directed by the Secretariat, under such heads as health, humanitarian problems, social and technical questions, have an astonishing range. One thing leads to another. The Advisory and Technical Committee on Communications and Transport found so many problems that it created a number of expert subcommittees to consider them separately—passports, customs formalities, railroad time-tables, electricity in transit, port and maritime regulations, signals, ice patrol, wireless, nomenclature. One of the subcommittees deals with reform of the calendar. Its chief problem is to make a fixed Easter.

The health organization has committees on epidemics, malaria, the international sanitary code. It studies cancer, sleeping sickness, typhus, the spread of disease by international traffic routes, any menace to the health of the world. There is a regular epidemological intelligence bulletin based upon data gathered all over the world and transmitted systematically by post and wireless. There is a program of research, with one object among others, to standardize the purity of drugs and serums.

Tasks not expressly committed to the League by the Covenant, says the Secretariat, have been taken up in accordance with the general spirit of the Covenant.

The Social-Service Department

Social questions open a wide door. They are first recognized and then assigned for study to special committees. The committees formulate draft conventions which go then to the Assembly. If the Assembly adopts them they are sent to the member governments to be ratified.

The Advisory Committee on the Traffic in Women, like the Advisory and Technical Committee on Communications and Transit, discovered its field to be ever-widening—infant mortality, minds and morals, what to tell children, effect of the movies. There was a proposal that the League of Nations should undertake to censor movies for the young; that was going too far. There is a committee on slavery; it considers also forced labor, the acquisition of young girls by fictitious dowry and pledging human service for debt. The subject of obscene publications has received much attention. The conference that drew the last convention for suppressing the traffic in obscenities expressed the desire to place an international ban upon birth-control literature. This, too, would have been included with the obscene, only that some of the delegates too strenuously objected.

As an example of the kind of thing the League of Nations can do better perhaps than it was ever done before, take the Greek Refugee Settlement. The war between Turkey and Greece in 1922 caused 750,000 refugees to pour into Greece. The Greek Government was overwhelmed. Doctor Nansen, who, acting for the League, had coordinated relief work in relation to 500,000 Russian refugees scattered about Europe, was sent by the League to meet this Greek situation. It gave him money of its own and collected more from members of the League and charitable organizations. Then it turned its mind to a permanent solution and evolved a scheme of productive, self-sustaining refugee settlements, principally in Macedonia. A commission was created to carry out the idea; at the head of it was placed first Mr. Morgenthau and then Mr. Howland, both Americans. The commission built 35,000 houses, besides distributing 129,000 head of livestock, wagons, implements and seed.

A Doctor for Finances

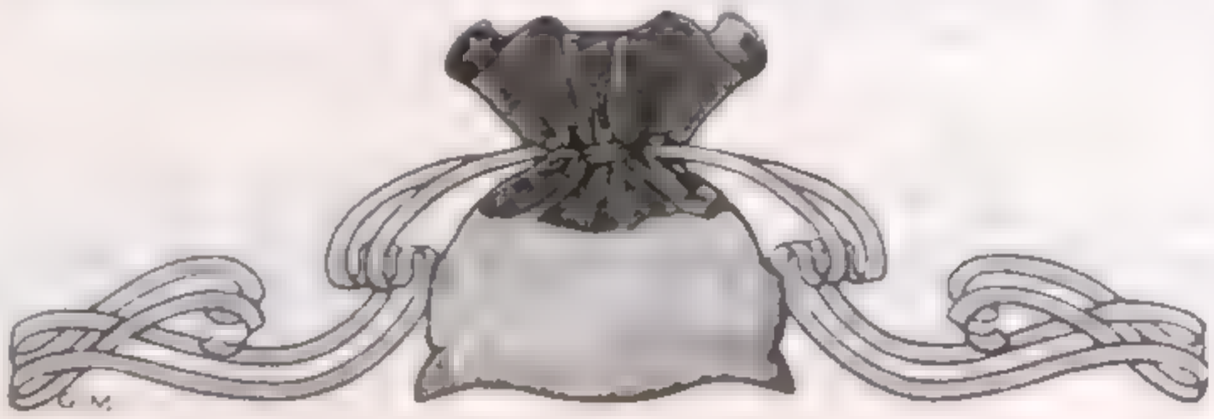
"A traveler in Macedonia today," says the Secretariat, "can measure the extent of the work accomplished. Amid the vast once-deserted plains and in the wide uncultivated fields, where nothing was to be seen but occasional herds led by nomad shepherds, villages have sprung up bustling with life, with large and well-designed streets and simple but sanitary cottages and busy shops, where the rural artisans, the locksmith, the blacksmith and the farrier have courageously resumed work. Around these small centers are fields covered with wheat and barley, others sown with cotton or tobacco, and beyond them the vineyards and all the other newly established forms of cultivation." Lyrical in the description, but a fine work.

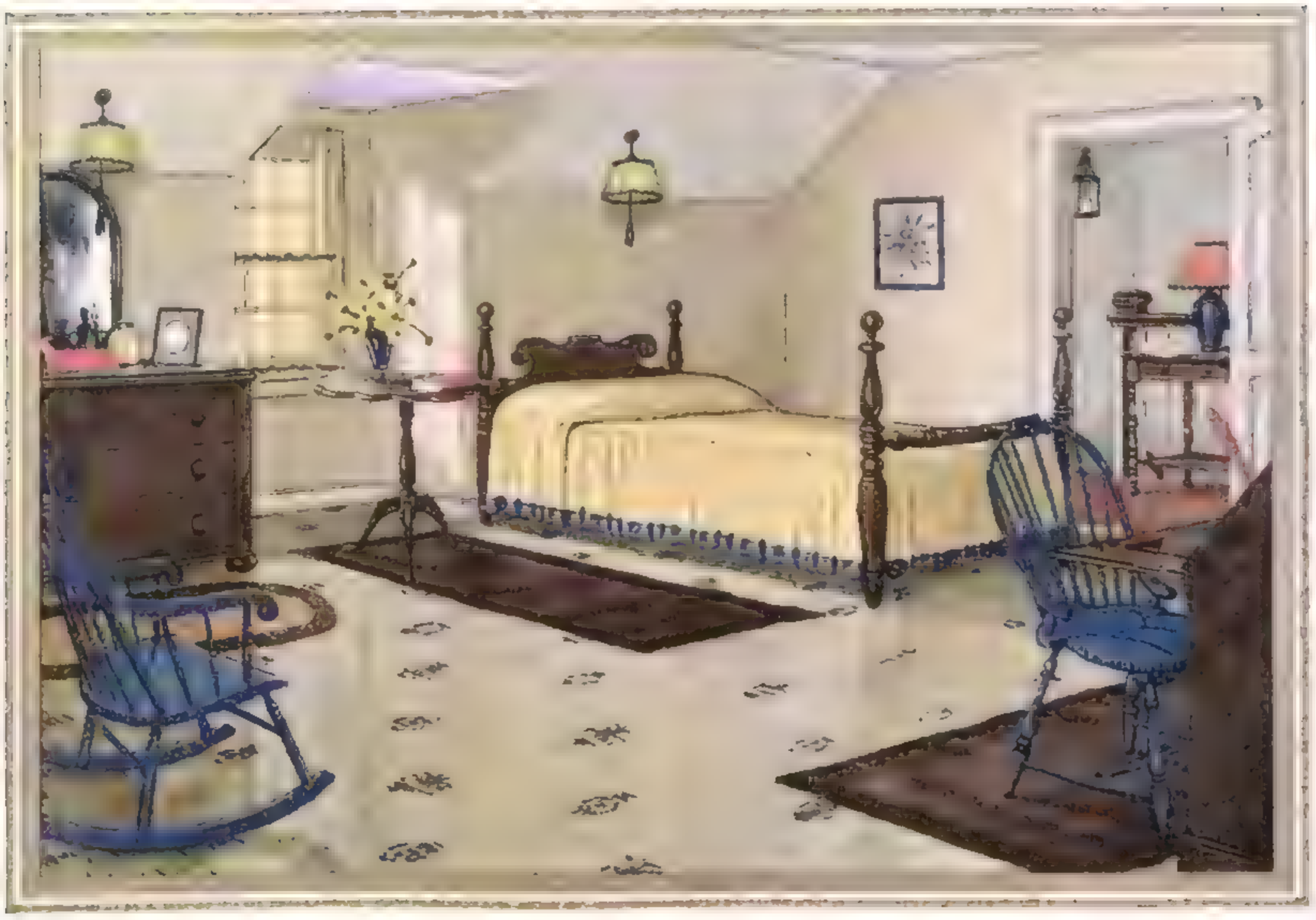
For another illustration take the financial reconstruction of Austria. A very interesting achievement. Austria was desperately ill from monetary inflation. The only known cure for that disease requires that the patient shall be made apparently much worse before he can get better. A weak government does not dare apply that cure. The Austrian Government put itself in the hands of the League. Thereupon bankers were willing to lend Austria money, sure that it would be used for curative purposes. The League put a commission in charge. People were made worse off for a time; they could blame the League. In a short while they were much better off and had the League to thank. Austria now is solvent and on her own again.

The League has undertaken also to organize the intellectual life of the world. There is a committee for that purpose, under the chairmanship of Monsieur Bergson, the French philosopher. Professor Einstein belongs, and there is an American member. The Secretariat says:

"The general organization of intellectual life has been promoted by the formation of a number of national committees for intellectual coöperation, working closely in touch with the international committee. The committee has kept in close touch with existing international organizations, and in the same general effort at coördination has created an International University Information Office. . . . One of the first essentials for all intellectual coöperation is the international organization of scientific documentation, particularly bibliography. The rapid and regular exchange of scientific information, particularly in the form of brief extracts, is necessary so that scientists may be kept informed at regular intervals of new publications and discoveries."

Everything knowable may in time become known—even why the waters of the Rhone change color at Geneva and why the values of peace have not utterly destroyed the thought of war.





Look for the CIRCLE A trade-mark on the burlap back

Ⓐ

Once an attic—now a cosy guest room. The floor is Armstrong's Printed Linoleum No. 8393

Have you a pretty room hidden in your attic?

One that needs but an inexpensive floor of Armstrong's Printed Linoleum to start you planning a smart guest room?

"OH, put that old chair in the attic"—and another worn-out "heirloom" goes to its last resting-place

It seems wasteful to use a space as large as all your upstairs rooms put together just for storing old things. But what else is it good for, with its unfinished, dust-collecting floor of gaping boards?

The room you see pictured above once had such a floor. It took more imagination than money to change that floor. In fact, the new floor of Armstrong's Printed Linoleum cost so little that the careful housewife wondered whether it would really look and wear well. That was five years ago.

Today the floor is still as bright as new. Once or twice a year it is varnished to protect the pretty printed matting design. It is quickly cleaned with a damp mopping. With a floor so bright and sunny, is it any wonder that this one-time attic is now the favorite guest room in the house?

What is Armstrong's Printed Linoleum?

The picture can show you only that a floor of Armstrong's Printed Linoleum is a pretty floor, one that may well be considered a correct foundation for an attractive room. But a visit to your local furniture or linoleum store will tell you other important facts about these low-priced floors of modern beauty.

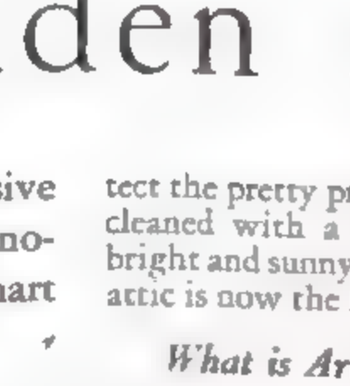
You will see that Armstrong's Printed Linoleum has a heavy burlap back just the same as Armstrong's Inlaid Linoleum. It is springy, too, and makes a warm, quiet floor. Why? Because it is made of genuine cork linoleum of a quality equal to any that bears the Armstrong Circle A trade-mark.

Now examine the colors closely They are clear, full-toned, and combined in pleasing good taste Every design—there are scores to choose from—is the work of an expert colorist.

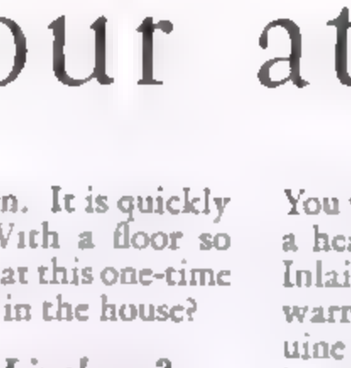
What is the price of such a floor? Surprisingly little. For an average size room, say 10 x 14 ft., no more than $14 to $18, laying extra. And it lasts for years and years.

Decorator will help you

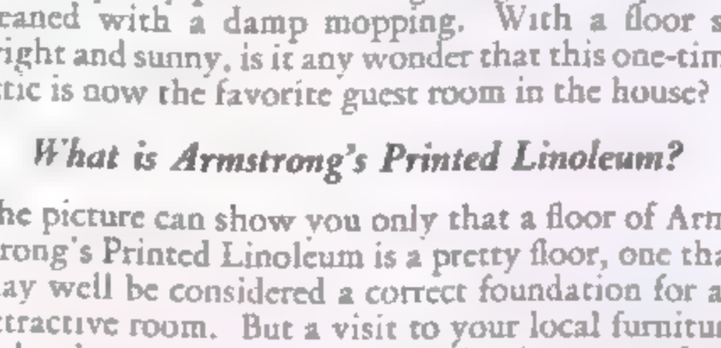
Hazel Dell Brown, in charge of our Bureau of Interior Decoration, will help you plan home decoration so that you can have prettier rooms—*and prettier floors*—without spending a lot of money. Her new book, "The Attractive Home—How to Plan Its Decoration," tells how to secure this free personal service. This 24-page, illustrated book also contains many practical hints for the home decorator, and a "Decorator's Data Sheet." Sent anywhere in the United States for 10 cents. Address Armstrong Cork Company, Linoleum Division, 826 Liberty Street, Lancaster, Pa



Left—Moulded inlaid design No. 5441.



Right—Printed tile pattern No. 8085.

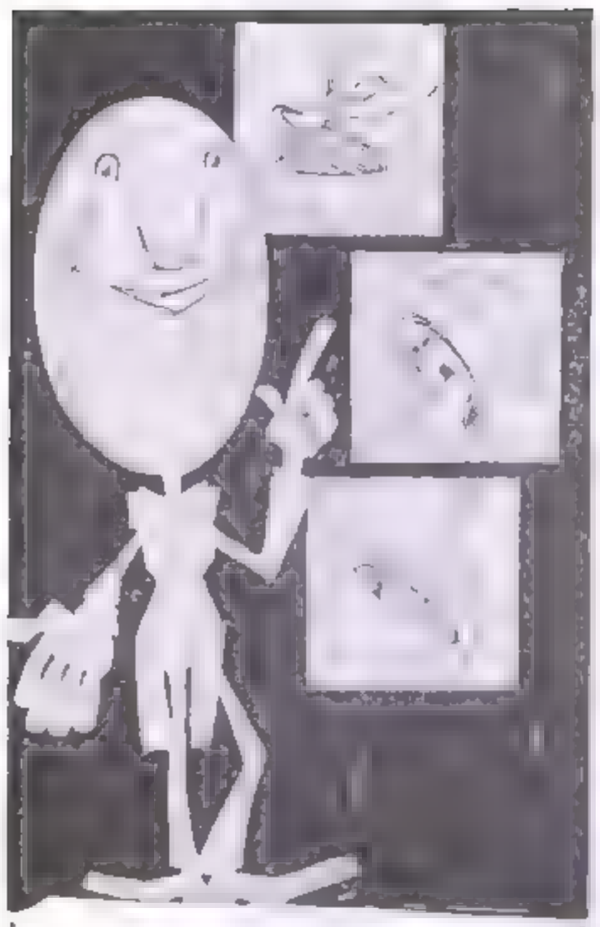


Another pretty room discovered hidden under the eaves. The floor is Armstrong's Printed Linoleum (Pattern No. 8394) in spirit with quaint wall paper and old-fashioned furniture.

Armstrong's Linoleum

PLAIN ~ JASPÉ ~ INLAID ~ PRINTED

FOR EVERY FLOOR IN THE HOUSE



Three Times More Useful!

TO every user of bottled milk, a bottle cap that is three times more useful means a saving in time in removing the cap; a saving in money in that there is no waste, no spilling of good top cream; a saving in energy because there is no opener to look for and no mess to clean up.

These exclusive features account for the immense popularity of Sealright Pouring-Pull Milk Bottle Caps, which provide:

1. A safe, clean way of quickly removing cap—just lift the tab and pull.
2. A safe, clean way of pouring without spilling, thru opening in cap.
3. A more healthful way of drinking milk by inserting straw thru cap opening.

Clean - Safe - Economical

If your dairyman doesn't use Sealright Pouring-Pull Caps, send us his name and we will send him samples.

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Keep the Goodness In—
and the Fingers Out!

SEALRIGHT
Pouring-Pull
Milk Bottle Caps

TWO OF A TRADE

(Continued from Page 40

.ine. You must work hard and become a great physician. Maybe I can help."

"That's what ma says. High-toned gentlemen like you always helps a boy an' sets him good example."

"Good example!" Crow winced as he repeated it, then rose and said, "Come along, Ranny; let me show you over this boat."

The ramparts of Vicksburg now lay thirty miles behind. While Gideon Hodge wandered from one poker table to another, watching their games, Jud Brill was about to have a fit, then rushed up to the hurricane deck, where Crow and Ranny were descending from the pilot house. At the foot of the steps Jud brushed close to his partner and whispered, "Better 'tend to Hodge right now. He's itchin'."

The gambler nodded, yet gave all attention to Ranny, who stopped and again unfastened the big brass pin that secured his pocket.

"Wait a minute, mister, before we go down where all those folks are. Please keep this for me."

"But, Ranny," Crow protested as he accepted the meager purse, "aren't you afraid, trusting your money this way to a stranger?"

"No, sir-ree! I'd trust you with anything."

Single-minded Jud could not comprehend. He realized that Crow was sometimes queer, had whims, and indulged them. Yet if a sucker with fifty thousand dollars keeps begging for a game, any professional should be willing to accommodate him. Nevertheless, when Crow went downstairs with Ranny, and Hodge tackled him again, the gambler postponed their game until after supper. No wonder Jud failed to understand his partner.

Unsuspected by Jud or Crow, the silent Riverhead glowered at this fool who clamored to be parted from his money. Riverhead sat to one side and spoke no word. He rarely spoke. Less chivalric than a rattlesnake, he always struck without warning, relied upon surprise and the quickness of his weapons.

Being well seasoned in gambling strategy, the upriver sport placed his own construction on Crow's tactics, thought that Crow was merely tantalizing the sucker, whetting Hodge's appetite, making him rabid so he'd fall hard. So cleverly was this done that Riverhead heard little Ranny say, "You don't want to gamble, mister? I knew you wasn't that kind of man."

"How did you know that I was not a gambler?" Crow questioned with a singular sort of smile.

"Just felt it. Ma says that children and dogs never pick out a bad man. There's old Bulger, our dog. Bulger knows folks. One time a tramp started in our gate and scared me. Bulger goes to him and wags his tail. Then I knew that the tramp must be all right. Ma fed him and he took sick in our shed room. Then ma and me nursed him. He told ma he didn't have any money, but some day he'd pay her. And, mister, he did—certainly did. Next summer that same tramp came back in a buggy, all dressed up, and paid ma every cent. Fetched her a new dress besides. Brought me a knife. Yes-sir, mister, ma believes that dogs and children always knows what's what."

While Crow still chuckled at the child's philosophy, Mr. Hodge returned and insisted upon trying a few hands at poker. Then, to Jud Brill's amazement, Crow answered that he was not going to play at all, at the same time giving Jud the signal which meant "Drop this sucker." Drop Hodge! Fifty thousand dollars slipped through their fingers. Disgustedly, the capper whirled and strode away.

Although Jud realized that Crow was in earnest, Riverhead did not believe it. Incredible! The upriver gambler glanced around. Hodge was out of hearing, rambling about in the cabin, so Riverhead seized his chance to choke off a rival. Little Ranny saw Riverhead approaching. The child hushed, slid from his chair and departed. Boys and dogs know what's what.

Crow and Riverhead were vastly different. Crow, strikingly handsome, attracted instant attention, and held it if he chose. On the contrary, Riverhead possessed no superficial personality. He could efface himself to a nonentity and pass unnoticed, one of the strongest cards in his pack. Now he rose and went toward Crow, a movement that was neither careless nor casual, but with a de.iberate purpose.

Crow glanced up inquiringly at this passenger to whom he had hitherto paid no heed. "Will you have a seat, sir?"

Riverhead sat down as if the chair and the boat and the world belonged to him, and spoke abruptly: "Crow, you've got to keep hands off of Hodge."

Not a quiver of astonishment glittered in Crow's dense eyes. An impassive poker face served him well. Yet the dainty gesture with which he flicked the ash from his cigar would have told Jud Brill that Crow was roused.

"I beg your pardon, sir"—his words came in a perilous drawl—"but I have not the honor ——"

"I am called Riverhead."

Riverhead? A word identified him. No blackleg in America could hear that name without recalling his gory record. He said Riverhead much as a feudal duke might have mentioned "Northumberland" to identify his domains. For Riverhead owned the upper stretches of the river. They were his by right of conquest, his by right of possession, his by removal of whoever blundered into his way. Crow was well aware of this. Every card sharp along the Mississippi knew it.

For one swift moment Crow's eye measured his antagonist, while negligently shifting a cigar from the left hand to the right, a maneuver which brought his right hand to his lips, within an inch of the knife that nestled underneath his vest. Gracefully, Crow leaned nearer, in position to strike before his adversary could draw a weapon.

"Riverhead"—the voice came in deceptively gentle tones—"there is no need for us to quarrel."

"Sartain. I don't stand for quarrelin'. No back talk. None whatever."

"Precisely." Crow's cigar was at his lips, his fingers touched the knife. "We need not quarrel. You mean to force a fight upon me. Let it be now."

"No. I never shoots unless a feller does something I don't like. So you let Hodge alone. I've been nursin' that sucker for two weeks. He's mine."

Having issued his ultimatum, Riverhead arose and sauntered into the cabin. Crow did not rise, only gave his chair a twist so as to front the doorway by which the desperado had disappeared and avoid being shot in the back.

There Crow sat until grouchy Jud came shuffling out.

If a face were a fortune, Jud Brill would be a millionaire. His bland and semi-stupid countenance must have made any capper rich.

Behind a visage of simplicity, however, Jud was very far from being anybody's fool. A fool couldn't hold his job as partner to Crow. No apparent signal passed between them, yet Jud understood that he must report at once to Crow's quarters.

"Riverhead!" The capper leaned against Crow's bunk and gasped when his partner told him. "Riverhead? On the Reliance? I'm scared o' that fellow."

"You? Scared?"

"Sartain. I am scared o' Riverhead. He's a coward; acts friendly and plugs you in the back. Them kind o' fellers is dangersome."

"Yes," Crow agreed, "that's his reputation—treacherous."

"He's wuss'n his rep. Men dassent breathe half they know. What are we goin' to do?"

As a rule the chief did their thinking and laid all plans; nevertheless Jud now took the lead by a positive assertion: "'Tain't but two things to do—kill him or quit."

"Yes, I might let him make a break, and shoot first."

"Too risky. Riverhead never travels without a pair o' bullies that keep dark behind him. He's got 'em now, on this boat, and I must find out who they are. Crow, I hated for you to drop Hodge. He ain't honest. We ought to have his money."

"We've got to get his money, in spite of Riverhead."

"Crow"—moon-faced Jud sat down bewildered, took off his wide-brimmed hat and mopped a freckly head—"Crow, you's got me plumb flustrated. Jest a minute ago, when Hodge was eatin' out o' your hand, and nobody to hinder, you motioned me to drop him, and kept on gabbling with that boy."

"Oh! The boy! I forgot him."

"What's he got to do with this job?"

Crow's fine eyes darkened. He bent his head, with slender fingers combing his long black hair. Presently he glanced up. "Jud, it would be worse than murder for me to kill the faith of that child."

The capper's expression emptied, became a complete vacuum, and Crow realized that he might as well be talking Greek. Yet to his loyal partner was due an explanation.

"That little chap believes that I'm a gentleman, honorable, setting an honest example to boys. Here's his purse; he gave it to me to keep. Jud, I can't let him know I'm a common gambler—can't and won't."

The capper fumbled his hat and stared, crushed his hat in two powerful hands and stared some more. Of all the crack-brained crotchets!

"For a man as smart as you is, Crow, does you mean to tell me ——"

Suddenly Jud shut up. He knew better than to argue, and changed his tune: "I figgers that we've got ourselves in a tight box, danglin' 'twixt hell and high water. Can't gamble and can't back down from Riverhead."

"We'll have to call his bluff."

"'Tain't no bluff. He means it."

"So do I." Crow sprang up alert, as if he were going into action. "Find out who his bullies are. Then I'll do something quick."

"Three toddies for Alabama." Well past midnight, a negro waiter sang out these words to the barkeeper, four words which electrified Crow and led to what happened. For hours and hours before, he had been trying to think, a negligent, lounging figure with every faculty on edge, and doubtful until this grinning cabin boy furnished him a clew.

Nonchalant as Crow appeared, his nimble mind had flashed across every ruse and stratagem he knew, short of killing. He didn't want to kill. A surrender to Riverhead meant that he must abandon the Mississippi, and Crow loved its quiet stretches, its majestic bends, the sunset glories along its water and the placid stars that shone by night. All these—the vibration of the boat, the tinkle of chandeliers, the coming and going of motley river folk—all these were foil and background to a thrilling occupation. No, he could not be driven from this river.

In his own way Jud Brill also loved the Mississippi, clung to it as tenaciously as a crawfish clings to the bait; which made him more persistent in searching out the bodyguard of Riverhead. With the advantage of being himself under cover, he soon identified a tall, black-garbed fellow who might have been taken for a lawyer, and a squat hairy-armed brute.

(Continued on Page 87)

CHRYSLER
"50" "60" "70" "80"

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MEAN MILES PER HOUR

CHRYSLER "50"—$750
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Finest of Fours

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Coupe, $750; Roadster, $750 (rumble seat extra); Coach, $780; Sedan, $830; f. o. b. Detroit. Subject to current Federal excise tax

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No Comparison is Possible

Your own eyes and ears will tell you, a demonstration will prove to you—should you attempt to compare the Chrysler "60" with the ordinary light six—that comparison is out of the question.

So unmistakable is its departure from ordinary six performance standards—in smoothness of operation, in roadability and riding comfort, in pliability of power, in response to steering wheel and throttle—you cannot fail to characterize the Chrysler "60" as other than unique in its field.

NEW LOWER PRICES

Touring Car, $1075; Roadster, (with rumble seat), $1175; Club Coupe, $1125; Coach, $1145; Sedan, $1245; f. o. b. Detroit. Subject to current Federal excise tax

The Supreme Expression of Chrysler Standardized Quality

The Chrysler plan of Quality Standardization differs from, and is superior to, ordinary manufacturing practice and methods, because it demands fixed and inflexible quality standards which enforce the same scrupulously close limits—the same rigid rule of engineering exactness—the same absolute accuracy and precision of alignment and assemblage—in the measurement, the machining and the manufacturing of every part, practice and process in four lines of Chrysler cars—"50", "60", "70", and Imperial "80"—so that each individual car shall be the Supreme Value in its own class.

Sedan $895—Special Sedan $945
f. o. b. Detroit

A STORY IN NUT SHELLS

Review again a few of those well known slogans which Dodge Brothers have published on the Nation's billboards during the past eleven years—

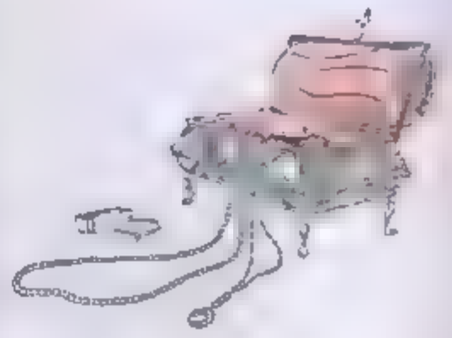
A Good Name
Dependable
Dollar for Dollar
Long Life
World-Wide Good Will
Better Than Ever

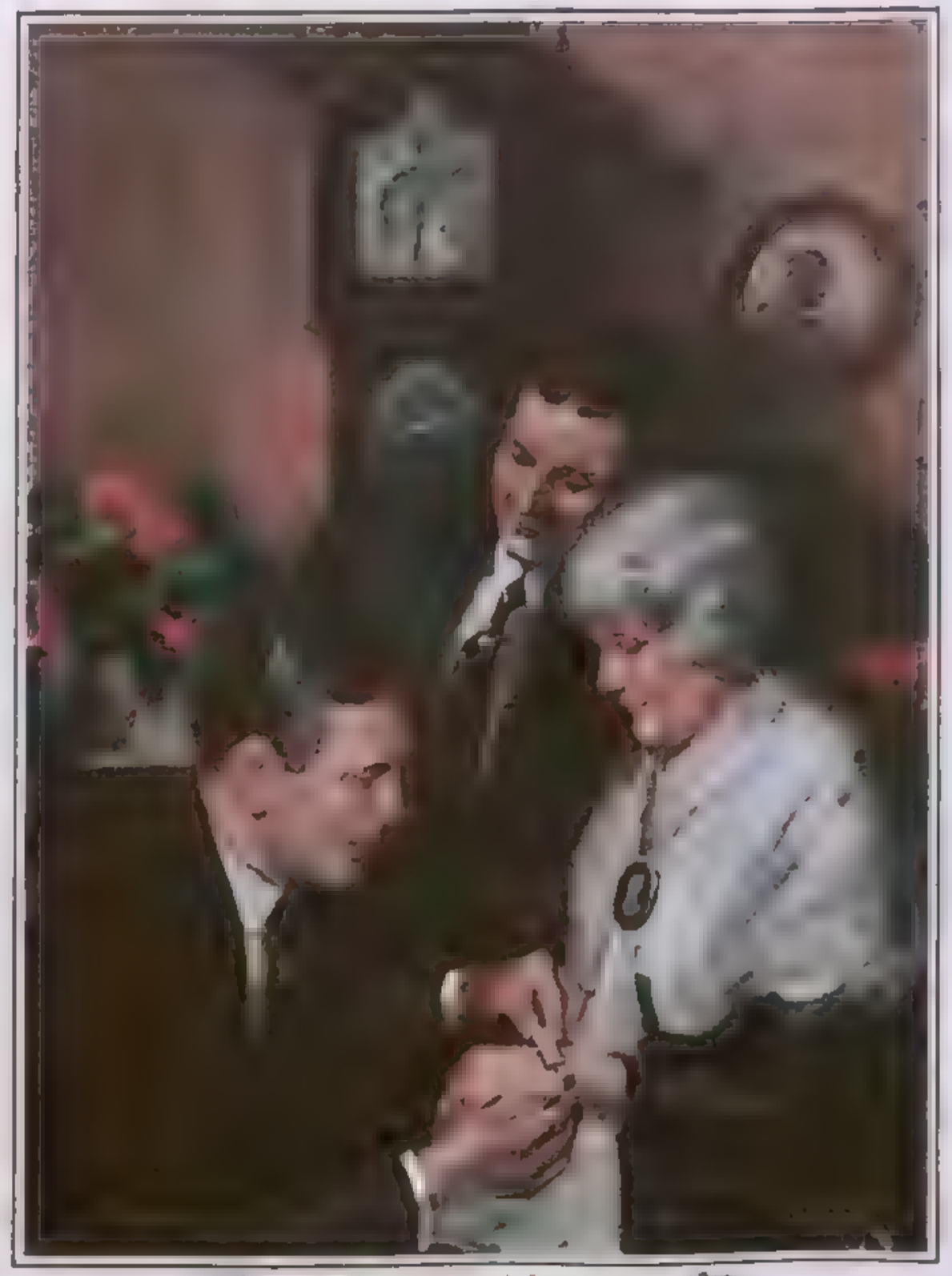
To build a product of which these things can truthfully be said, is a record of which any great organization might well be proud.

And it explains the implicit faith that millions everywhere repose in the integrity of Dodge Brothers and in the goodness of the motor cars they build.

DODGE BROTHERS, INC. DETROIT
DODGE BROTHERS (CANADA) LIMITED
TORONTO, ONTARIO

That gift Mother has secretly longed for all these years





Jewels of Moments

The treasure house of beautiful and useful GIFTS

No Wonder the enchanted aisles of the jewelry store represent, to all of us, a land of Dreams Come True. This entrancing treasure house is heaped high with beautiful gifts that serve a *practical* purpose. Here you'll find the one perfect present for each name on your list. Your jeweler has a selection for every purse, every person, every personality.

This year let's do something different. . . . .

Instead of commonplace things, suppose we give Mother something really beautiful; something that sparkles with the very spirit of Christmas; something from the Jewelry Store!

Mark this Christmas in Mother's memory. When other presents are long forgotten, your jeweled gift will remain a treasured token that will bring enduring happiness through all the coming years.

The pleasure of planning the purchase—the joy of the actual selection—is doubled when we hear her say, as Mothers have been saying for uncounted ages, "How in the world did you know just what I wanted!"

for GIFTS THAT LAST

Consult your Jeweler

(Continued from Page 82)

"Good!" Crow received his accurate report. "I'll crimp those bullies."

When supper was over, four poker games immediately reorganized, two in front of the barkeeper's window, two in front of the clerk's window. At the rear of the long cabin sat the ladies with their fancy work. Husbands strolled to and fro, smoking, talking, some playing. As night wore on these groups began to thin. Ranny went to bed at chicken time, gleefully climbing into his upper bunk. Hodge seemed to grow more and more restless, craving excitement, eager to gamble. And as Crow refused to play, he finally sat in at the two-bit limit. The players were local people, and Crow felt sure that his sucker would not get hurt. Presently Riverhead took a vacant seat at the defaulter's left. Insufferably insolent, he turned to Crow and remarked, "Not playing? You have followed my advice."

"I prefer to look on."

From seven o'clock until midnight nothing unusual broke the routine of steamboat travel. Every lady had disappeared. The rear of the white-and-gold cabin was now deserted. One by one the idlers retired. Presently Hodge wearied of a spiritless game, rose a few dollars loser and went to his room.

After failing in every trick to land his sucker, Riverhead also stopped playing and vanished behind his stateroom door, Alabama, Number 22. Up to this point Crow had frequently noticed the understrappers whom Jud had pointed out—a tall legal-appearing person and a dumpy broad-shouldered fellow. Neither of them had played, but upon Crow's attention being directed to them, he observed that one or the other always kept within easy call of Riverhead.

The games dwindled. Crow still sat smoking, planning, irresolute, when that negro waiter leaned across the bar and ordered, "Three toddies for Alabama."

Crow's mind leaped. "Alabama?" he thought. "Riverhead's stateroom. He's ordering drinks. His bullies are with him." To assure himself, Crow sauntered out on the guards, strolled about, searched everywhere. Neither of Riverhead's bravos was in sight. They must be in the room.

Back into the cabin he moved carelessly, and watched the waiter, carrying three glasses on his tray. At Riverhead's door the negro stopped and rapped. That room lay to the extreme rear of the cabin, almost beyond earshot of the poker tables. From such a distance Crow could not be sure he caught the click of a key, but the negro paused long enough to convince him that Riverhead's door was kept locked.

With a sleepy yawn, again Crow strolled outside, and glanced around the deserted deck. Nobody there. He examined his pistols, made certain that the knife rested lightly in its scabbard, then turned, and with less noise than a slinking panther he passed along the outer guards. Step by step Crow went until he came to Alabama. At its door he crouched and listened to mutterings within. They were conferring together, Riverhead and his bullies.

Nobody had missed him from the poker tables, when Crow returned and sat down again in such position that his eye commanded the Alabama door. How would he get in? To go himself and knock would put Riverhead on notice. They'd ask "Who's that?" and the door would remain fastened. If Crow crashed through its flimsy boards, the poker players would hear and swarm in a mob. Yet he must get into Alabama and surprise the three. Everything depended upon their being taken unawares.

An old French adage says, "No woman takes one lover." None or many is the cynical belief. And few men ever take a single drink. Crow waited. Presently the negro came again, spun a silver dollar on the bar and called, "Three mo' toddies."

The barkeeper crushed sugar in the glasses, twisted sprays of mint, poured water and stirred the ice. The toddies were nearly ready, when Crow got up and stretched. This time, however, he did not pass out by the front, but slouched around a corner of the bar, beyond the barkeep's line of vision or sight of the gamesters. There he waylaid the negro. Anybody else would have stampeded a skittish black, startled him into an outcry. Crow did not. What first caught the waiter's eye was a ten-dollar bill—nothing to frighten a cabin boy.

"Little joke. Friends." Crow winked.

So the negro traded a tinkle of toddies for a crinkle of bank notes.

The tray proved its value. As Crow, with shuffling steps to imitate a negro, approached the Alabama door, he made his glasses rattle. A tempting jingle of ice preceded his rap; and no man is overinquisitive concerning the hand that brings his mint toddy. A small table stood beside the door. On this Crow deposited the tray, clattered a spoon against the glass, then stood with both hands free, waiting for the door to be opened.

Surprise counted for everything. The thirsty trio within had heard his well-heralded approach, and gave prompt admission, scarcely pausing in their low-pitched conversation. Then, instead of an amiable black face, Crow confronted them with blazing eyes.

Dumfounded by such a menacing apparition, Riverhead took the worst possible action. He retreated, crowding backward upon his men, forcing them into a helpless mass against the outer door. Jammed together, they stared upon their attacker, who stood at ease, master of himself as well as of them. Never had Riverhead made war until he arranged every advantage. Nor could he conceive of Crow being so cocksure without an overpowering force behind him. The tyrant flickered, thinking he would be served as he had served many another. Automatically his hands went up.

"Be still, gentlemen," Crow gave quiet warning, then frowned to hear the stealthy turning of a knob. The squat brute was trying to unlock their outer door and escape.

"Stop!" Crow ordered. "You'd better not stampede through that door. Some friends of mine on the guards might get nervous and shoot. Ah! Better!"

At sight of six hands in the air, he smiled approvingly, then spoke to Riverhead.

"I called in to say that we have decided to let Mr. Hodge alone."

"That's all right. 'Tain't no use for hard feelin'." Riverhead's dry tongue stuck in his mouth.

"Hush!" Crow silenced him. "Listen! Your crowd must drop Hodge too. If you had told us decently that you were already trailing that sucker, we should have recognized your right. Instead of that you tried to bully us."

Riverhead did not relish the complacent air with which Crow said "us." "Us" might mean a dozen fighters. The panicky bravos behind their leader never stirred. In a tense unbreathing stillness they could hear the poker players and the clink of silver at the front, yet missed no syllable of what Crow was saying.

"Gentlemen, if I should be shot in the back, if I should accidentally fall overboard, if anything unpleasant occurs to me, not one of you can leave this boat alive. Nobody will ever know who killed you."

"We don't aim to hurt you." Riverhead's teeth showed yellow as he tried to smile.

"Shut up!" Crow snapped. "Your word isn't good for a counterfeit picayune. And allow me the further suggestion—don't risk your carcasses ashore in New Orleans. That's our town. Good night."

Mockingly, Crow stepped backward into the cabin, when his eye fell upon the abandoned tray of toddies.

"I beg your pardon," he apologized, and handed them in. "Drink hearty, gentlemen. Drink to my continued good health."

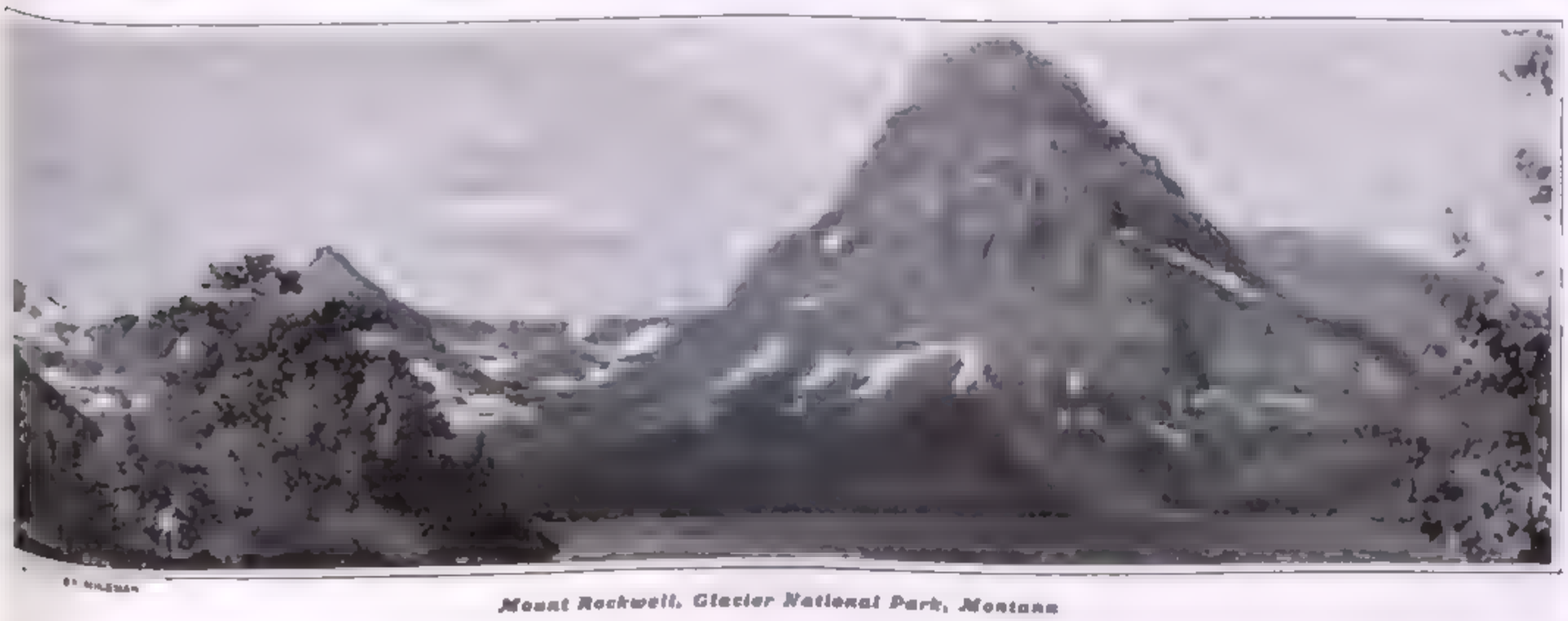
For the next two days Jud Brill's stolid features showed no sign of jubilation, though a stifled laughter rollicked around his insides. Every time he glanced at Riverhead, his paunch shook like a jolly old jellyfish. It tickled Jud up and down his back to see how effectively Crow had pumped the fear of hell into that gang of cutthroats. They no longer pretended to be strangers, and huddled together like three sheep watching everybody, dreading that half the men around them were wolves of a hostile pack.

When the Reliance dropped her stage plank on the Levee at New Orleans, Crow and Ranny, with the anxious Mr. Hodge, came out together from the cabin. Other passengers went crowding down the stairway, yet Riverhead and his brace of bullies made no move to leave the boat.

"Ah!" Crow paused in passing and spoke to the sullen trio. "You remain on board for the return trip? Very wise, gentlemen, very wise."

The scowling Riverhead turned away his eyes of hate and Crow brushed nearer to him with a parting whisper: "I shall take excellent care of your friend Mr. Hodge. He'll be thoroughly entertained—thoroughly."

Then Jud Brill couldn't help it; he roared out; for Jud well knew what happened to all defaulters when Crow initiated them into the mysteries of New Orleans.



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Save 1/3 of your fuel this winter

and have continuous heating comfort

WITH Hoffman Vacuum Valves on radiators you enjoy just the right house temperature to meet outside weather conditions. Hot steam for bitter cold days. Warm steam for mild days.

Hoffman Vacuum Valves make this wonderful improvement on any one-pipe steam system, new or old, because they keep out The Heat Thief—AIR. This means quicker heat in radiators and they will hold their heat much longer after fires are banked.

Users of these valves claim an average fuel saving of one-third of their previous heating costs.

Send this coupon for an intensely interesting book "Locking the Door Against the Heat Thief."

Make this test

PUT a Hoffman No. 2 Vacuum Valve on your worst radiator and notice the immediate improvement. You can obtain Hoffman No. 2 Vacuum Valves at your neighborhood Heating and Plumbing Shop.

HOFFMAN VACUUM VALVES

LOCK OUT THE HEAT THIEF-AIR

HOFFMAN SPECIALTY COMPANY, INC.
Dept. 011, 25 West 45th Street, New York City

The house I occupy has steam heat. Send me the booklet, "Locking the Door Against the Heat Thief."

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FIFTY BODY STYLES AND TYPES
FIVE HUNDRED COLOR COMBINATIONS

The longer an owner of one of the great new line of Cadillac cars drives his automobile, the more he realizes why the public today calls upon Cadillac to produce two out of every three cars manufactured at or above its price.

Any comparison which he may desire to make only deepens his satisfaction with his Cadillac as an investment value, and with its superiority in every phase of luxurious and dependable transportation.

His regard for Cadillac, the motor car, widens to embrace Cadillac the institution, when he considers how Cadillac has individualized its cars so that *his* particular car may meet his requirements down to the last, smallest detail of appearance and convenience.

He is quite likely to feel a personal interest and pride in the fact that this car, and Cadillac's unprecedented program of 50 Body Styles and Types and 500 Color and Upholstery Combinations, fittingly crowns Cadillac's twenty-fifth year.

NEW 90 DEGREE

CADILLAC

DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

THE QUICKIE

(Continued from Page 7)

as the censors will stand for it. Then the rescue! American flag! Then the wedding at the swellest church in Los, and fade out on the bride and groom in their car returning to the Bancroft mansion. How does she listen?"

"Perfectly wonderful, Alan," I answered. "That sort of stuff will sell itself. But can you shoot it all on four thousand dollars?" I asked, with a lift of the eyebrows.

"Watch me!" he exploded, and I'm bound to say I was impressed with his confidence.

III

BUT during the entire telling of Alan's story, one-half of my mind was busy wondering who was to play the part of Olga.

The intimate relationship between a director and his leading lady is enough to cause the third corner of the triangle a lot of worry, and I'll admit I was worried.

Well, Alan had no more than finished talking when, from the balcony above and behind me, I suddenly heard a little child's voice, "'Low, Al-an! 'Low, Bob-bie! When do we begin shoot-ing?"

"Come on down, Babe," called Alan, blushing. "I want you to meet somebody," and turning around, I looked up into the childish face of a baby that had stopped nursing at least twenty years ago.

"All wightie," she burbled, and then she came mincing down the stone steps with the shy insouciance of chaste and innocent maidenhood.

"Joan," said Alan, as the bisque doll stood before us, "I want you to meet Miss Gloria Gorgeous, our leading lady. Gloria, this is Miss Girard, my cutter."

"My cutter!" I could have slapped Alan. I was breathless. But not so Miss Gorgeous.

"Isn't Alan a dear to give me this chance?" she lisped. "I used to tell mamma that if I only had courage and would just fight, fight, fight, some day I would get my big opportunity." She looked about as belligerent as a malted-milk sundae. "And now Alan is giving it to me. Mamma and I both think that Alan will be the greatest director in Hollywood. Don't you, Miss Jordan?"

"Girard," corrected Alan, thus relieving me of the necessity of replying. "You know, Joan," he went on, somewhat embarrassed, "Gloria came from Cedar Rapids with her mother a year ago, but has had very hard luck getting into pictures. Casting directors have their favorites and—well, I've got very well acquainted with Gloria and her dear little mother, and I've decided to give her a real chance. I'm sure she will go over, for she can act very well."

"I believe it," I answered with a smile, and the compliment was accepted without question.

"Oh, Alan, I think you are a perfect dear to believe in me so. My, won't it be fun?" and the embryonic star snuggled up close to the star maker and put her arm around his waist in that spirit of friendly comradery so popular among the lesser lights of movieland.

That night I did not sleep well.

"For the love of Mike, Joan. What's the matter with you? Are you in a jam on your picture already?" shot Hazel Drake from her bed on the screen porch, when she saw me lying fully dressed at midnight, with all the lights burning.

"It's Alan's leading lady," I answered without looking up.

"A wax face?" she asked.

"Worse. A pinhead. And the simile is a mean swat at pins."

"Who is she and what's her notoriety?"

"She calls herself Gloria Gorgeous."

"Never heard of the dame. Her real name's probably Ollie Gatz. What's she like?"

"Like all the seven thousand others. Baby eyes, baby skin, baby hair and baby talk. We have two hundred of them right in this block."

"But mebbe she's got it. One in every two hundred or so has."

"It nothing!" I exploded. "She's one of these knock-kneed little fluffs who, if she really had to light out and run, would break all her basting stitches and fall apart."

"What does Alan see in her?" asked Hazel, rolling over to avoid the light. "Can she act? Once in a while they can, you know."

"To tell the truth, I think Alan likes her a whole lot," I replied sadly.

"I thought so," retorted my cynical roommate. "It ain't only gentlemen prefer 'em, assistant directors fall for 'em too."

"But Alan is a director now," I exploded, "and he has it in his power to make a star out of her."

"While you're the cutter, Joan?"

"Why, Hazel," I said in alarm. "What do you mean?"

"I mean," she went on unconscionably, "if a dame like that tried to dirt me, I'd hold out every good shot of her and cut in some close-ups that'd have her licked before she started. Go to sleep, Joan. You should worry!"

"But I must think of the success of Alan's picture," I answered.

"A lot you'll care for Alan's picture if little Gloria steals him off you."

"But Alan isn't mine yet."

"Then reveal yourself to him, baby! Reveal yourself! You see what he falls for. Gosh, they're all alike!" And Hazel pulled the blanket up with a magnificent shrug of her shoulder.

IV

FORTUNATELY for my peace of mind, the next week was so taken up with preparations to shoot Salt of the Sea—a title we had decided upon, but which would probably be changed by New York to Sex and Sardines—that I didn't see hide nor hair of Puttyface for a week. No, this was decidedly my week with Alan. I was with him or Bobbie or both, all day, every day, and working on the script at night. And what I learned about making pictures that week! Cheap pictures. I knew all about the million-dollar stuff, but the sport of shooting quickies was a new one. Instead of building expensive sets, we went shopping for them among the studios on Poverty Row, and were able to rent everything we needed for the poor, and biggest, end of our story.

"For a hundred dollars a day," smiled Ben Bamberg, general manager of Slapstik Comedies, "you can shoot anything on the lot, providin', y'understand, no other company is usin' the set."

"Say, you big cheese," replied Alan, "who d'y think I am? Mr. Metro-Goldwyn or Jesse Zukor? I'll give you twenty-five dollars a day. Take it or leave it, for I can get better sets than these rotten things right next door."

"All right, all right, Mr. Allen," he cried, as we were about to leave. "But of course, I can't let you have no lights, y'understand, at that price."

"Why, Alan," I said when we were outside, "that was a shocking way to talk to a studio manager."

"It's all right, Joan. We're making a quickie now and we must talk the language of the quick."

"—— or we're dead," laughed Bobbie.

Even when we went out to the Morefilm, where they had built the big Café Royal set that cost some fifty thousand dollars, I was amazed to learn that they would let us shoot small angles and corners of it for a very modest sum.

"They figure," said Alan, "that these little detail shots, with our own people, can't possibly take the edge off the big scenes they have made with huge crowds."

"Then how," I asked, "are we going to get big-production value into our picture if we can shoot only little corners?"

"Ha, ha," laughed Alan, "that is where we little independents prove our artistry—by sublime cheating."

"Sounds highbrow, but what's the answer?"

"Well, you see," he went on, "I've bought from a news weekly thirty feet of the exterior of the Paris Opera House at night, with the crowd going in, for three dollars a foot. This will give us the atmosphere of impressive splendor. And then I bought a ten-foot flash, for five dollars a foot, of Von Strickland's big ballroom scene, showing the whole gorgeous interior with hundreds of dancers. When these are cut in with our close shots the sequence will look like a million dollars."

"But how could you buy for fifty dollars a scene that cost the Morefilm four thousand times that much?"

"That's where I took advantage of studio efficiency. Cutouts from all overshot films are sent to the stock room, where they will sell you ten feet of anything, figuring, no doubt, that a ten-foot flash is too short to be of any value."

"And it isn't," I added.

"But there is nothing to stop me duping that ten feet five times and making fifty feet."

"But, Alan," I protested, "the five flashes will be all alike."

"Not if you do your work well, little one. Why, I knew a fellow who bought a six-foot flash of front-line-trench stuff from a news weekly, and he cut in that flash twelve times, and put over one of the biggest battle scenes of the films. There is the same confusion in a dance crowd. Nobody will notice that the flashes are all alike. And even if some keen-eyed fan noticed the same couple pass repeatedly in the foreground, he'd simply think they had danced ten times around the hall."

"Alan," I said, looking at him with admiration, "I'm beginning to believe that you will be able to shoot Salt of the Sea within your absurd estimate."

V

BY SATURDAY night all our preliminaries were settled. The sets were rented and locations secured—except those we were to steal—the cast signed up, and last but not least, the money in the bank—four thousand and fifty dollars! So on Sunday afternoon Alan called a meeting of the whole crew and the two principals of our cast.

"I've called you together," said Alan when we were all comfortably set, "to go over the story and tell you the schedule. Miss Girard will first read the script, and then if you have any suggestions to make, speak up. We want all your minds on this."

Alan was certainly a hog for grief, when he invited Gloria's so-called mind, for the only thing within that ingrowing vacuity was Gloria, as was soon demonstrated.

"Why, Alan, ain't I in the opening scene?" she asked before I had read ten lines

"No, Gloria, we open on an atmospheric shot of the fishing fleet."

"But, Alan," pouted our juvenile puffball, "I thought you always opened on a beauty shot of the star."

"Not in mammoth productions," shot Bobbie with a grin. "We open on the big stuff—like elephants or ships!"

The laugh that followed saved much embarrassment.

That was just a beginning, however. After almost every scene, she would pipe up: "Do I get a close-up in that?" "Oh, ain't that scene wonderful? It will give me a chance to do some big work." "Oh, isn't that exciting? I know I'll do well in that!" "Will that be dangerous? You know, I'm not used to rough work, Alan." "Oh, you ought to see the gown I've got for that café sequence. I'll bet I'll be a sensation in it!" "Why that seems to be Mr. Bendix's scene. Is he as important in the story as I am?"

Is This Tobacco a Part of Every College Education?

Pipe-smoker still enjoys the same tobacco he learned to smoke fifteen years ago at college

Considering the recent discussions pro and con on the value of college education, it is interesting to hear from an old graduate who found at least one subject useful in later life. That was pipe-smoking.

This man says it was traditional for each fellow, at the proper time, to adopt the smoking of Edgeworth as a symbol of his entrance into man's estate.

Here is the letter:

Larus & Bro. Co.
Richmond, Va.

It was at college that I learned to smoke Edgeworth. Of course I also learned a few other things at college. One was to play football. Another was to study the dead languages. Now, fifteen years later, I have given up playing football and studying dead languages, but have not yet given up smoking Edgeworth tobacco.

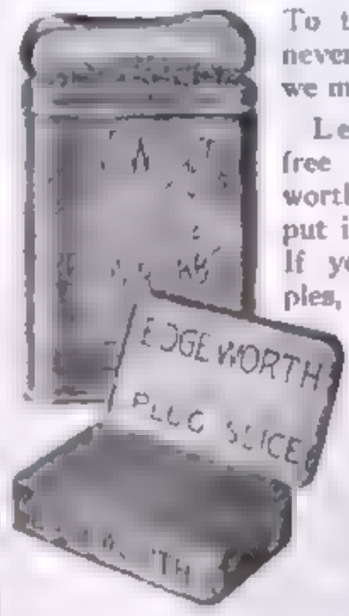
It was a sort of tradition for each fellow as he threw off the toga of boyhood and put on the cloak of young manhood to adopt the smoking of Edgeworth as a symbol of his entrance into man's estate. At the right time, each one followed the example of his predecessors and bought a pipe and a tin of Edgeworth.

Being fortunate enough to enjoy the surpassing mildness and sweetness of Edgeworth right at the threshold of his smoking career, each young fellow as a general rule found any other tobacco unsatisfying, and adhered to Edgeworth, year after year. When I have met some of them many years after and have seen them light up their pipes, I have often inquired,

"Still smoking Edgeworth?"

Almost invariably the answer has been "Yes; I still like it better than any other; it's got a very pleasant flavor. And it's mild, it never burns the tongue."

Cordially yours,
(signed) Frank H. Wilson



To those who have never tried Edgeworth, we make this offer:

Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality.

Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 1-Y S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va.—the Edgeworth Station. Wave length 256 meters.

Spur Tie
all tied for you

50¢
75¢
$1.00

Feminine fingers can *adjust* but can't *improve* this tie

HERE is a bow tie that feminine fingers can adjust, but can't spoil and can't improve. It comes to you already knotted by feminine fingers, in a knot that is flawless even to feminine eyes.

You can smooth it, rumple it, adjust it any way that anyone likes. This is one tied tie that can be adjusted. It is one adjustable tie that will hold its shape.

In it is the H-shaped Innerform. That is a patented form, found only in the Spur Tie. It lets you shape the tie the way you like it, but makes it stay that way without rolling, curling or wrinkling.

Look for Spur Ties displayed on the counters of your favorite shop for men's wear. Make sure that they are Spur Ties. Feel in the wings for the H-shaped Innerform. Make sure that what you feel is the H-shaped Innerform. Look on the back of the tie. When you find the red Spur label there, you know that you are getting the real Spur Tie.

Write for your free copy of our interesting book. "Can Do Winthrop Finds a Gold Mine."

Hewes & Potter, Boston, Mass.
Pacific Coast Office and Stock
120 Battery St., San Francisco, Cal.
Made in Canada by
TOOKE BROS., LTD.
Montreal

It is Johnny Hines, above, who is having his Spur Tie rearranged by Leila Hyams. Johnny Hines, as you know, is the First National Star whose newest completed film success is "The Brown Derby." A later picture by Hines is adapted from the story, "The Knickerbocker Kid." Miss Hyams is the star of "The Kick-Off," recently produced by Wesley Ruggles Productions

Just below is a photograph of a Spur Tie, upon which a drawing has been made to show the position of the H-shaped Innerform which is concealed inside the tie. The lower picture is a photograph of the H-shaped Innerform, with the position of the tie surrounding it indicated by a drawing

At the right is a photograph of the kind of Spur Tie worn by Johnny Hines. This is a band bow, the band being of the same material as the tie, priced at 75c and $1. Spur Ties with the elastic band are 50c. Note that this is the back of the tie, showing the red Spur label that identifies the real Spur Tie.

"Oh, just think, mamma, Mr. Marshall Tulliver will be playing opposite me!" and so on ad blah-blah.

Also it was interesting to note that the few sequences in which she did not appear bored her to distraction. "Can't you hurry through those, Miss Girard?" she would ask. "I want to know about my scenes so I can be thinking about them." Then as soon as she would hear her name again, she would sit up, bright-eyed, and gasp all over the works.

When at last we got to the final fade-out—the clinch in the motor after the wedding—she turned to the leading man, and with a sentimental glance at Alan, said, "I hope, Mr. Bendix, that you will not hold me too close or too long."

"That's entirely up to the director," smiled the young man. "If he tells me to bite your ear off, then I'll have to deprive you of that shell-like organ. I've been a stunt man and I do as I'm told." Gloria's pleading look to Alan was lost in the laugh that followed. I knew I was going to like Paul Bendix.

Next, Bobbie read the schedule:

"Monday. We go on location to San Pedro, to make the long shots of the fishing fleet, exteriors of the office and the packing houses, and some water stuff. The cast will include Gorgeous, Bendix and ten extras in their own cars. We meet here at 7:30 A.M. in make-up! Get that, everybody?"

"Seven-thirty! In make-up!" exclaimed Gloria. "Why, it takes me two hours to make up, and an hour for breakfast."

"Well, that's just too bad!" replied Bobbie, glancing at his schedule. "But remember this, Miss Gorgeous, bigger stars than you get up earlier than that, and like it."

"Well, when do you begin shooting?" asked Hazel, as we met just before dinner.

"The shooting on the picture starts tomorrow morning," I answered irritably, "but I was very much tempted to shoot the leading lady this afternoon."

"This isn't the season for shooting stars, Joan," replied Hazel; "but what provoked this homicidal impulse? Did Miss Fluff get rough with you?"

"Worse than that," I retorted indignantly. "After the cast left, and we were trying to get down to business, darned if she didn't stick around as though she owned the place. When she wasn't out in the kitchenette fixing up eats, she was sitting on the arm of Alan's chair running her pussy fingers through his hair. And the worst of it was that every once in a while Alan would pat her hand as though he liked it."

"He did; the men eat that stuff," replied Hazel with an exasperating smile; "and that's where little Dora isn't as dumb as she looks. While you are sitting around singing songs of sixpence and sets, Bright Eyes is introducing the feminine note into the bachelor life of your president. Know your cherries, child! The baby dolls know theirs. Cut out the purposeful life and snuggle up!"

After Hazel had gone manning I sat alone looking over my script, and I wondered if there was anything in what she said; but oh, gosh, I had too much on my mind to give it much thought.

MY TRAINING at the big Screenshow studio had been thorough and orderly, and I had been equal to any picture they ever made, even receiving praise from John La Cross, the fastest-shooting director on the lot, but my first three days' work on a quickie had me zigzagging.

Even under the most favorable circumstances a script girl's job is one of extraordinary complexities. It is up to her to keep track of some three or four hundred scenes, shot entirely out of continuity, record all entrances and exits, note the clothes worn in every scene, keep track of the footage, and a million other things. Suppose, for instance, we are shooting the cabin interiors that have to match exterior shots made up in the mountains six weeks previous. We must know whether the characters entered right or left, how long the cigarette of the hero was when he entered the cabin, what he wore, whether his hair or mustache is longer now than it was then, whether the sun was shining or if it was cloudy, what time of day it was clocks! How we hate clocks!—and so on.

But all those details were child's play compared with my duties on Salt of the Sea, for not only were we shooting some sixty scenes a day, but we were jumping from one location to another like hop-toads, using doubles for our principal character actor, cheating our camera angles so that we could follow the direction of the sun, and then taking care that our few extras who had to double for sailors, Mexicans and fishermen did not get close enough to the camera to be recognized.

Nor was I the only martyr to this grim necessity of speed. Alan was eating his lunch with one hand and directing with the other, and Bobbie was jumping his camera around like a news-weekly fellow trying to shoot a gangster's funeral.

"Get up here, Jimmie! . . . Joan, how many sailors are supposed to come out of this shack? What was the expression on the hero's face Monday when we cut away from him on the beach? Does he enter right or left? . . . All right, boys, we'll run through it once. . . . Yes, that'll do. . . . Now, Bobbie, crank twelve on this. I want to speed 'em up. Are you ready? Camera! How many feet, Bobbie? . . . Too much. We'll do it again. . . . That's it, boys. . . . A little more profile, Paul. . . . Look frightened, Babe. . . . Oak! . . . Now where do we go, Joan?"

The shooting finished, we would have to sit up until twelve o'clock at night while I sorted out my crazy and hurried notes, so that we could arrange our schedule for the next day. Gosh, what a job! Fortunately, I was almost too busy to remember there was such a person as Gloria Gorgeous.

In those first two days we cleaned up all the atmosphere, long shots, and tie-ups for the bulk of our story, but our real trouble began on Wednesday, for it was on Wednesday, and Wednesday only, that we could grab off our biggest name—Marshall Tulliver. In fact, Alan had great difficulty in finding an open day on which to shoot him. Naturally, we had to make the most of it. And how different he was from our baby star!

When Alan asked him to be in make-up at 7:30 A.M., he replied, "Sure, and as late as you like. I only wish I could have lowered my price to you, Alan, but my agent wouldn't stand for it. I like your nerve, though, in tackling a quickie, and I'll give you all I have. By the way, what is my bit? A butler?"

"Bit, nothing, Marsh. You are one of the principal characters. We're selling the picture on your name."

"You can't do it, Alan. The exhibitors are on to that gag of selling pictures on names that are only in about five or ten scenes."

"But you run all through the story."

"In one day's shooting? It can't be done."

"Watch me!" was the defiant answer that had Tulliver wondering, and me as well.

"Well, if I'm a principal," observed the famous character actor with a smile, "I suppose I'm the heavy. I always am, though the missus says I'm the softest-boiled heavy in Hollywood captivity. Who do I menace? This pretty young lady?" And he gave her a gracious smile, though as far as I was concerned, he could have killed her.

It was not until late in the afternoon that Tulliver's puzzlement again found expression. "Say, Alan, what sort of a story is this anyway? Who am I and what is it all about?"

"You should care, Marsh, so long as you get your three hundred bucks," answered the director.

(Continued on Page 92)

STEINWAY

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DRAWN BY EARL HORTER

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PARKER RUST-PROOF COMPANY
Detroit, U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 90)

"It isn't that, but I'm curious. I've done a lot of one-day shooting, but this is the only time I've ever worked entirely in close-ups. You've shot me with everybody in the cast, this way and that, speaking titles like a Jabberwock, throwing stinkpots and punching heads—and they are all in close-ups."

"Well, Marsh, if your name is to be in likerish lights, we've got to let 'em see your funny face."

"But how in the world are you going to make a picture with nothing but close-ups?"

"I'm not, Marsh. The truth is I simply couldn't afford you for the long shots, so I'm having you doubled in them."

"Doubled?" he exploded in amazement. "Say, Alan, I'd do a lot to help you out, but I seriously object to fooling my public by having some ham actor impersonate me like that. It is swindling the patrons of the electric sign."

"Well, all right, Marsh," replied Alan with a twinkle in his eye, "there are several big punches in the story that I was going to have you doubled for—a thirty-foot fall off a cliff, a hard beating, and some underwater stuff. But of course if you are conscientious as all that, I'll have to let you do them."

The eyes of Marshall Tulliver widened perceptibly, but there was a humorous turn in the corners of his mouth.

"T' hell with my public, Alan," he shouted. "Let's get on with the picture."

But if Tulliver was amenable to the strange requirements of our film, Miss Gloria Gorgeous provided the temperamental relief. Of course there is this to be said in defense of the baby star—it was decidedly not her day. Although she was in almost every scene with Tulliver, in only one or two shots was she allowed to face the camera.

"Say, Alan," she complained, "who is the heroine of this story—Mr. Tulliver or me?"

"You are, Babe, of course," answered Alan, patting her on the shoulder.

"Then why do I play all these scenes with my back to the camera?"

"That's because you are playing with Mr. Tulliver, Babe. It wouldn't be safe for you to face the camera with him."

"Safe? Whadda ya mean, safe? I'm certainly better looking than he is. Why, he's one of the homeliest men in pictures."

"Well, Babe," went on Alan, "our great character actors are none of them beauties, but they are scandalous thieves. Only the greatest stars dare play in the same scenes with them, lest they steal the picture. Babe, dear, if I should allow you to face the camera with Marsh Tulliver you would be sunk! By playing your back to the camera, the audience will see his greatness and be spared an exhibition of your—inexperience."

"Well, I'm not afraid!" lisped our leading lady with defiance.

"I know your courage, Babe," replied Alan, "but your turn will come later."

"Am I to be in a lot of close-ups then?" she brightened.

"Hundreds of them."

"Oh, Alan," she exploded, "I could kiss you for that." And, as you might expect, she did.

VII

AT EXACTLY two A.M. on Wednesday night, a time when all our critics, who think the movie people are a bunch of pampered loafers, were deep in their downy cots, we finished the last of the night scenes of the Cafe Royal at the Morefilm. And though we were watched by the studio lest we steal the whole set, we got a couple of shots that would alibi big production even if we hadn't owned that precious ten-foot flash. The first was an exterior, taken from the heavy's menacing point of view, showing the great ball through the window. By circulating a mere eighteen couples past that lozenge of light a few times, we got the effect of a huge crowd within. And then in another exterior shot of the entrance, where the merrymakers come catapulting out of the café after the heavy had heaved his bomb, we got an effect of a continuous outpouring of panic-stricken revelers by using the same eighteen couples running out of the camera angle and back through the door again. And if you could have heard the comments of those perspiring extras as they tore dizzily around the set! Well, Gloria's mother, who had come to chaperon her chaste offspring, was so shocked she dragged the tender flower right away from there. To think her "precious jool" had to hear such language!

Curiously enough, the least complaining of the actors was the famous Marshall Tulliver. "Alan," he grinned, "you certainly make us earn our tickets, but you know your stuff."

"Well," answered the wilted director, "if you make 'em cheap, you must hurry. But thank goodness, we've got half the picture in the can."

Then, "Kill 'em!" he shouted over his shoulder to the juicers, and as the fierce and expensive lights went out he turned and said, "Now for the hay, and four hours of sleep!"

"Hazel," I said as my roommate cocked one sleepy eye at me over the bedcovers, "how is this for dumbness? Our great leading lady stopped short in a scene tonight, and with blinking eyes, lisped, 'Alan, I can understand how I am to show that I don't like Mr. Tulliver, but how am I to show that he doesn't like me?'"

"Oh, that's the simple-maiden stuff," she yawned. And I wondered if such dumbness could be deliberate.

VIII

ON THURSDAY morning, bright and early, we again assembled at our apartment.

"Children," said Alan with an impish smile, "this is to be thieves' day. I've worked every line I could think of to get permission to shoot the Bancroft mansion in Pasadena, but old Joel, the rich railroad maggot, is all off motion pictures ever since he saw how they profaned his mansion in Purple Sin. However, we've got to get into society, even if we have to bust in. All is fair you know, in love and war, and motion pictures. And money will get you anywhere."

"Are you bribing the servants?" I asked.

"Joan," he answered, "how could you? Bribery? Of course not. I tell you we are going into society, and that costs money—in our case, the rental of a limousine."

As we sped across town in our expensive chariot, he turned to Paul and Gloria: "You two are my social entrants. Jimmie will drive right into the Bancroft grounds; you will get out like you owned the place, ring the bell, and when the butler comes, ask to see Mrs. Bancroft. Joel will not be there; I've seen to that. Thus you will enter the palatial home of the rich sardine packer of our story, and Bobbie will duly record the event through the window of our limousine. When you get inside, Paul will do the talking, which had better be about some charity or civic improvement, as the old girl, they tell me, is all hopped up over welfare work. Then when you come out, Bobbie will record the exit of Ralph and Olga from the ancestral home."

"But suppose we're thrown out?" piped up the hero of our piece.

"That would be too good to be true," replied the director. "We'd simply change the story to fit so fine a punch. However it turns out will be oak with me."

Our arrival before the palace gates was unimpeded. The limousine was our credential. Then, with Jimmie Flasher in prop hat and coat, chauffing sniffily, who could refuse us? The entrance of Paul and Gloria into the house was equally successful, with Bobbie grinding away and grinning in triumph. And then we waited, and waited, and waited! Finally our excitement was rewarded. The door opened and didn't madame herself come to the entrance and bid our cheaters adieu? Standing there while Bobbie shot the whole works, including—by using a six-inch lens—a close-up of the great social dowager.

"Wow!" whispered Alan. "That saves us just seven-fifty, which I was going to pay to some extra woman for a flash of our hero's dear old mother!"

The exit, of course, was perfectly corking. And what do you think? As soon as Paul got into the car he flashed a check for five hundred dollars made out to the Sailors' Home! There's a boy who ought to be selling pictures instead of making them.

But, alas, we laughed too soon. A gardener standing in the driveway heard us, and looking up, saw the camera in the car. Instantly he gave chase and caught us right at the entrance to the grounds. Alan, with marvelous forethought, sent Paul out to argue with the fellow, telling him to work his scene a little back of the automobile, so that Bobbie could get it through the rear window, and at the sound of the horn, to beat it and jump on the running board, for we'd be pulling away at top speed.

The scheme worked perfectly, and as we dashed off, leaving the gardener sputtering in the driveway, I noticed that Bobbie was still cranking on him.

"That," he said, "will give me enough extra footage for a good laboratory test, and will insure us perfect film of this priceless scene."

But this was no time to throw bouquets at ourselves. From there, we beat it like mad for the swell church in Los Angeles, where at high noon—however different that is from just noon—the greatest social wedding of the season was to take place.

Not even the news weeklies could get a permit to shoot the scene, so we had hired a big moving van and arranged to get stalled right in front of the church where the crowd congregated, and our precious camera was set up inside the van with the lens pointed out.

Down the steps came the bride and groom, followed out by half the notables in town, all smilingly innocent that they were doubling for the hero and heroine of Salt of the Sea! And did we get it? Fifty feet! Perhaps I wasn't the busy little girl, making notes of everything they wore, for we had to get similar clothes for the close-up we would shoot of our bride and groom on those very steps early the following morning.

On the long trip back to the studio I had the first chance in three days to size up the sentimental situation, and I suddenly realized that Gloria was riding behind with Alan and me. She had evidently got tired of trailing us in her big baby-blue roadster; or, what is more likely, she didn't like the idea of Alan's being alone with me. Gloria was doubtless dumb, but after all, she was a woman, and therefore clairvoyant in matters of love. Particularly feminine was her oblique technic of trying to divert me to our handsome young leading man.

"You know, Miss Girard," she said snuggling up close to Alan, "I think Paul is a perfect dear. And he seems so fond of you."

"Yes," I replied, "Paul is a dear. But perhaps his attentions to me are only cleverness on his part. You see I am the cutter of his picture."

"What has that to do with it?" she asked, with wonder in her great cow eyes.

"Oh, a cutter," interpolated Alan with a smile, "often cuts the pattern of one's fate. You see, she can cut so deep, and then again, she can cut so generously. So you had better be good to Joan, Babe."

"Why, I have been, haven't I, Joan? Only today I was telling mother——" You should have heard the belated trade-lasts that were bestowed upon me. Even Alan could not restrain his smile at the turning of the tide.

But when we finally arrived at our apartment, tired and cramped from the crowded camera cases and reflectors, Gloria's merry sunshine was suddenly eclipsed by the first serious cloud that had crossed the horizon of our success. It was a telegram to Alan

(Continued on Page 94)

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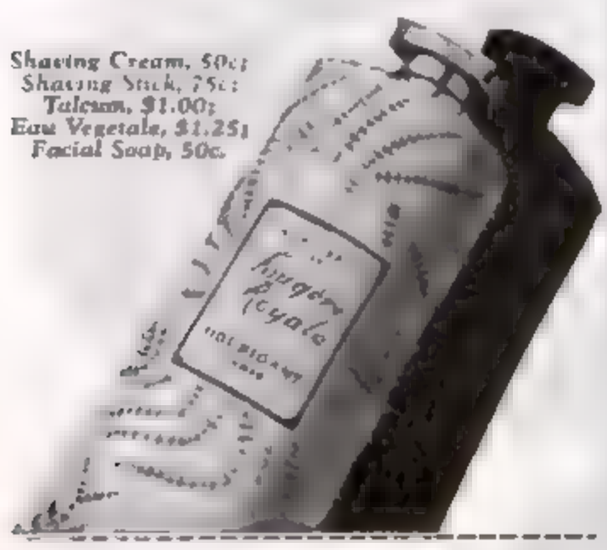

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539 West 45th Street, New York City

I want to try Fougère Royale Shaving Cream. Here is my dime.

Name

Address

(Continued from Page 92)

which he passed over to me without comment. It read:

EDGERTON HAS BEEN RELIEVED BY ADMIRAL DOE YOU KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS HERE ISN'T AN HANCE

JOSEPH BLANK
Capt. U. S. S. East Virginia

"What does it mean?" I asked Alan, as I saw the light go out of his face.

"It means that the U. S. Navy is in the hands of our enemy," he answered abruptly.

"And we can't shoot that boat stuff? Why, it will wreck our whole story."

"Oh, Alan," piped up Gloria, "couldn't I help somehow? You know my uncle is in the Indiana legislature. He has great influence."

Alan smiled. "Be all ready at seven o'clock," he said abruptly.

"Then what schedule shall we shoot?" I asked hopelessly.

"The Navy stuff," he answered, and he crushed the telegram up and threw it into the fountain.

"Well, how goes the battle?" asked Hazel that night, as she dry-docked her gum on the bed lamp.

"She holds hands with him every time she gets a chance," I answered.

"Well, you poor fish, you've got a pair of hands, too, haven't you? Use them instead of your head, which is too heavy for the love stuff."

"What do you know about love?" I asked.

"More than Elinor Glyn could tell you in three weeks," she answered with absolute finality.

I went to sleep wondering.

IX

IT IS doubtful if the U. S. Navy has ever been attacked by a smaller force than set sail the next morning from the municipal dock at San Pedro in a four-mouse-power water taxi.

In command of this fragile but noisily impertinent little craft was Captain Alan Allen, with a crew consisting of Robert Allen, Paul Bendix, Gloria Gorgeous, Jimmy Flasher and Joan Girard.

We had one tactical advantage over the Navy, however. It was anchored, while we were allowed to maneuver around until we found a landing. With magnificent seamanship Alan finally brought us alongside a huge stairway lowered over the façade of the flagship. Here we were met by a polite but stiff young officer, who told us that visitors were not allowed on board; and when he saw the camera in the back of the launch, you'd have thought he was expecting to be blown out of the water.

"Better take that thing away before the Old Boy sees it," he said, "or he's likely to order you sunk with all on board."

"So?" replied Alan, smilingly firing his first shot. "Well, just present my card to Admiral Doe and tell him I'd like to see him on a matter of the greatest importance."

"Your card will never get you in," I said, as the officer saluted and departed.

"But this is a new card, printed in a doorway while we were waiting for the launch," he answered confidentially. "It states my position as president of a huge corporation."

It must have been the word "Mammoth" that rang the bell, for in less than two minutes the handsome sailor lad returned and said that the admiral would see us, but that we must not under any circumstances bring the camera aboard.

"I think I will take just the two girls," said Alan, turning to the boys. "I'll send for you when the Old Boy is under the chloroform." A suggestion quite unnecessary as far as Bobbie was concerned, for he wouldn't have abandoned that precious camera of his for the Grand Lama of Tibet.

As we were going up the stairway Alan turned to Gloria, "Remember your gender, child, and turn on all your charms." Then I wondered if that was why he brought her.

They say that Mussolini dramatizes his position by making an interviewer walk down an interminable corridor in order to approach the throne, thereby pulling the cork of the victim before he faces his master. But *Il Duce* has nothing on an admiral of the U. S. Navy. By the time we three got by all the brass buttons and reached the august presence, I felt about as important as a sardine in the packing plant that I could see on shore through the ship's bunghole, or whatever they call it.

But not so the president of the Mammoth Pictures Company. He apparently was possessed of a magnificent superiority simplex.

"Admiral," he said with a most expansive smile, "I have come to ask your permission to make motion pictures of ——"

"Refused!" snapped the old crab, just like that.

"Admiral," went on Alan without batting an eye, "do you know what I will have to do if you refuse me?"

"No," replied the big noise of the fleet, "and furthermore I don't care."

"But you will care when I tell you, for it affects the whole Navy, and who knows, perhaps the safety of our country."

"Well, shoot," smiled the old fellow, gently amused with this terrible threat, "but make it short. Be seated, ladies."

"Admiral Doe," began Alan very seriously, "if you refuse me this permission, I will be compelled to go to a casting bureau in Hollywood or Los Angeles and round up the darndest-looking lot of sailors you ever saw. Then I will have to go to a costume company and rent uniforms that were discarded by the Navy in 1886. Then I'll have to rent a rowboat, stick a little wooden gun up in front, and have the silly craft rowed by a lot of butter-fingered plumbers."

"That ought to make a very amusing picture," replied the admiral with a grin.

"It will," resumed Alan, "but remember this: In times of peace, the U. S. Navy is always making the big parade so as to let the villagers see what they are voting their appropriations for. But—and think of this very seriously—when the denizens of the inland states who have never seen a battleship, view my picture of the U. S. Navy in action, they will say: 'So that's what they spend a half billion dollars a year for, hey? Well, here's where I write my congressman tomorrow!'"

Without waiting to see the effect of that shot, the snappy young representative of the picture industry let go his second gun.

"In fact, they tell me the reason you forbid us using the Navy is because you are disgusted with the way we fake the stuff. But don't blame us. As big as my company is, we can't build a battleship. Consequently, we have to put over the Navy with bum actors and toy ships."

"Ask Captain Blank to report to me at once," snapped the admiral, turning to his orderly.

Our captain friend, who had been waiting outside to make funeral arrangements for our dead bodies, entered Johnny-on-the-spot.

"Captain Blank," snorted the admiral, "see that Mr. Allen ——"

"Yes, sir!" gasped the poor captain, thinking we were to be shot at sunrise.

"—— see that Mr. Allen has everything he wants. The Navy must do its share in creating a favorable public feeling for the service."

And the stuff we got that day! Thirty-two shots right on the battleship! And then twenty more on the destroyer, to say nothing of the ones we made from another destroyer so as to get some good chase stuff of our hero rushing to the rescue of the menaced maid.

That night I was so excited I could hardly sleep. All we needed now was our big crowd scene, scheduled for the next day. Then we had the picture licked.

"Why so merry, child?" asked Hazel, slipping into the room. "Has Pom-Pom broken her leg?"

"No," I said triumphantly; "I kissed Alan."

"Atta girl! Atta girl! You're moving up."

But I didn't tell my guide *d'amour* that it was merely a round-robin kiss of victory following the most unique naval battle in history.

X

"WELL, here we are again!" said Alan brightly, when we met the next morning.

"But Bobbie tells me that you've been turned down cold on this big-crowd stuff. Why the merriment?"

"But why be downhearted, Joan?" he smilingly replied. "Just because the secretary of the Kabraska State Society says we can't shoot a picture of his ten thousand home folks a-picnicking in Sycamore Grove is no reason why we shouldn't try. If we flop we'll grab off the Iowans. They meet the following Saturday, twenty thousand of 'em!"

"But, gosh, Alan, we must finish today to be inside our schedule and budget! We're running awfully low on money. Salaries for another week would absolutely sink us."

"Cheer up, child. I've got a plan. Listen to it."

I did, and the longer I listened the lower my heart sank. "Gosh," I exploded, "it looks pretty thin to me."

"It is, but it's our only chance."

At 10:30, when we arrived at the park, the audience was just beginning to leave their little reunion groups and gather in the seats before the grand stand, and so Alan ordered Paul and Gloria to wander about, followed by Bobbie with his camera, for the purpose of exciting interest. Then he dug up the secretary and made a final appeal, but as soon as I saw the bird I knew Alan didn't have a chance. He was one of these important secretaries who had opportunity to shine before his home folks but one hour a year, and this being his hour, he didn't intend sharing it with any counter attraction.

"But I haven't any intention of butting in on your meeting," said Alan soothingly. "I'll shoot my scene after the meeting."

"After the meeting, hey?" laughed old vinegar face. "We're lucky if we can hold them in their seats during the meeting. The minute it's through they'll scramble for their picnic lunches."

"Then will you give me one minute of your program to speak to them?" asked Alan wistfully.

"No, and if I see that camera anywhere near this crowd I'll have you all thrown out of the park."

"All right, folks, back to the studio!" exclaimed Alan, and as we walked away Mr. Ramsey, the secretary, looked like Saint George after killing the dragon.

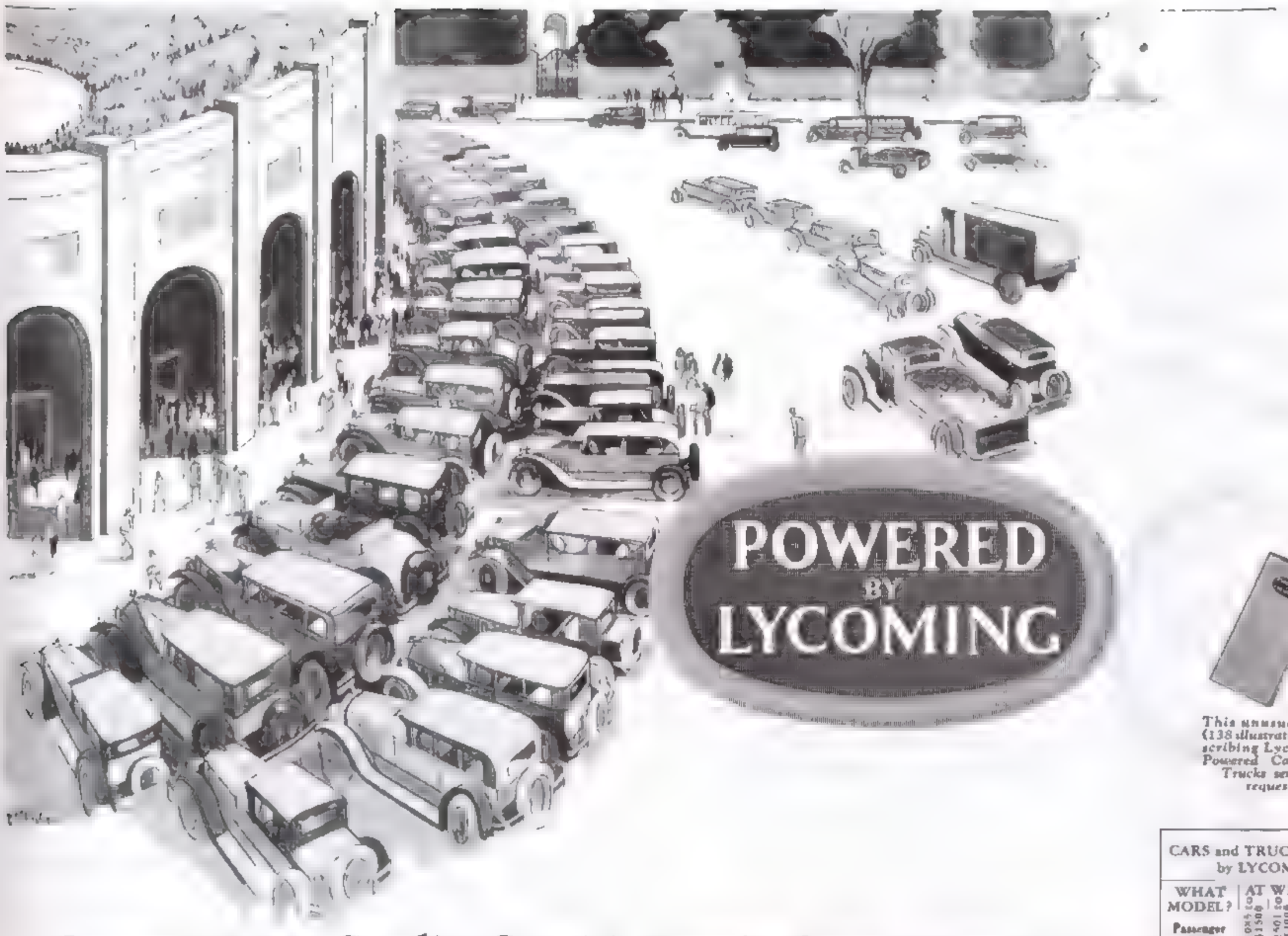
But our retreat was merely a military tactic to throw the enemy off his guard. Instead, we withdrew behind some bushes and again rehearsed our emergency plan, after which we sneaked off to our various stations.

At last the great moment arrived; the moment that meant so much to the success of Salt of the Sea. The audience was assembled, the speakers were in their places, and then a great hush fell over the multitude. In one minute Mr. Ramsey would dramatically appear upon the stand and open the meeting. And in that one minute the fate of the Mammoth Pictures Company would hang in the balance.

All this time I had been standing in front of the drug store across the street, straining my eyes for the fluttering of a handkerchief back of the stand. And as I stood there I realized how much depended upon my eyesight, for looking over that confused sea of heads, any little flutter of a ribbon or hat might be mistaken for Alan's signal. Gosh! Suppose I could not see it. Suppose I could not get my cue —— There it was! Yes, it was unmistakably Alan's handkerchief! I dashed inside to the telephone and in less than twenty seconds I had the park.

"Please call Mr. Ramsey to the phone at once," I said. "It's a matter of life and

(Continued on Page 96)



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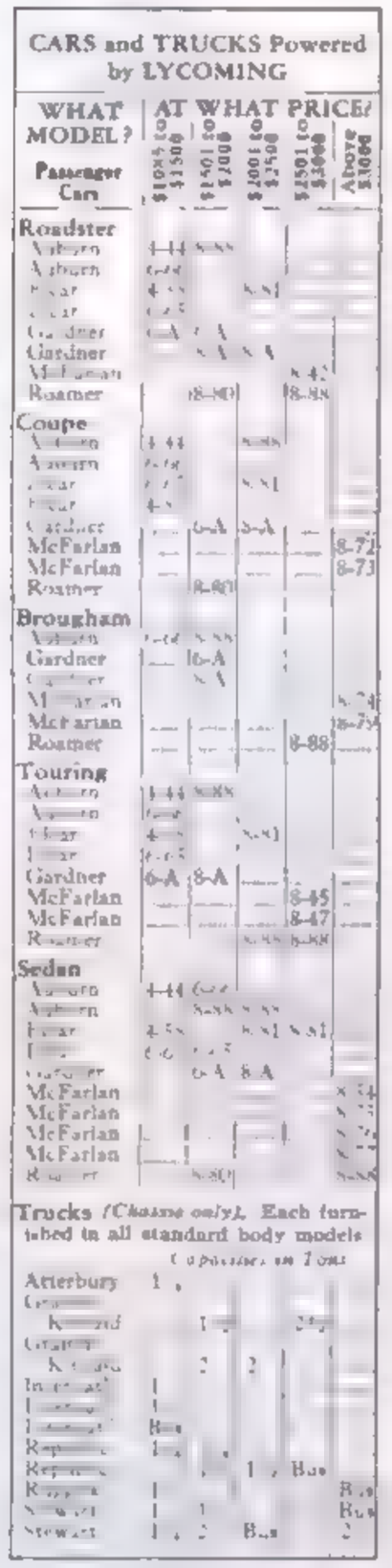

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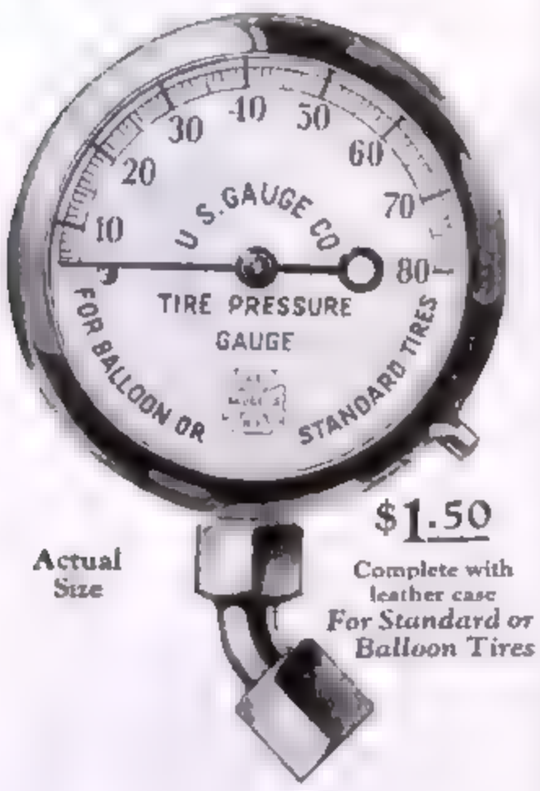

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Fill this prescription for full tire mileage by buying your U. S. TIRE GAUGE today! At your dealer's or sent direct.

UNITED STATES GAUGE CO.

44 Beaver St. New York — 308 W. Randolph St. Chicago

Makers of Pressure and Vacuum Gauges
All Sizes and Types for Every Purpose

U.S. TIRE GAUGE

Continued from Page 94

death. He's probably on the speakers' stand at this minute. Hurry, hurry, hurry!"

In less than thirty seconds I heard the excited voice of the great refuser.

"Mr. Ramsey, there has been a terrible accident! . . . Yes, at the emergency hospital! I have been asked to call you and . . . No, I don't know who it is, but I'll connect you with the operating room!"

Now all of this was perfectly true as far as words were concerned. There had been an accident, and the victim was in the emergency hospital, and I had been asked to phone him. This eased what little conscience I had in the matter.

Incidentally, it required all my wits to keep Ramsey talking or waiting for the three minutes Alan demanded of me, but by holding him up with one delay or another, I managed to stall him to the end.

Of course, I wasn't there to see how Alan used this precious time, but Bobbie's account of it is perfectly adequate.

"As Ramsey passed off the stand"—he grinned—"Alan jumped upon it and walked right out in front, the other speakers no doubt thinking him an official of some kind, especially as he packed along a megaphone. Raising his hand, he had instant attention.

"'Fellow Kabraskans,' he yelled, 'the Mammoth Pictures Company is making a prohibition-propaganda film, and knowing that Kabraska was one of the first of the dry states, they sent me out to see if I couldn't get a few feet of this representative and intelligent gathering. I do not wish to break in upon your program, but if you will all remain seated after the speeches are over, we'll give you a chance to see how Kabraska looks in motion pictures. Incidentally, the rising young baby star, Miss Gloria Gorgeous, is to be the heroine of our story, and I want you to meet her. . . . Step up, Gloria, and take a bow.' Applause. Then: 'After we are through shooting the film Gloria will be glad to pose with any of you who wish to send snapshots back home. Now how many will stay after the regular program and get into a real motion picture? Hands up!'

"And take it from me, Joan," Bobbie went on, "every hand in the place went up."

Mr. Ramsey arrived back on the stand just as Alan jumped down, and our president heard that perspiring gentleman say to one of the speakers, "I'm afraid I've delayed the meeting, but I had an emergency call. Some mistake in identification. I wasn't the Ramsey they wanted at all." He hadn't the faintest idea of what had happened in his absence.

It was interesting to watch Ramsey's face as the meeting wore on to its close. Heretofore, his audiences had begun to leave their seats before the talking was half over, and notwithstanding that the speeches this day were particularly dull, not a soul got up.

Ramsey began to think he'd provided a swell program to have been able to hold the crowd so well.

Finally the last speaker bowed out, and Ramsey triumphantly announced the meeting closed, congratulating his fellow Kabraskans on their superb attention. Then as nobody got up, he thought he must have been misunderstood.

"That's all," he joked. "Now run off to your picnic baskets." Still nobody moved. Poor Ramsey's face looked as though it had just come from the puzzle department. Suddenly he noticed a motion-picture camera being boosted onto the platform.

"Here, what's this?" he shouted, dashing forward. "I told you you couldn't take pictures here."

"But you're not boss now," smiled Alan. "You've had your meeting. This one is mine."

"I'll show you whether it's yours or not!" exploded Ramsey.

"Get this, Bobbie," whispered Alan to his cameraman, who was already set up. "We may be able to cut it into the picture." And then as he prodded the state-society secretary to most intemperate behavior the Mammoth Pictures Company got about fifty feet of the maddest action you ever saw.

Finally the crowd saw that their secretary was trying to crab their fun, and with cries of "Sit down, Ramsey!" "Throw him out!" and other uncompliments, the defeated official stormed off the stage. And what a crowd we got! Falling instantly into the spirit of the game, they cheered when Alan called for cheers; hissed when he told them to; yelled and stamped according to direction, and then darned if they didn't stick around while Alan shot all his foreground action. Finally we got a shot that we'd hoped for, but never dreamed would be possible.

"And now, folks," shouted Alan through his megaphone, "the heavy, a miserable rum runner, is about to break up the meeting. When I toss down the smoke pot you are supposed to think it is a bomb, so beat it from your seats as fast as you can, and don't be afraid to make it rough!" The crowd howled with laughter; they couldn't wait to do the scene.

So Alan went on: "Now everybody serious. A naval officer is addressing you. Now applaud! . . . Fine. . . . Now a look of horror comes into your faces as I throw the bomb! . . . Great! There she goes! Now beat it!"

No bunch of professional extras ever played a scene with such spirit. It was a riot of a riot! My, but I was relieved and happy.

Then, as per promise, the yet-to-be-famous movie queen held court, shaking hands, signing hatbands and being photographed beside the grinning and self-conscious expatriates of Kabraska. It is doubtful, however, if Gloria added much to her popularity, for during her brief reign side shows were abandoned and lunches grew cold, while the wives of the courtiers were so mad at seeing their sheiks making monkeys of themselves that they could have torn our fluffy little movie queen limb from limb and scattered her sawdust all over the park.

The storm was over, and as the three officers and our two leads piled into the old car, we sank back in our seats in utter exhaustion, while a great calm of relief settled over the little party.

"Well, we've got it, Joan. And it was you who did it. How in the name of heaven did you hold Ramsey on the phone so long?"

"Oh," I said, "I turned on a lot of charms I had in reserve."

"What were they?" he asked simply.

"I'll show you some day," I laughed; "perhaps tomorrow when we are alone in the cutting room. You promised to help me, you know."

And I gave Gloria a little look that I thought would hold her.

"But Alan isn't going to work tomorrow," shot back Gloria with a sharp look in her eyes. "He's going to sleep all day, and I shall see that his sleep is not disturbed."

"Gosh, I'd like to," replied Alan, "especially if you were to guard me, Gloria," and he laughed languidly.

"It's all right, Alan," I said as my heart sank. "I was only kidding you. You'd better get some sleep."

"Well, Joan, if you feel equal to cutting, I guess I will. My cork is about pulled." As Gloria snuggled up to the tired boy she patted his hand and gave me a smile of triumph that I could have killed her for.

That night when I told Hazel how I had lost in my latest sentimental bout with Gloria, she stopped chewing her gum and observed:

"Well, if I were you, I'd rather cut that film alone than have Alan around while I was doing it."

"Why?" I asked.

"Well," she yawned, "you remember what the politician said when he learned that Roosevelt was going to Africa to shoot big game—'May every lion do his duty!'"

I guess she's right, I thought to myself. Here is where the law of the jungle holds good.

XI

ARRIVING at the laboratory promptly at eight o'clock on Sunday morning, I secured my operator—by appointment—and for four hours I sat alone and looked at our accumulated dailies. Gosh! There it was—the beach stuff, the Café Royal, Tulliver's close-ups, the Navy stuff—wonderful! Yes, I realized we had the material for a great picture.

And then to my further, but secret, delight, I saw that though Gloria's work would get by without hurting the story, it would never help her to stardom. Under Alan's intelligent direction her acting was very good, but photographically she was not exactly blah, but almost.

"When Alan sees this," I said to myself, "he will realize that he will have to cut away from Gloria and build up the parts of Paul and the big character leads. Ha-ha, me blond rival! I won't have to do you any dirty work, for you are a celluloid prune without any crool cutting on my part."

This estimate of the screen debut of Gloria Gorgeous was further cinched when I came to the experimental close-ups Bobbie had shot, for in the first hundred feet there wasn't a shot that was worth the taking. Her hair was a plus blond, and came up too dark; her eyes looked washed out, and her lips too black.

Then all at once I sat up. Good heavens, could this be Gloria? With open mouth and bulging eyes I was looking at one of the most beautiful faces I had ever beheld on the screen. Furthermore, they were close-ups that would fit into four or five of our leading lady's most important scenes. Evidently Bobbie had hit upon the exact formula of angles, lighting and exposures.

"Heavens," I said to myself, "if this ever gets to the screen the pinhead is made." I couldn't wait to take the stuff to the cutting room, where I hid that little spool of film that meant so much to two women. She would steal my boy friend, would she? Well, there was one lioness who could do her duty.

The next morning I had a rough cut, including the crowd stuff at Sycamore Grove, ready for the sole inspection of the officers of the Mammoth Pictures Company.

"Joan," said Alan, when we were nearly through, "we've got it. But, gee, I'm disappointed in Gloria. Why, she's downright homely in her close shots. Bobbie, couldn't we shoot some more and lighten her up a bit?"

"I'm sorry, Alan," he replied, "but if she didn't register in all that stuff I shot of her, she's hopeless, for I exhausted every trick in my bag."

"Of course it's a good picture without her, but I was anxious that she should make a personal success," sighed Alan. "It meant a great deal to me."

"Do you care as much as that, Alan?" I asked with a sickening feeling in my heart.

"I'm afraid I do, Joan," he answered.

XII

A PREVIEW of a film is always a trying experience to the players and producers, for even though you feel sure you have a good picture, one never really knows how it will go over with an average audience. Unlike the première of a legitimate show where all the critics are present, a motion picture is sprung cold on a regular audience, without the slightest papering. In fact, even the extras and lesser members of the cast are not notified, lest they pack the house with personal, but false, applause.

And so, when the seven of us—for, of course, we asked Marshal Tulliver, Paul, Gloria and her mother—motored over to Glendale to preview Salt of the Sea, we were as nervous as Mexican jumping beans. The futures of at least three people hung upon the decision of that one perfectly innocent audience.

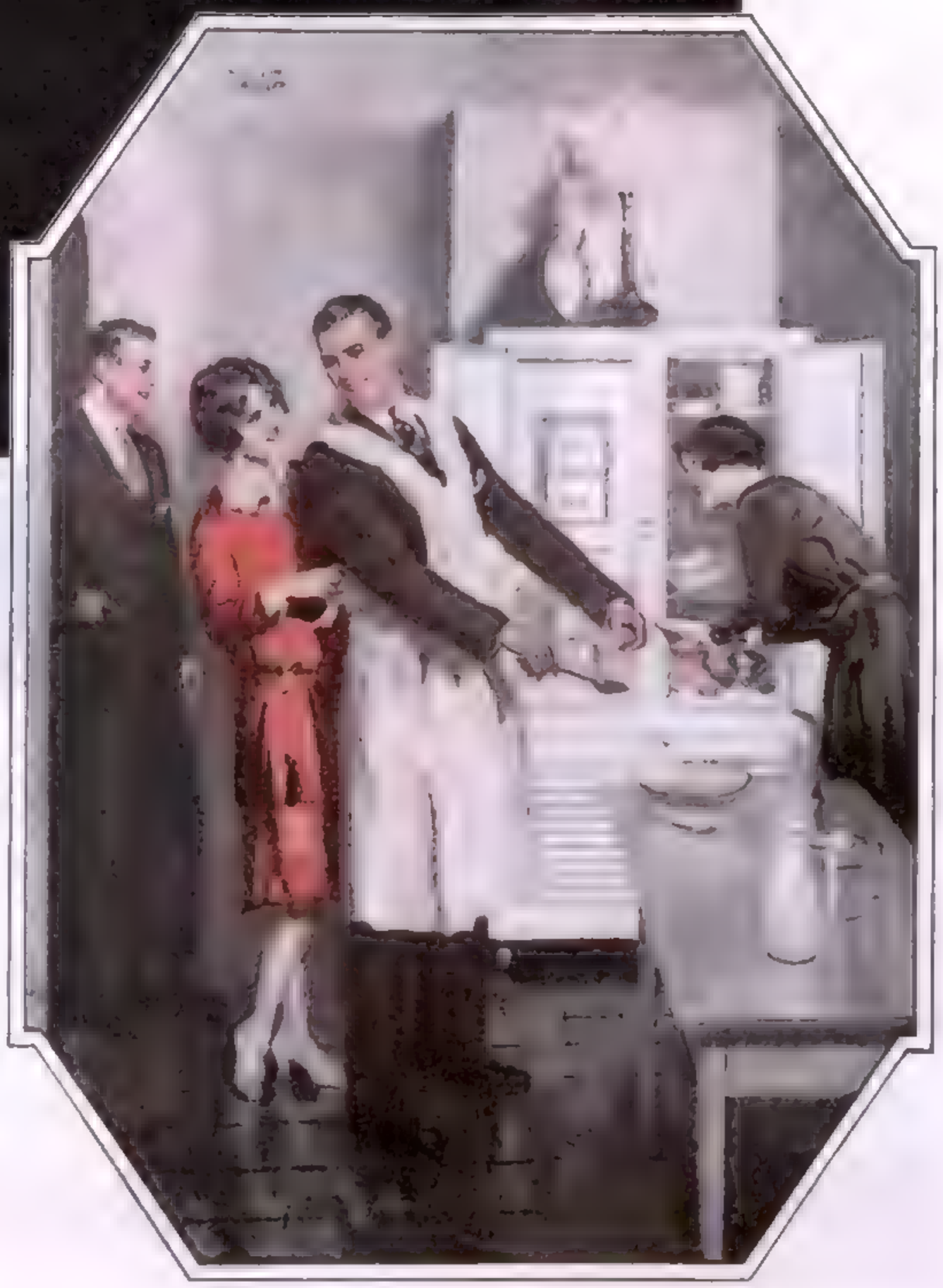
Stalling through the most violently stupid comedy I ever saw, we could hardly

(Continued on Page 99)

LOW PRICES

The established dependability and low prices of Frigidaire *have made it the one outstanding value in the electric refrigeration industry . . . .*

Frigidaire is the name of the electric refrigerator made *only* by General Motors



FRIGIDAIRE costs *less*, size for size and model for model, *than any other electric refrigerator.* The Model M-5-2 metal cabinet Frigidaire, with over 5 cu. ft. food capacity, is priced at only $225 f. o. b. Dayton; the Model M-7—over 7 cu. ft.—is priced at $310; and the Model M-9—over 9 cu. ft.—at $395.

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It is as important to know *where* to buy your radio set as to know *what set to buy*. RCA waited five years before giving its endorsement to any particular dealers, and now that it is given, it is a safe buying guide. This sign marks the dealer who believes in his product—satisfies his customers—and has integrity and ability that warrant credit.

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RCA
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RCA
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RADIO · CORPORATION · OF · AMERICA · NEW YORK · CHICAGO · SAN FRANCISCO

(Continued from Page 96)

wait for the final cataclysm. Then suddenly, without the slightest break between subjects, the main title of Salt of the Sea flashed on the screen. Alan sat between Gloria and me, holding both our hands with a grip that betrayed his nervousness. Gradually, as the audience began to show unmistakable interest, his hand relaxed and he began to signal his relief.

"My, but I feel sorry for Gloria," he whispered to me. "She'll die when she sees how badly she registers." Then suddenly Alan sat up with a jolt. "Joan, where did you get those shots of Gloria?" he exploded. "Why, why, they're perfectly wonderful!"

"Oh, I was saving them for a happy surprise," I lied, for I had sat with that little spool of close-ups in my hand for a full hour before getting up the courage to cut them in.

"Joan, don't ever do such a thing again," he whispered sharply to me. "The surprise is not worth the suffering I've gone through."

From that moment on, the two most interested spectators were Gloria and Alan. As for me, I was too sick to care much one way or another. But knowing picture audiences, I was fully aware of the almost sensational success of our little quickie.

Then as we gathered about outside, burblingly accepting the bouquets of the management and the happy scrutiny of the outpouring fans, Bobbie took me aside.

"Joan," he said, "I'm onto your game perfectly. Hate cut out that film, but love cut it back in. Am I right?"

"You're a lot brighter than your brother; I'll say that for you, Bobbie," I replied.

"Well, it's a wonder you wouldn't ask me to your darned old preview," said Hazel as I came in about 10:30. "Were you ashamed?"

Then when I told her what I'd done you should have seen her face. "Well, of all the —— Just when you have that pinhead impaled on your cutting scissors you weaken like a jellyfish."

"It would have been disloyal to the picture, and Alan," I said tremblingly.

"How noble! Say, Joan, you don't deserve a real man. So here's hoping you marry a flat-chested soda jerker with fallen arches and halitosis. If I can think up any worse insults I'll tell 'em to you in the morning. Good night!"

Virtue, in my case, was certainly going unrewarded.

XIII

THERE is a saying in Hollywood: "It's easy enough to make an independent film, but try to sell it." Alan, however, was right. You can't keep a good picture off the screen, and the Mammoth's first release had not been in the New York market a week before Alan was offered $25,000 for it. And the business wisdom of the releasing company that bought it may be judged by the review of our little quickie in the biggest of the trade papers. This is what it said:

SALTED SIN

I knew they'd get the word "sin" somewhere.

MAMMOTH PICTURES COMPANY

Length of film ..... 5260 feet
Story ..... Excellent
Direction ..... Superb
Photography ..... Adequate

SYNOPSIS: This is the story of a young girl . . .

COMMENT: Gloria Gorgeous is new to the screen, but she is a find—shamefully beautiful, and will no doubt be signed up by one of the big companies. Alan Allen is also a newcomer who should land in the big money. One scene alone stamps him as a genius. It shows the heroine walking alone along a slum street at night, followed menacingly by the shadow of the heavy. That's art!

This is how that scene happened: Tulliver had left, when to my horror I saw that we had overlooked this very essential scene. "Well," said Alan, "we can't double him in so close a shot, but we've got his hat and coat, so we can at least double his shadow. Nobody'll ever know the difference." Thus is necessity the mother of art.

There is one character bit, however, that is inexcusably bad. The fellow cast as the admiral looks about as much like a naval officer as Ben Turpin. These are the blunders that bring such discredit on the pictures.

It was Admiral Doe himself!

PRODUCTION HIGHLIGHTS: Huge sets, rich atmosphere, immense crowds, wonderful Navy stuff.

EXPLOITATION ANGLES: The main title is misleading, but ought to pack 'em in. Play up Tulliver and the new baby star. Also tie up with prohibition sentiment in dry territory.

DRAWING POWER: This is big-production stuff and ought to do big business in first-run theaters.

News travels fast in Hollywood, and the story of our first success was repeated so quickly that in no time Alan was acclaimed the coming director; and as for Gloria, she was a much-sought-after young lady in this lively land of sudden fortunes. In fact, it was several weeks before I saw either of them, so preoccupied were they in each other's company and the plaudits of the crowd. Then on a certain momentous Sunday night we were all asked to Alan's apartment to discuss the future.

"I've decided," said Alan, "instead of losing our heads and accepting any of these new and exciting offers, that the next thing for us to do is to take the same cast and crew and begin right away on another picture of our own."

"But, Alan," spoke up Gloria, "mother and I have been talking it over and we've decided that it would hurt me professionally to appear in another quickie. Of course, after all you've done for me I'd do anything for you, but I must think of my art."

I wish you could have seen Alan's face. He turned crimson. And not another word was said on the subject of work for the entire evening.

As I was leaving, Bobbie insisted upon accompanying me home. "Joan," he said, when we were comfortably stowed in my roadster, "I'm now prepared to spill something that's been on my mind a long time. The Mammoth Company needs a new leading lady; one who knows the buttered side of her bread, and I know exactly who she should be. All she lacks is a box of make-up, some clothes and a little confidence. Tomorrow you load up on all three and we'll make some tests."

I'll never quite know what my reply was, but I'll not soon forget the little scene that took place four or five days later as I sat hidden in the shadow of the projection room while Bobbie brought in his distinguished brother to look at some mysterious tests he had been making.

"Well, shoot, kid; let's see what you've got. But make it snappy, for I'm scandalously busy."

With the first flash on the screen the president of Mammoth Pictures Company sat up with a start. "Why, it's Joan!" he exclaimed. "Why—why, Bobbie, she's simply beautiful."

"Of course she is, you big fish," replied my champion with brotherly candor. "But you've been so blinded by a dizzy blonde you couldn't see it."

"Gosh, yes," he breathed. "Why, bless her dear old heart, she's ——"

Just then the film ran out and the lights went up.

"Why, Joan, you here?" exclaimed Alan as he saw me sitting in the corner, all made up like a baby doll and wearing the frock he'd seen in the test. Bobbie, winking at me, discreetly left the room.

"Why, Joan, I never thought of you this way. Why you are—are perfectly beautiful. Why, why ——"

He was now standing directly in front of me, holding my hands and looking at me from head to foot.

"You angel child! You certainly have been holding out on your charms. Gee! How would you like to play lead in ——"

I shook my head.

"You won't? Why, Joan ——"

"No, I won't lead," I said, using the baby-doll technic, "but I'll follow you, Alan, anywhere!"

What happened then would be cut to a three-foot flash by our censors, and absolutely forbidden on the screen in Japan, where emotions are displayed by the rubbing of noses or in some way equally absurd.

Socks won't shriek quite so loud this winter

SOCKS, hat bands, collars and ties have been pretty noisy for some time now—men aren't all going back to drab monotones; but they are shopping around for something a bit less boisterous.

The new Ipswich socks that are now being displayed by the best merchants everywhere just fit the picture. There are handsome stripes and dignified checks with just an enlivening dash of color.

You will also find at the Ipswich Hosiery counter plain colored socks and the gayer fancies that have made such a name for Ipswich.

Whatever your choice, Ipswich socks in pure silk, silk and rayon, light and medium weight wool mixtures, and fine mercerized cottons, have a surprising amount of style, fit and wear at decidedly moderate prices.

IPSWICH MILLS, *Ipswich, Mass.*
LAWRENCE & CO., *Sole Selling Agents*

IPSWICH
De Luxe HOSIERY

PURPLE PATCHES

(Continued from Page 11)

Fenners and the house being well across the bridge and a mile beyond it in a secluded cranny of the bay.

No one to meet her. Unforgivable! She suffered shivering torments every moment of the wretched drive, huddled in a corner of the flivver's back seat, reflecting mordantly that if there'd been a train back to the city that night she'd have waited and taken it.

No train; so there was no good in waiting. She couldn't sit in the station all night. She could and would rather go on and be haughty with the Fenners for not meeting her. Unforgivable—incomprehensible even!

Chilled to the bone she was—riddled by that unbearable lightning. So far as Audrey was concerned, the fact that thunder wasn't really dangerous never made it any easier to endure.

"Well," said the driver, coming to a jerking stop and staring back into her curtained gloom, "here you are. And boy, this is certainly some storm!"

Audrey stumbled out with her bag and paid him. She said "Thanks for taking me."

He replied—touched, doubtless, by her drowned-rat state and the dignified woe of her small pale face—"All right, miss. You better get in and get 'em to give you somethin' hot so you don't take cold from this."

Then he rattled away into the downpour, and Audrey climbed the steps of the old gray house, with her skirts clinging to her legs—as far as they went—her best-looking hat limp over her eyes. When at last the door opened and lamplight streamed out upon her, she was in condition, mental and physical, to launch a curse.

The withered little old colored woman, standing peering on the threshold, put out both hands and pulled her in, ejaculating distressfully: "Po' chile! Po' li'l' sweet thing! Ain't yo' mighty near drownded? Huccome yo' out hyah in all dis' wedder? Miss Lolly dun telefoam lunchtime she sont you word not ter cum counter de storm. Ain't nobody gwine cum."

"If she did I never got it," said Audrey.

She drew a long breath of combined relief and exhaustion.

Light and warmth and safety, inside the old gray house. Justine, whom she knew from more than one earlier week-end, to feed and dry and warm her. At least, now one's clothes would not be burned off on the open road. One would not be blackened and twisted on the back seat of a ramshackle flivver.

"I'm all wet, Justine," she said rather pitifully. "I'd like to change my things."

"Sholy kin!" said Justine. She closed the door, shutting out the infernal clamor of the elements, and took Audrey's bag from Audrey's cold, wet-gloved hand. "Got a fire in de sittin' room, honey," she murmured soothingly. "Yo' jus' dry yo'se'f by dat one minit w'ile Ah fixes yo' a room upstairs."

She pushed Audrey gently toward the sitting-room door and turned away, her small blue-ginghamed figure bending under the weight of the bag.

How deep
is your watch pocket?

GROPING for a watch in the dark depths of a vest pocket is as trying as grappling for an anchor on a stormy night. And even though you grip it . . . well, history tells of many a slip.

Attach a Simmons Chain to your watch and learn the ease and safety with which it can be brought to the surface for consultation. Also, experience the pride thousands of men, in every kind of business, take in handsome Simmons Chains stretched across their vests. You'll find professional men, merchants, railroad men, mechanics and students everywhere wearing Simmons Chains.

Simmons Chains give years of faithful service while doing their job of holding watches. Our special process of drawing gold, green gold, white gold or Platinumgold over a stout base metal is responsible for this durability. Any jeweler will tell you a Simmons Chain has no equal for quality and good looks at its price—$4 to $15.

Let your jeweler show you his assortment of Simmons Chains. You'll find beautiful and unusual designs to choose from in the Waldemar, Dickens, Vest and Belt styles offered. R. F. Simmons Company, Attleboro, Mass.; 15 Maiden Lane, New York City; 10 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.; Jack W. Lees, 95 King Street East, Toronto, Ont.

This gold-filled Waldemar Chain, No. 28567, is $6.50.

In the panel above the link is twice enlarged

SIMMONS
TRADE MARK
CHAINS

The watch says *it's a Simmons*

"I'll take that up, Justine," said Audrey quickly. "It's too heavy for you."

"Yo' go right in to de fire," begged Justine, "an' git yo'self warm. Young man in dere already, but he ain' gwine bother yo' none."

"Justine, who is it?" demanded Audrey in a whisper, dripping wretchedly on the rug at the foot of the stairs. But Justine, climbing slowly, failed to hear; and there was nothing for it but the sitting room and the fire and the young man who was already there.

He wouldn't bother Audrey none? Maybe—maybe not. The brutal ignominy of having to see any young man at all, in a ruined hat, a sodden dress, looking like a plain-clothes Ophelia! Audrey's teeth began to chatter, slightly but uncontrollably.

She thought "He'll be better than pneumonia anyhow," and made for the fire.

He was standing there beside it, one arm on the mantelshelf, looking down into the blaze; and, as Audrey more than half expected, his hair was brown, his mouth was big, his nose was—yes, in a way, bumpy. He looked up at Audrey's watery entrance and an expression of acute concern crossed his not downright good-looking but decidedly pleasant face.

"Oh," he said, "do come in—do come to the fire!"

"I'm on my way," said Audrey, trying not to chatter too absurdly.

"You're soaked!" he commiserated.

"To the skin," said Audrey; and standing too near the blaze, began very shortly to steam.

He looked distressed—was first helpless, then inspired. "I'll get you a drink. Shall I?"

"I'd love it," said Audrey brazenly.

He turned and departed swiftly. She heard him running up the stairs, opening and shutting a door somewhere overhead. He was back in no time at all with an amber liquid in one glass, water in another.

"This is old Kentucky," he told her. Audrey gasped. She couldn't help it. "What's the matter?" he inquired anxiously. "Don't you like it? You really need something."

"Did you bring it—from there—yourself?"

"Who—me? Why? Isn't it all right?"

She regarded him gravely over the rim of the glass. "I'm not a judge." Then she felt he might consider that a direct and indelicate reference to his illegal activities with the second cousin, and she flushed and drank hastily—too hastily. The fiery stuff choked her. Tears came out of her eyes and she coughed and sputtered. He made her drink from the other glass, and with an effect of respectful diffidence, yet with a firm brown hand, beat her on the back till she subsided.

"Never mind. It's a relief to see one woman nowadays who can't take it straight."

He would feel that way about women. Audrey looked up at him out of wide, wet-lashed eyes. "It feels good —— Oh, I was so cold!"

He pulled up a chair. "Rotten shame! Sit here and don't bother about talking."

"I can't sit anywhere. I'm all wet."

He put her gently down into the chair and went on one knee before her. "I'll take off your shoes for you—shall I?"

"Please—I don't want you to!" But she thrilled uncontrollably. He was so gentle, so deferent. "Silky with hate. Under that friendly smile of his, he's simply silky with hate for the entire lot of us." The hand that had slashed a poacher's face now fumbling with the buckle of Audrey's shoe!

He said kindly, "Don't be silly! If I were a shoe clerk, you'd let me take 'em off and put 'em on all day."

"I wasn't being ladylike," said Audrey.

"No? Then what?" said he; and, of course, she couldn't tell him.

He took off her shoes and set them aside. She stretched her stockinged toes to the fire and shuddered with delicious relief. Little rivers of warmth ran in her veins.

"I suppose you came up on the 5:45," he suggested politely.

He had gone back to leaning an elbow on the mantelshelf, only now he looked down at Audrey instead of at the fire. He had an extraordinarily pleasant look, a distinctly engaging simplicity of manner—boyish almost. Of course, the French girl had done exactly as she pleased with him. Had him round her little finger from the beginning, until—that night in the garden.

"Yes, the 5:45," said Audrey hurriedly, realizing that she had not answered his question. "Justine says Lolly had sent me word not to come because of the weather, but I left my apartment early this morning and didn't go back to it before train time. Her message is probably lying on my table right now."

She wanted to ask him how he himself happened to have come in the face of an invitation withdrawn, but it seemed a trifle prying. Perhaps he would offer the information. He did.

"I've been here two days already. Tim told me to come out any time I liked. It's been great. Until this ——"

"I'm sorry to have spoiled it for you," said Audrey stiffly.

"I meant the storm," he assured her, distinctly discomforted. "Of course, you know I meant the storm; you know I wouldn't ——"

"I don't know anything about you," said Audrey; then, to her intense disgust, turned scarlet, because she did know such exceedingly unusual things.

"What's the matter?" he inquired, eyes keen.

"Nothing—nothing at all," said Audrey.

An awkward moment. He began, "My name is ——" But she interrupted him with "I know. Lolly told me."

"Oh," said he, relieved but persistent. "I haven't met you somewhere before, have I? I couldn't have forgotten, although I do that kind of thing. I'm an absent-minded idiot. Have I ever seen you before?"

"I think you may have," said Audrey reluctantly.

"Oh, good Lord!" he cried, remorseful. "Naturally, you're sore."

"I'm not—I'm nothing of the sort."

"Then will you tell me who you are—and forgive me?"

"I will not—either way."

Justine, soft-voiced and apologetic, appeared in the doorway, smiling her patient, gracious smile, her dark, wrinkled little face warm with eager hospitality. "Yo' room all ready now. Better git them wet cloes off."

"Oh, thank you, Justine," said Audrey, and slipped away without another word to the gentleman by the fire.

She had very nearly forgotten the wetness of her clothes—she altogether forgot her two wet shoes standing neatly beside the chair she had just quitted.

A charm—an undoubted charm in fencing thus coolly with a dangerous man! Like having one's head in the tiger's mouth. Audrey forgot for the moment what eventually, according to poetic tradition, adorned the face of the tiger. She went upstairs very nearly smirking.

Alone at the fire, he scratched his head and muttered to himself, "Now isn't that the devil! I wonder who ——"

Out in the kitchen, Justine, pottering daintily about from stove to table and back again, snickered softly to herself and bobbed a grizzled poll. "Ain' nobody gwine miss no house pawty. Hyah is er house pawty all ready to puffawm."

Upstairs, the storm was still apparent. However one might have relaxed into temporary forgetfulness with the aid of a fire and a kindly woman hater and a trifle of old Kentucky, upstairs the wind still shrieked in the chimney and rattled the windows, rain still roared, thunder and lightning still shattered the clammy dark.

Audrey dropped her wet things in a heap on the floor and slid into dry ones, tying ribbons and snapping fastenings with chilly, shaking fingers. The house rocked with the storm. Her room had two windows—one looking out across the bay, darkness lit by intermittent flashes into a chaos of rough water; one looking down upon the road along which she had driven from the station. Pretty well flooded the road was now.

She didn't stop long at either window. She hung her wet frock across the back of a chair, buttoned herself into another one of almost schoolgirlish simplicity, ran a comb through her soft blond hair, knotted it close at the nape of her slender neck and fled downstairs again as if the fiend were at her heels. A flying glance into a mirror had eased her mind—wistful blue eyes and a heart-shaped mouth. Though not a French girl, one had a certain something undeniably. Young men sometimes remarked it.

At the sound of her feet crossing the sitting-room floor, the dreamer by the fire arose. He had been sitting hunched over the flames, elbows on his knees, looking at something he held in his hands, turning it over and over, staring down at it intently.

"Please don't get up," stammered Audrey.

The something was a knife. He closed it and slid it into his trousers pocket as he stood.

His eyes were gray—clear, friendly, honest eyes. They would be dark in anger; they would widen and contract, grow steely, lose all that endearing diffidence. How they must have burned with what an icy fire upon the second cousin playing Paolo in the rose garden!

"You are still cold," he accused her. "You shivered."

He took her hand and drew her up to the fire.

"You look awfully pretty!" He would say it as simply as that.

"What were you doing?" asked Audrey gently.

She wanted—an outrageous want within the first hour of their acquaintance—to sit by that fire with him, to have him put his head down on her knee and pour out his soul to her. She wanted to say to him: "Don't be so unhappy. Don't be so bitter and unbelieving. All women aren't false. It's the ones who have dark hair and keep their red mouths open that need watching."

"Me?" he replied, a bit taken aback, but not hesitating. "I was just looking at the fire and playing with my knife, wondering how long it would take you to come down again."

"Your knife?" said Audrey more gently yet.

"Yes," he said; "it's a fool habit I've got." He smiled, deploring its futility. "I whittle a lot. It's a good way to kill time—if you're lonely."

"Are you very lonely?" insisted Audrey, soft as a ringdove. She couldn't help it. He seemed so lovable—to be whittling away time, alone, corroded with hate of women—that nice boyish smile.

"Who isn't?" he said. "Aren't you?"

"Terribly!" said Audrey, her voice tremulous. Well, she was—sometimes—when she was out of work or when everybody she knew was out of town. Rainy week-ends, Sundays in November. Times she was lonely, of course. Who wasn't? She murmured, "I try not to be," quite truthfully.

Justine came in with a dish of scrambled eggs ringed in delicious bronzed curls of bacon. The table was set behind the two at the fire. Audrey hadn't noticed it. Coffee and hot buttered toast, bacon and eggs and jam.

He sat at the end of the table, Audrey at the side. She poured his first cup with a thrilled conjecture of what the act might recall to him—another voice and hand, a touch of accent doubtless—two lumps—and cream?

"How did you know?" he said, amazed.

"How did I know?" said Audrey, dumfounded. They looked into each other's eyes, delightfully startled, apprehensive of a fatal significance in the moment.

(Continued on Page 102)

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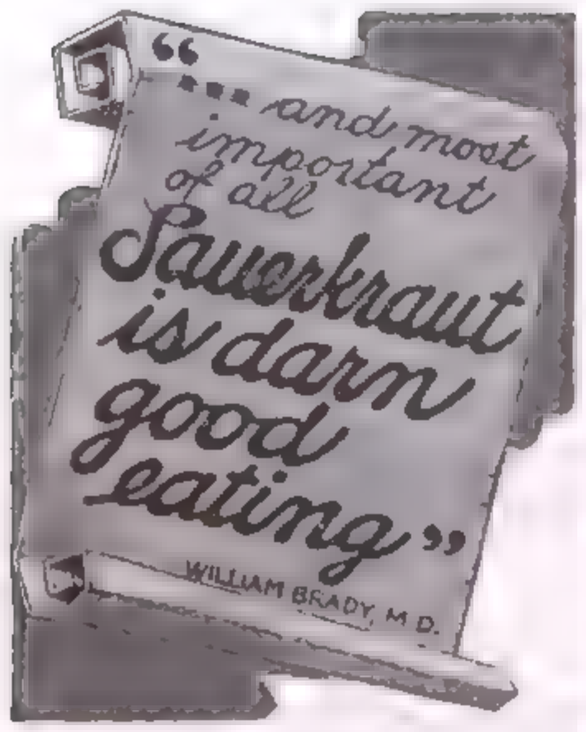

THESE are the exact words of William Brady, M.D., well-known physician and writer on dietetics for the press. In one of his columns recently was the following question.

"Is Sauerkraut of any benefit to one's diet? If so please explain in what way it does good.—M. T."

To which Dr. Brady replied:

"Sauerkraut is rich in calcium (lime) content; the average American dietary is poor in calcium. Sauerkraut serves about as well as milk, buttermilk, sour milk or any of the proprietary fermented milk products, or the bacterial cultures, for maintaining a thriving colony of lactic bacilli in the intestine; lactic fermentation in the intestine is a wholesome or healthful process because it keeps the field unfavorable to the multiplication of the bacteria responsible for putrefactive decomposition. And most important of all, *Sauerkraut is 'darn' good eating.*"

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(Continued from Page 100)

"This is comfy, isn't it?" said Audrey, first to recover.

He agreed, with his mouth full: "Us inside, the storm out. It's dramatically wonderful."

Justine, bringing fresh toast, apologized needlessly: "Ain't no kin' of er dinner, but de bes' Ah kin do fer yo'. Mis' Lolly wuz gwine ter bring de meat an' vegetubbles."

"This is perfect," said Audrey.

"Lord, yes!" he testified abruptly.

"A fire and food."

He insisted, "And us!"

"Well, companionship," said Audrey.

He told her, embarrassed as a schoolboy, "You're so pretty. I don't think I ever saw anyone so fair and cool and smooth—like ivory, or one of those Viennese porcelains." Then, while she blushed, increasing consciously the Viennese resemblance, he added a thunderbolt of his own. "I know who you are now—I've remembered!"

"Oh, have you?" cried Audrey, touched and flattered. After all, one wasn't altogether unknown. One had a public, growing however slowly. She asked him, leaning forward with her eyes on his, her soft lips parted, "When did you see me?" and waited with distinct excitement for his answer.

"A year ago," said he, triumphant.

"Oh, but a year ——" A year ago she hadn't been working. She had been out of a part, sitting in agents' offices, eating her heart bit by bit, hoping and fighting and hanging on, till her luck turned, less than six months ago.

"Not a year," she protested.

He passed his cup a second time. "A year—just! About the last of September. I was up here for a month. It was at one of Lolly's dinner parties. You had just come over from England."

"Oh, from England! Well?" said Audrey, and forbore to contradict him. She might as well know what sort of creature he was thinking her.

"I didn't get to talk to you at all," he explained earnestly. "I was only presented to you, along with a lot of other men. But Lolly told me your very interesting story."

Lolly would! And in Lolly's hands it would have been an interesting story.

"Your—your divorce was very recent," he told her.

"Oh, my divorce!" said Audrey.

He said, "What a wonderful voice you have! It changes color almost —— Do I bother you, talking about your unhappy experience?"

"No," said Audrey; "oh, no." She couldn't bear not to know what unhappy experience had been hers, so she added, biting her lip and looking at him imploringly, "You feel I was justified in doing as I did?"

That, she ardently hoped, would draw from him a clearer indication as to just what it was she had done.

"Oh, good Lord, yes!" said he. "Your pride, you see."

"My pride, of course," said Audrey, not seeing anything at all.

"The fact that the other one had been your dearest friend," he mused, "only made it so much worse, I should say."

"Ah, well," said Audrey, "it's an old situation, isn't it?"

"How brave you are, to look at it like that!"

She was looking at it every possible way, trying to make a landing. "The inevitable triangle," she ventured, and felt that rather an inevitable line.

He said with startling simplicity, "I can't imagine any man's having you—and letting you go."

Audrey replied with equal directness, "I can't imagine any woman's having you and not being true to you."

He looked surprised and pleased. He said, "I'm not clever with women."

Audrey said, "I'm not fatal with men."

He stretched his hands across the table, she laid hers in them, he closed on hers strongly. "Funny how well we understand each other in an hour."

The storm continued to rage with a fury worthy of operatic accompaniment.

He held Audrey's fingers close, spoke, looking into her eyes: "I suppose you're on your way to India or Shanghai or Leningrad or Tibet. Lolly said you never stayed in one place more than a week."

"I'm living in New York," said Audrey firmly, not to be railroaded off the scene by any of Lolly's stage directions.

"Oh!" He was obviously delighted and amazed. "You haven't—I mean have you—it's not my affair, of course—but have you by any chance married again?"—frankly hanging on her answer.

"Not again," said Audrey. She shook her fair head and smiled a pathetically protesting little smile. "Have you forgotten the famous last words of the burnt child?"

"Tell 'em to me!"

She said, her smile tipping up a bit—deviltry or innocence?—"Once is enough."

He laughed. But—"Once is enough," he agreed somberly, "isn't it?"

"Oh, well," said Audrey quickly, "you mustn't be bitter."

"Then neither must you."

"If I'm not, would that influence you at all? Don't make fun of me—it couldn't!"

He said simply—she had drawn her hands free and was playing with a ring she wore—"If, with your tragic reason for despising all the men in the world, you can be so sweet ——" A breathless silence; then, absently, he took out his knife once more. Her heart sank to see it. She laid her hand over his. "Don't, please! Don't!"

He said, "It's a fool habit—sorry," and put it away.

They went back to the fire. She sat down in a big chair and he sat on the floor, looking up at her. Justine cleared the table and left them. They heard her washing dishes in the kitchen; later they heard her plodding up the stairs to her aerie in the attic. The house seemed very big and dark, beaten with rain and rocked with wind. Firelight was sanctuary in which two sat close and warm, warmer and closer for the chaos without. An extraordinary sense of intimacy grew up between them, a heavenly desert-island sort of feeling. He took out a pipe and lighted it. She curled snug among her cushions, watching him—watching the clean boyish twist of his mouth, gripping the pipe; watching the dream in his eyes. Audrey wished—she wished she hadn't slipped into the silly pretense of being somebody else. Momentarily, it had allured. Being a mysterious Englishwoman, with a treacherous friend and a husband with a wandering foot—Shanghai and Tibet—what backgrounds! With a tragic reason for despising all the men in the world. Of course it allured—a fat part. Her professional instinct had snatched at it.

But something far deeper in her was sorry. She'd rather have liked to hear him say, "You're so sweet," without the Englishwoman. Audrey could be sweet—herself.

"You're a million miles away," he said suddenly. "Won't you come sit on the floor with me?"

Obediently, Audrey took a cushion and sat on the floor with him. She hugged her knees and looked at the fire. "D'you think the storm's passing?" she said.

He answered gravely, "I hope not."

"Why?"

"Because this is the happiest evening I've known in years."

"I'm rather happy myself," said Audrey.

"You're not fooling me? You wouldn't say that unless it were so?"

The pity of his not daring to believe in a woman! All that dear straightforward decentness warped and thwarted by a shallow little French beast! Audrey forgot even to seem the disillusioned divorcee, with a polylingual background. She said simply, "I like you. I wouldn't tell you anything that wasn't so."

"You do mean it, don't you?"

"I'd be ashamed to let you think I meant something I didn't."

"I didn't know there was a woman like you in the world. It staggers me."

"I can't bear for you to be so unhappy and morbid."

"You're the sweetest thing!"

He was in earnest, darkly flushed and stammering. No cold and silky suavity there. No hidden hate, no barren memories. His eyes were hungry on Audrey's face, and his mouth—his nice mouth—gone crooked.

"I'm not morbid. I've nothing now to be morbid about."

Audrey had done that! Pride swept her like a wave—the king of an emotional jungle—"the only authentic woman hater" Lolly had ever seen, gentle at Audrey's feet. His paw in her hand, with the thorn extracted. She glowed in her turn, luminously.

But pride melted, fused into yearning. Don Juan is the dearest captive of any female chariot, but the small boy in the man has his hand on every woman's heart. When the small boy looks out of Don Juan's eyes, faggots may smolder and chains may clank—there is no warning women away if the gift of themselves will suffice to comfort him.

Audrey reached him her hand to hold, in lieu of a closer pledge. He said devoutly, "Thank God for the weather!" and touched her fingers with his lips. The contact tensed them both oddly.

"What's that noise in the kitchen?" she cried, to reassure herself of reality.

Not a very great noise—a steady menacing drip, with the occasional faint suggestion of a splash. Audrey had heard it some moments earlier, but hadn't wanted to spoil things by mentioning it.

He listened unwillingly. He said, "I'll bet the roof's leaking."

"Let's look," said Audrey. At which a leaky roof took on the glamour of mutual adventure.

They lighted a smoky oil lamp in the kitchen. They put a bucket in one place, a dish pan in another, to catch the drip and the splash.

He said, "That'll do it!"

"I love a kitchen!" sighed Audrey.

She poked about in ice box and safe. She found a platter of little cup cakes, golden brown, with topknots of dark chocolate icing.

She ate half of one, she fed him the other half from the tips of her fingers, laughing into his face, with her wistful eyes and her heart-shaped mouth and her soft pale hair. She was lovely, with the throbbing warmth of falling in love, and she knew it. She saw he felt she was lovely. Her flame beckoned his. Both burned higher for the rush of the wind and the sob of the rain, the dark and the cold and the threat outside.

"I wish," he said, "we had a kitchen together." Very daring, that! He looked shy directly he said it, but still as if he meant it.

"With a white-enameled ice box," said Audrey quickly, to make the idea seem more natural, "and a gas stove and tiles and a lot of aluminum pots and ruffled dimity curtains and—and a black kitten."

His eyes fairly devoured her, adored her, for creating such a kitchen and letting him into it.

"Why a black kitten?" he objected, merely to prove part ownership by the fact of objecting to anything.

"So as not to show dirt," said Audrey wisely.

He roared at that, and she put her fingers over his mouth.

"Do you want to bring Justine downstairs in her nightgown?"

She went back to the fire—in which she was not without discretion. Just how far she might adventure with a man who had been accustomed to the Gallic temperament, she was by no means certain, although the pastime drew her. What a playmate! Her latent joy in foolery flowered like magic under his eyes. His startled, delighted laughter. Most likely the French girl had kept him forever serious, forever groping in emotional fogs, never teased or amused or just humanly played with him.

(Continued on Page 107)

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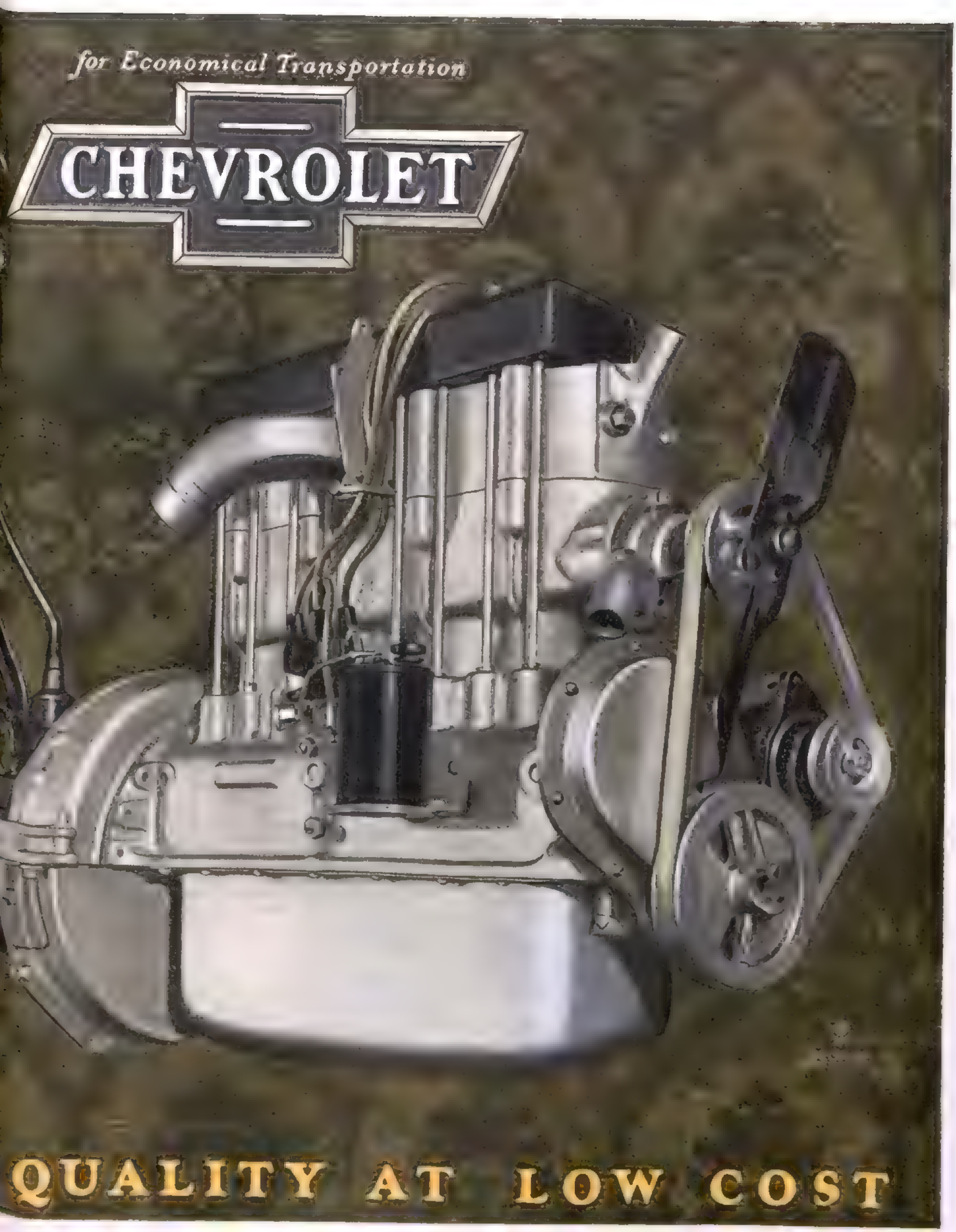
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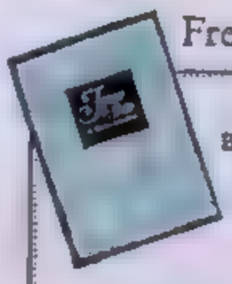

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THE WORKING CENTER IN 2,000,000 KITCHENS

(Continued from Page 102)

"He'd be a different man with me," thought Audrey proudly.

He said at that moment, "You're wonderful. You've come through hell, with the heart of a child, haven't you?".

And Audrey was sharply and curiously ashamed of her trickery. His eyes were so reverent.

She said forlornly, "I think I'll go upstairs to bed. I'm a little tired"; because she didn't want to be the divorced Englishwoman any more, and yet she hated to confess to him such an absurd, such an unwarrantable deception.

He had out his watch, protesting, when the lightning, which had been growing fainter and more distant for some time—either that or they hadn't so much noticed it—scarred the wall above his head with a searing flash and thunder cracked the universe thereafter.

"That struck somewhere," he said.

Audrey hid her face in her hands and trembled. "I can't go upstairs. I'm terrified."

"You shan't go upstairs. Come back to the fire."

So they went back to the fire once again, and he arranged the cushions of her chair, put another cushion beneath her feet, sat himself down on the rug, took out his pipe, drew up his knees and said, "Go on—go to sleep. I'll stand watch."

The odd thing about it was that Audrey slept. She thought she couldn't possibly. She didn't mean to. But curled close in that motherly old chair, with the firelight warm around her, with that silent figure sitting at her feet, watching and warding her —— She was more tired than she knew, and her eyelids drooped. She tried to talk, while drowsiness numbed her like a drug.

"Don't bother," he said. "Go to sleep."

The last she knew he was sitting with his head back, smoke curling up before his face, holding his pipe in one hand, hugging his knees with the other, and smiling faintly, with the knife in his pocket—the knife that had slashed a cousin's cheek—for reminder.

Had he ever watched over the French girl while she slept in a chair before the fire? Had he ever known peace like this before? Had his cold and bitter heart known warmth and gentleness like this? Or was Audrey first to bring it to him?

The wonder of taming that stormy soul, of easing such deep-set hurt!

She thought, dropping into gulfs of sleep, she heard him say softly, "Good night, dear."

Then, conscious only of rain without and fire within, she slid into oblivion.

She woke and sat straight up in her chair, heart thudding, hands chilling, choking back a cry.

"It's all right," he told her. He was on his feet, stretching like a cat, smiling down at her reassuringly.

"I didn't know where I was," said Audrey slowly. "What time is it?"

"I knew," said he. "And it's not quite three o'clock."

"How dreadful—how perfectly dreadful! Have you been asleep yourself?"

"No, I didn't want to. Taking care of you. You need to be taken care of after all you've been through. Life's been so rotten to you." It was a full moment before she remembered why. "You're such a child," he said. "You're so sweet—to—have been hurt so! I'd like to kill the man who hurt you."

The house was very still, very dark, for the fire was low and only one lamp burned on a table in a corner of the room. Audrey got out of her chair and he came close and held out his arms to her quite simply.

"Does it make any difference," he said, "that you never saw me before tonight?"

"No," said Audrey, almost in a whisper.

She let him kiss her—she wanted him to kiss her—but dazed with tenderness unimaginable, passion beyond tenderness, she yet drew herself free and told him doggedly: "I'm not that romantic Englishwoman. I'm Audrey Greene. I don't know why I let you think I was. I'm most awfully ashamed of it. It seemed funny at the moment. It doesn't seem funny now."

He stood and looked at her for some moments without a word. "Who are you then?" he asked at last—no reproaches, no outburst, his eyes steady on her face. But his hand slid into his pocket and Audrey shivered violently. What was he remembering? That all women were liars? And she had proved it to him. Just when he was beginning to trust again!

She went through with it, trying not to let her voice quaver: "I—I'm a friend of Lolly's. We were in school together. I'm on the stage." Some imp of the perverse made her add, "Most of the time." And she sniffed. She couldn't help it.

She wouldn't look at him. She couldn't bear to see his eyes grow steely, his mouth grow hard—"silky with hate for the entire lot of us." He had been so heavenly gentle with her, so happy in taking care of her, making up to her for her tragic marital experience.

She sniffed again and started blindly for the stairs. At least, she needn't stay to weep in his presence. She was cold, she was tired, she was a fool, in a strange house, at three in the morning, with a strange man.

"Where are you going?" said the strange man suddenly, and caught her and hugged her close, muttering, "Gosh, what a relief!"

"Relief!" cried Audrey, now distinctly quavering. She rubbed her cheek against his coat and clung to him tight. Three in the morning—a lovely hour—an enchanted house—the prince himself!

"All that stuff about your past. I'll bet you haven't any past!"

"I haven't—much. Do you like me better without one?"

"I want you without one. I'm rottenly jealous. I want you just as you look, just as you are."

"But you thought I was the Englishwoman. I must look like that."

"I saw her only once. She was slim and blond and beautiful. I didn't even hear her voice. But when you said I'd seen you ——"

"I didn't say you had. I said you might have—I meant on the stage."

He said again, close to her ear, "Does it matter that we never saw each other before tonight?"

"Oh, I do so want you to be happy!" whispered Audrey, and turned her lips to his.

They heard Justine stirring uneasily upstairs, otherwise they might have lingered before the dying fire the rest of that night. As it was, they parted at Audrey's door, like travelers saying good-by at the edge of a trackless sea, having only just found each other.

"At least," he said, "we'll have breakfast together."

"Just us!" whispered Audrey, before she closed the door on him.

But in that, fate being what it is, she erred amazingly. At nine the next morning, having for two hours slept not at all and for about four slept sound and peacefully, she woke into a quiet, rain-washed world and went downstairs, palpitant, in a fresh pink frock—to find seated about the table on which coffee and bacon and eggs were once more steaming, three men—himself of the night before, Tim Fenner and one other.

All three rose at her entrance, and Tim, short and dark and alert, came forward, beaming: "Well, how are you? Never dreamed you wouldn't get Lolly's message! 'Fraid you had a pretty poor time here last night—you and this brother of mine."

Brother of his? Audrey's fingers grew cold, her face grew hot. She held herself steady and managed a smile. He was smiling down at her, diffidently, but his eyes told her that if she had dreamed, at least she had not dreamed alone.

Tim's brother—pride kept the smile on her lips and a casual murmur: "I had a very nice time, really, after I once got here. Lolly's message is probably on my table in town." She explained once more that she had not gone back to the apartment since morning.

Tim's brother—she hadn't known Tim had a brother—but then she didn't, after all, know much about Tim.

"Well, the storm's pretty well over, so far as I can see," Tim was saying cheerfully. "Roads are pretty bad, but we made it. Thought we'd come out, Ricky and I—see how the old place stood the blow." Ricky was the name of Lolly's Kentuckian. "By the way," said Tim, "do you two know each other? Miss Greene, Mr. Fox."

Mr. Fox moved slightly and bowed, standing behind Tim, with his hand on the chair from which he had lately arisen. Brown hair, big mouth, bumpy nose—but with what a difference! His mouth didn't smile; it made a heavy line above a stubborn jaw. His eyes didn't smile; they regarded Audrey coldly, politely but impartially, above a beak worthy of a prize fighter.

How could Lolly have said he was nice—shy, even—or interesting? Lolly, with her unholy romancing! He left Audrey colder than any hoptoad, and found her as he left her, to judge from his bored expression.

"Have some breakfast," said Tim exuberantly.

Audrey sat down in the chair Tim's brother drew out for her. She felt his hand brush her shoulder—felt it in every inch of her.

"Pour her some coffee, Dave," said Tim.

So his name was Dave!

She looked up as he handed her the cup, and his eyes—his nice eyes—said "Darling!"

She thought, "I'll never tell him."

But she did. An hour after breakfast, when the taciturn Ricky and Tim, blissful in dirty ducks and a big gray sweater, had gone over to the bridge to fish, she told him the whole ridiculous story—tea with Lolly—tea and gossip—the epic of the vengeful husband and the hunting knife—winding up naïvely, "So that's who I thought you were!"

He said, "I tried to tell you."

She said, "I thought I knew."

"Lord," he reproached her, "do I look like that bird? He'd bite a nail any minute."

"Of course you don't; but Lolly's description ——"

"Oh, Lolly's descriptions! Lolly's a sensation hunter. She ought to be writing for the movies."

"And when you dragged out that wretched knife every little while ——"

"Good Lord, lots of people do that! It's nothing but a fool habit."

"How did I know? Every time you did it, I could just see you carving the second cousin's cheek!"

They were sitting in a window seat, looking out upon a draggled but peaceful world—trees that the wind had whipped, flowers that the wind and the rain had beaten to earth, wan sky that the lightning had drained; silence everywhere, the earth very still, after torment, coming back to beauty very softly.

"You'd never see me doing that," said Dave Fenner quietly. "No knifing in mine. I'd walk out on 'em—that's all! I don't want what I can't have—for love."

He took Audrey's two hands in his and laid his cheek down on her open palms, at which, conscious from head to foot of an exquisite happiness, Audrey laid her cheek down on his hair.

He said with a low chuckle, "Very ordinary people, we are—you and me—not a past between us. Sorry?"

"No," said Audrey, with a chuckle of her own and a sigh of outrageous satisfaction. "Because if there's anything at all in the law of compensation, we have a very purple future ahead." She added, the heart-shaped mouth ever so slightly twitching, "Better keep the knife!"

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THE OLD WAR HORSE

(Continued from Page 9)

"Well," said Jim, "be careful."

"I will. The situation, as I said this afternoon, is somewhat intricate; but never shall it be said that Maxwell Pemberton laid down on any job. And there is one thing to be thankful for: I may not sell this guy an Earthworm, but at least I have fixed it so he'll never buy a Steel Elephant."

Jim departed, and Max sat down to read his letter. It was from the sales manager of the Farmers' Friend Tractor Company, makers of Earthworm Tractors, Earthworm City, Illinois, and it read as follows:

After long secret negotiations, an amalgamation has been effected between the Farmers' Friend Tractor Company and their chief competitors, the Steel Elephant Tractor Company. From now on salesmen of both companies will coöperate with each other to the fullest possible extent. In cases where Earthworm salesmen and Steel Elephant salesmen have been negotiating with the same prospect, it is directed that the two salesmen work together and sell the prospect whichever tractor seems best fitted to his needs.

Max looked at this letter in amazement. The letterhead and the signature of the sales manager were genuine; there could be no doubt about it. And then Max remembered that there had been rumors of this amalgamation, and that a few days previously the sales manager had hinted that there might soon be an important announcement.

Max got up, stepped across the hall, and knocked on the door of Jarney's room.

"Come in," said a voice.

He walked in and handed Jarney the letter he had just received. Jarney replied by handing him a similar letter just received from the Steel Elephant Company.

"The situation," said Max, "becomes exceedingly intricate. We must decide what to do."

"Exactly," said Jarney.

"First of all," said Max, "let us be friends. We have fought each other for many years, but now we must let bygones be bygones."

Jarney took a flask from his suitcase and poured part of the contents into two tumblers. The two men drank and shook hands.

"To the new friendship!" said Jarney.

"And now to business!" said Max. "We must decide whether to concentrate our efforts on the Earthworm or the Steel Elephant."

"So far," said Jarney sadly, "the Earthworm seems to have made the best impression."

"Yes," agreed Max. "Mr. Wheelock seems to favor it, and so does his foreman."

"Has that foreman really been talking in favor of the Earthworm?" asked Jarney.

"He has."

"He must be crooked. I handed him ten dollars this morning and promised him fifty more if he could swing the sale to the Steel Elephant. Of course I never intended to give him the fifty; but even so, it was dishonest of him to go back on me. I can't understand it."

"It's very simple," said Max. "I slipped him five dollars and promised him a hundred to help swing the sale my way. By paying half what you did and promising twice as much I got him on my side."

"Were you actually intending to pay him the hundred?"

"Of course not. The company is so particular they won't allow any expenditures for graft at all. Even the five dollars will have to appear on my expense account as hotel or meals or something."

"My company has exactly the same attitude," said Jarney.

"But let us continue," said Max. "So far the demonstration has gone largely in favor of the Earthworm—due to the fact that your machine has heated up so badly."

"The heating up has been most unusual. My mechanic is out in the shed going over the machine now. We never had such trouble before. I can't understand it."

"Very simple," said Max. "I sneaked out last night about ten o'clock and put a small block of wood in the water manifold of your motor. The efficiency of your cooling system was thus reduced about 50 per cent."

"Holy Moses!" said Jarney. "That's a new one on me."

Max smiled. "It was suggested to me," he said, "by an old trick we used to have in the horse-and-mule-selling business. Many's the time I've slipped a small hunk of sponge up one nostril of a competitor's horse."

"What was that for?"

"It would cut off about half the poor brute's breath, and when they tried him out he would get winded so quick that the customer would buy my animal instead. And just as I used to plug up the breathing system of horses and mules, so now I plug up the cooling system of tractors."

"It certainly works!" said Jarney.

"Yes, and in this case I'm sorry it did, because now I would like to sell Mr. Wheelock a Steel Elephant."

"Why not an Earthworm? He seems to like it best."

"Yes," said Max, "but he won't take it without another day's demonstration. And, Mr. Jarney, I can't give him another day's demonstration because the bearings on my machine have all gone to pieces, and apparently for no reason at all. I can't understand it."

"Quite simple," said Jarney. "Last night about eleven o'clock I sneaked out and dumped a couple of cans of valve-grinding compound into your crank case."

"Valve-grinding compound?"

"Yes," said Jarney. "It's a sort of emery-dust paste used for grinding valves. Two canfuls of that stuff have been in your crank case all day. Probably your cylinder walls and your pistons and rings are as far gone as your bearings. I'm surprised you ran as long as you did."

"Good Lord!" said Max. "Give me another drink."

The drink was produced, and afterward Max pulled himself together.

"The situation," he remarked, "is appallingly intricate."

"It looks hopeless," said Jarney. "You have spoiled my chance of making a sale and I have spoiled yours. What can we do?"

"Trust me," said Max. "Never shall it be said that Maxwell Pemberton turned his rear to the enemy. The Earthworm is a blowed-up sucker, but there is still a chance to get by with the Steel Elephant. We will not tell Mr. Wheelock of the amalgamation of the two companies. But tomorrow I will go to him as the representative of the Earthworm and tell him that my tractor has gone to pieces and that I withdraw from the competition. Then you can have your mechanic take out that block of wood, and you can give the old man as many days of plowing as he wants. You can tell him that your first day's failure was due to the fact that the machine was new and not yet properly tuned up."

"Fine!" said Jarney.

The recently formed friendship was then further cemented by the rest of the contents of Jarney's flask, and the two men said good night.

The next morning, after breakfast, while Jarney and the Steel Elephant mechanic were removing the block of wood from the water manifold, Max had a talk with the owner of the farm.

"Mr. Wheelock," he said, "I have a confession to make to you. I was on the point of doing you a great wrong. I was on the point of selling you an inferior tractor—a machine that would not be worth to you one-tenth of what you would pay for it. But I have seen the light, Mr. Wheelock, and my conscience will not let me go on with this business."

"What! You mean the Earthworm is no good?"

"Exactly that, Mr. Wheelock. I have worked for the Farmer's Friend Tractor Company, makers of Earthworm Tractors, for twenty years. Most of that time I have been proud to represent them; they turned out the best tractor in the world. But recently, Mr. Wheelock, I have begun to think that they are cheapening their product. For a while I tried to shut my eyes to this ugly fact; I could not make myself believe it. But yesterday my eyes were opened, and I know that the Earthworm tractor as at present manufactured is little better than a mass of junk. In justice to myself I can no longer sell such a machine, and I can only advise you to buy the Steel Elephant."

"But your tractor looks better to me than the other."

"Outwardly, yes; but inwardly, no. If you do not believe it I will take you out and show you exactly what I saw last night when I inspected the Earthworm after its day's run. Every bearing is worn out; the machine is a wreck."

"Well, well, well!" said the surprised Mr. Wheelock. "It sure is lucky I found it out in time. And probably the other feller's tractor is just as bad."

"On the contrary," said Max, "it is a splendid piece of machinery."

"But it kept heating up all the time yesterday."

"It was new, and probably wasn't properly tuned up. But I feel confident that it will run perfectly from now on, and I would advise you, as a friend, to buy it."

Max then took the bewildered Mr. Wheelock out to the field and let him inspect the loose and pitifully worn bearings of the Earthworm. Before they had finished their inspection the Steel Elephant appeared and began steadily and efficiently plowing up and down the field. As soon as he could get away Max found the foreman and informed that credulous person that if he wanted his hundred dollars he must now root for the Steel Elephant.

The plowing continued without a stop all morning, and by noon the Elephant had covered eighteen acres. It was turning over the ground better and faster than the Earthworm had the day before. At lunch another letter arrived for Max, and he hurried up to his room to read it. Like the letter of the day before, it was from the sales manager of the Farmers' Friend Tractor Company, makers of Earthworm Tractors, Earthworm City, Illinois. It said:

Following the amalgamation announced in my letter of yesterday, a new sales policy has been decided on. The new amalgamated company will continue the manufacture of both Earthworm and Steel Elephant tractors; but, for the sake of concentrating sales efforts and simplifying service and spare-parts supply, it has been decided to sell Earthworms exclusively in all states west of the Mississippi and Steel Elephants exclusively in all states east of the Mississippi.

Consequently, in your territory in the state of Missouri, you will concentrate on Earthworms, and all Steel Elephant salesmen are being instructed to coöperate. Henceforth, no Steel Elephant tractors will, under any circumstances, be sold in Missouri.

Max rushed across the hall and found Jarney reading a letter similar to his own.

"This is a sweet mess," said Jarney. "We can't sell the old guy an Earthworm now. We'll have to write the company it's a Steel Elephant or nothing."

"No," said Max. "The company has ordered me to sell an Earthworm, and I'm glad they have. I've sold many an Earthworm before in the face of Steel Elephant competition, and I can do it again. It will be hard. But never shall it be said that Maxwell Pemberton was daunted by difficulties. We are going to sell Mr. Wheelock a whole fleet of Earthworms."

"How?" asked Jarney.

"Simple enough. Yesterday I sacrificed myself for the good of all, and today it's your turn. Certainly, Mr. Jarney, you will

Continued on Page 113

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Maybe you won't admit this—

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Particularly not to a boss, to a wife or to a father-in-law.

Up to this point we probably agree, don't we?

BUT—unfortunately, most of us—maybe *all* of us—are lazy about certain things. Usually these are the small, important things in life, things that often have a very important bearing on our own well-being.

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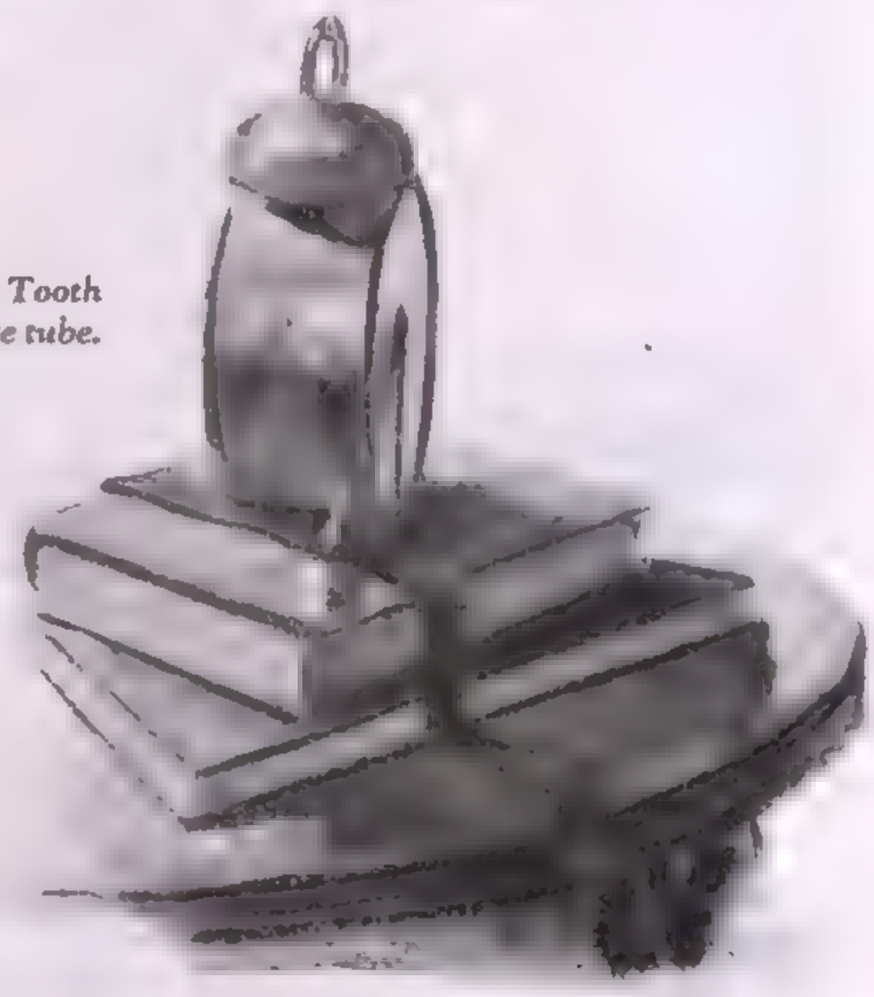
And how fine your mouth feels after this kind of a brushing! Then, besides, you *know* your teeth are really clean—and therefore safe from decay—*Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, U. S. A.*



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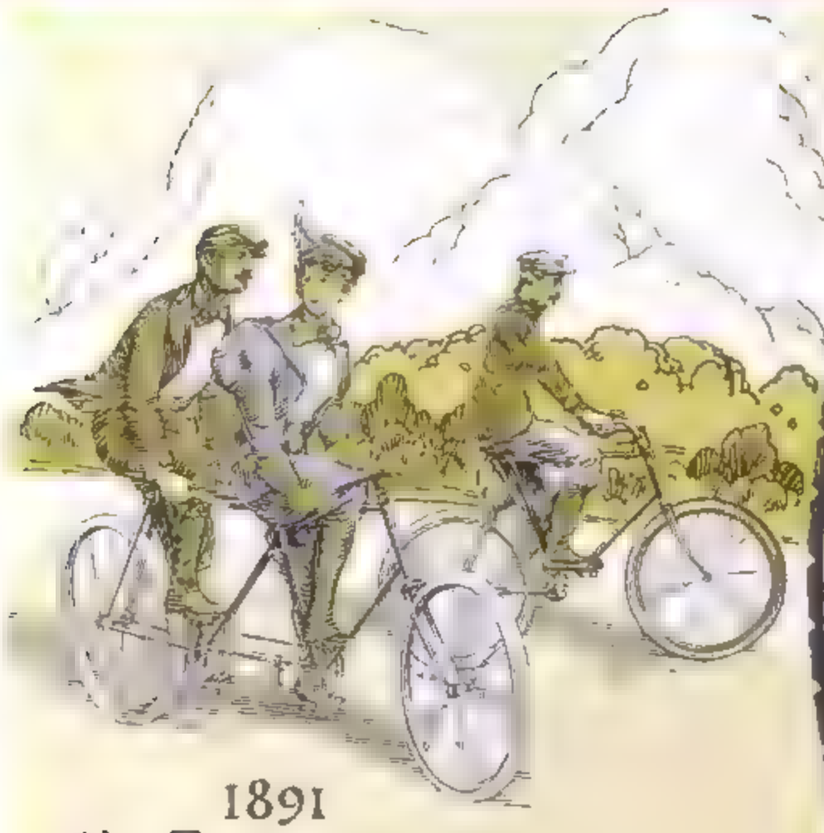
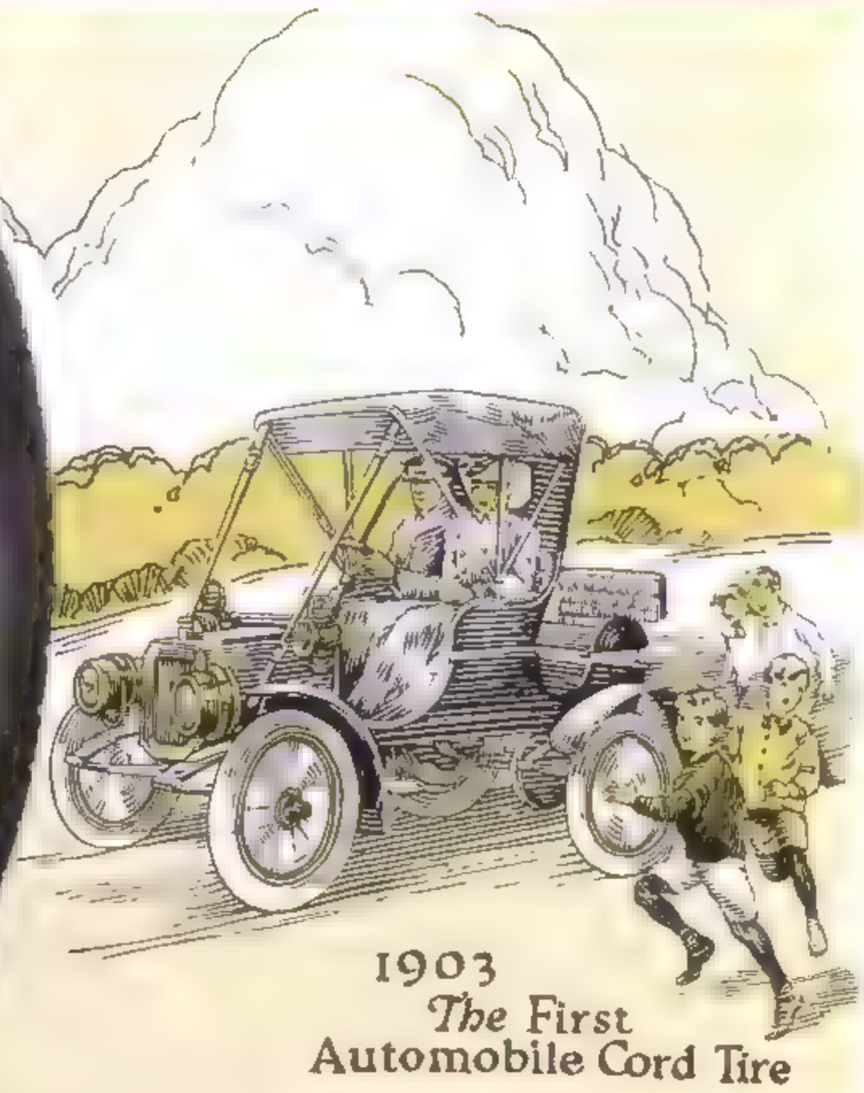


1891
The First
Clincher Bicycle Tire

The 1926
United States
Royal Cord Balloon



1903
The First
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Some Questions and Answers about Tire Progress and Tire Leadership

Question—Who was first to vulcanize rubber on a commercial scale?

Answer—The United States Rubber Company—in 1842.

Question—Who first patented and manufactured Clincher Tires?

Answer—The United States Rubber Company—in 1891.

Question—Who was first to manufacture Automobile Tires?

Answer—The United States Rubber Company—in 1895.

Question—Who was the first to produce and manufacture Cord Tires for automobiles?

Answer—The United States Rubber Company—in 1903.

Question—Who first developed and produced Pneumatic Truck Tires?

Answer—The United States Rubber Company—in 1909-10.

Question—What American Rubber Manufacturer first planned and developed rubber plantations?

Answer—The United States Rubber Company—beginning in 1909.

Question—What tire manufacturer was first to design and control Cotton Mills for the production of Cord for Cord Tire Construction?

Answer—The United States Rubber Company—in 1916.

Question—What tire manufacturer invented Latex-treated Web Cord, using pure Latex and eliminating cross-threads in building tires?

Answer—The United States Rubber Company—in 1922.

Question—What manufacturer invented Sprayed Rubber—the first acid-free and smoke-free rubber?

Answer—The United States Rubber Company—in 1922.

Question—What company invented the Flat Band Method, insuring equal tension and stress in each cord in the finished tire?

Answer—The United States Rubber Company—in 1922.

Question—What tire manufacturer produced the first Pneumatic Cord Tire specifically designed for Bus Service?

Answer—The United States Rubber Company—in 1925.

United States Rubber Company

Trade US Mark

(Continued from Page 109)

be a good enough sport to sacrifice yourself for the common cause?"

"Of course I want to be a good sport."

"Fine!" said Max, shaking him by the hand. "So you agree?"

"Yes," said Jarney doubtfully. "But what can I do? What can either of us do?"

"Leave that to me, and come along. In ten minutes I'll have old man Wheelock off the Steel Elephant for life. And in a couple of days he will be signing an order for a half dozen Earthworms. Come!"

Max dragged the hesitating Jarney downstairs and out to the field. The Steel Elephant was plowing up and down at a great rate, its motor running as steadily as a clock. At the end of the field stood Mr. Wheelock and his foreman; and as the two salesmen came up they heard the foreman say, "Yes, I've changed my mind. I believe the Steel Elephant is the best after all."

"Mr. Wheelock," interrupted Max, "I have important news for you. I wish to take back everything I said this morning."

"What's the idea?" asked Mr. Wheelock.

"I have just discovered certain sinister facts which vindicate the good name of the Earthworm, and blacken forever the reputation of the Steel Elephant Tractor Company."

"What do you mean?"

"I have discovered, Mr. Wheelock, that the bearings in my tractor were not at fault. Those bearings wore out, not because they were made of defective material or were poorly installed, but because some miscreant—some low wretch—put emery dust, or valve-grinding compound, in the oil of the crank case."

"How do you know?"

"I know because the culprit has confessed."

Mr. Jarney began to look worried.

"Who was it?" said Mr. Wheelock. "He ought to be put in jail."

"No," said Max, "I have promised him forgiveness because he has had a change of heart. He is sorry for his past sins, he has made a clean breast of things, and he will do all in his power to right this terrible wrong. He and I agree that you must give the Earthworm another chance. My mechanic will soon be back to make repairs, and to convince you by further demonstration that the Earthworm is the only machine for you to buy."

"But how about the Steel Elephant?"

Max frowned. "You cannot afford to do business with the Steel Elephant Tractor Company. Even if their machine was as good as the Earthworm—which it certainly is not—you could not afford to do business with them. They are a crooked bunch. They are all as crooked as was Mr. Jarney here before he had his change of heart."

"So it was Mr. Jarney who put the emery dust in your crank case?"

"Yes," said Max, "this very man who now stands before us hanging his head in shame."

But Mr. Jarney did not hang his head in shame. "You dirty bum!" he shouted. "You never said you were going to tell on me this way. You ain't got any right to give away what I told you in confidence."

"You seem to admit it, all right," remarked Mr. Wheelock, "but you don't seem very repentant."

Max stepped close to Jarney. "Shut up!" he whispered. "Didn't you promise to be a good sport and sacrifice yourself for the common cause?"

"I ain't going to let you pose as an angel," yelled Jarney, "while you show me up for a crook. You're just as bad as I am." He turned to Mr. Wheelock. "This guy Pemberton," he went on, "put a big chunk of wood in my water manifold yesterday morning. It blocked off half the circulation in the cooling system."

"So that was why your machine heated up?" asked Mr. Wheelock.

"You shouldn't have told him," said Max. "You shouldn't have told him. You've spilled the beans all over everywhere. Hello, who's this?"

They looked up and saw two men coming toward them from the farmhouse. One of them was Jim, the mechanic, just returned from his trip to the factory. The other was a tall, important-looking man they had never seen before. These men walked up and joined the group, and Jim introduced his companion.

"This is Mr. Burr," he said, "who has just been appointed sales manager for the new amalgamated tractor company."

Mr. Burr shook hands all around. "From what this young man told me," he said, indicating Jim, "I gathered that you were in a good deal of trouble down here. Things seemed to be in such an unusual condition that I decided to come along myself and find out what is the matter."

"I can tell you what's the matter," said old Mr. Wheelock, suddenly speaking up. "All you tractor people are a bunch of crooks, that's what's the matter. One of these guys has been putting emery dust in the crank case of the other guy's tractor, and the other guy has been plugging up the cooling system of the first guy's tractor, and both of them have told me more lies the last few days than any ordinary man could think up in a hundred years."

"But there must have been some mistake," said Mr. Burr.

"There sure has been a mistake," said Mr. Wheelock. "I made the biggest mistake of my life when I first let these two swindlers come onto my farm. But they won't stay long. I'll let the two mechanics stay long enough to get the machines away, but if the rest of you aren't off my property in fifteen minutes I'll send a gang of my farm hands to throw you off. Good-by."

Grabbing his foreman by the arm, Mr. Wheelock started toward the house.

"Wait a minute!" Mr. Burr called after him. "Surely you haven't given up the idea of getting yourself some tractors?"

"You can keep your old tractors," Mr. Wheelock shouted back. "If I had any confidence in you fellers I might take several. But I make it a rule never to deal with crooks. So I won't deal with you. I am going to buy a hundred mules, just as I had planned. That is final." And he continued toward the house with his foreman.

Mr. Burr turned to the two salesmen. "Was that man telling the truth?" he asked severely. "Did you, Mr. Jarney, put emery dust in the crank case of the Earthworm tractor?"

"Well," said Mr. Jarney, "it was sort of like this ——"

"Answer me, yes or no."

"Well, yes, I did; but that was before I knew the two companies were combined. I thought ——"

"That's enough. And you, Mr. Pemberton, did you tamper with the cooling system of the Steel Elephant?"

"Well," said Max, "I did sort of take a little block of wood, and more or less as a joke, I put it in the water manifold. But it really didn't hurt anything, and ——"

"That's all I want to know," Mr. Burr cut in. "And now I'll tell you something. You are not the type of salesmen we want in our new organization. I'm surprised that you were tolerated in the old companies. You will turn in your accounts at the company's offices at your earliest convenience, and receive your final pay checks." He turned to Jim. "Come," he said, "I want to have a look at those bearings."

Mr. Burr and Jim walked over toward the Earthworm tractor, leaving Max and Jarney alone.

"The situation," said Jarney, "seems to be what you would call intricate. What'll we do?"

"It makes no difference to me what you do," said Max. "As far as I'm concerned the situation is very simple." He looked at his watch. "Just two o'clock," he said. "I'm going to catch the three o'clock train for St. Louis. Tonight I'll see my old partner, Pete Johnson; he's still in the horse-and-mule business back there. I'll make him sign an agreement giving me a generous rake-off, and tomorrow I'll have him up here to sell this guy the hundred mules he's looking for. Yes, sir, it shall never be said that Maxwell Pemberton failed to rise to an emergency."

SOME OTHERS AND MYSELF

(Continued from Page 29)

matter or was arranging one of his jokes, for Collier's success in such things is mainly due to his immobile and unsmiling face and the absolute conviction with which he speaks. Seeing me, he motioned me to join them, and when I reached their table he said, "Tell Bill why I had to discharge Wallace McCutcheon."

I had no clew as to what answer he wanted, but I knew him and his methods thoroughly, for we had done considerable teamwork together. I also knew that he had not discharged McCutcheon; that McCutcheon was one of his valuable allies, and had been for some years; that as Collier had closed rather early, McCutcheon was going into the production of a Western play for a summer engagement, but was returning to Collier the next season. Knowing this, and realizing that there was practically only one reason for which Collier would discharge any man—especially so good a bridge player as McCutcheon, who made up Collier's four in the company when they were on the road—I promptly answered, "Because he would insist on killing your scenes," which turned out to be the very answer Collier wanted.

"There!" he said to the actor triumphantly. "What did I tell you?" And he motioned for me to sit down and join them. Then he went on to say that he had been warning Bill, who was also in the new play, to look out for McCutcheon in their scenes, for he would steal them away from him if he possibly could.

"But what can he do?" asked Bill.

Collier answered: "He's been talking it over with me and I'm going to tell you, because I'm your friend and because I won't stand for such practices on the stage if I can help it. He makes his entrance on a horse after a long ride, doesn't he?"

"Yes."

"Well—this is in the strictest confidence, mind you—he has sent for Prancer."

"What's Prancer?"

"He's McCutcheon's trick horse which he keeps on his father's farm and rides in the summer. He bought him from a circus for which he always led the parade because he's such a high stepper. He's the best trained horse I ever saw. He can waltz, stand on his hind legs, play dead and everything."

"But what will he do when McCutcheon makes his entrance on him?"

"Prance."

"What do you mean—prance?"

"I mean that he'll do a little high stepping, stand on his hind legs and things like that. It will be a great entrance for Wallie."

"But what happens to me?"

"Don't worry, Wallie can handle him all right. He'll see that he doesn't hurt you."

"I don't mean that. I mean what happens to my scene?—and it's the only good one I have in the play."

"What does he care about your scene?"

"He'd better care."

"And when he dismounts he's going to spring his great dust effect."

"What's that?"

"He's found a patent invisible alkali dust."

"A which?"

"A patent invisible alkali dust. It can't be seen on his clothes, but when he brushes

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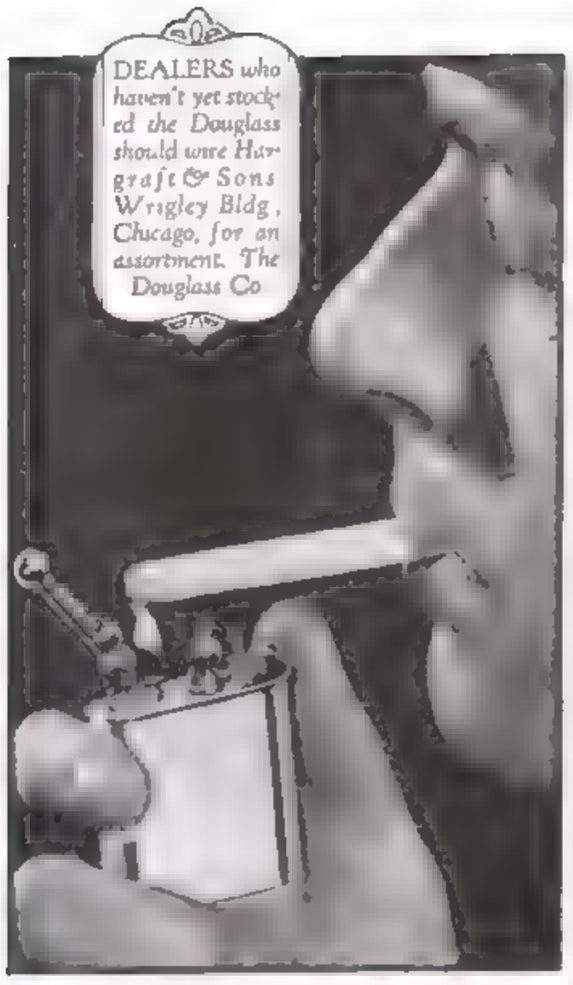
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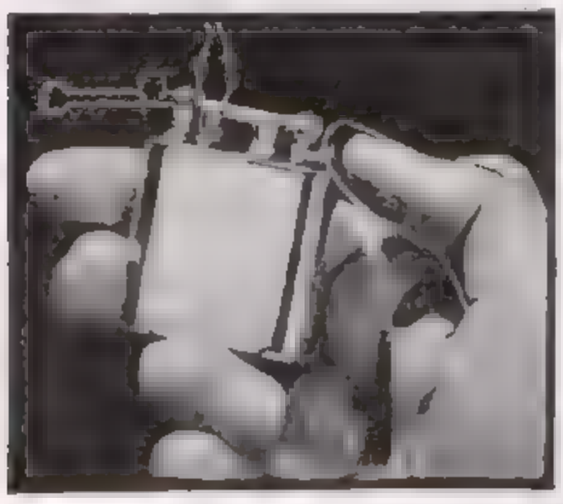

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them it comes out like a cloud. It's absolutely new and he's figuring to be the first to use it."

"And where will I be?"

"In the dust."

"Is that so?"

"He has to climb up a ladder to get onto the roof of an adobe hut, hasn't he?"

"Yes."

"I don't know what he's going to do at that spot. When he came to it he just laughed. I'm warning you. You watch him! You watch him!"

"You can bet I'll watch him, and if he tries any of those tricks on me it will be him for the hospital and me for jail."

With many admonitions from Collier that Bill was not to betray him to McCutcheon, the curtain came down on the first scene. The second scene was the finding of McCutcheon and the producer and the explaining of what Collier had done. Both entered into the joke enthusiastically, and it was arranged that McCutcheon should do the business indicated by Collier at the fourth rehearsal, as Collier was afraid Bill might be too suspicious if it came any earlier. At the fourth rehearsal, Collier and I being present, when it came to McCutcheon's entrance, he, offstage, slapped his thighs to indicate the gallop of an approaching horse, called "Whoa! Whoa! Whoa! Steady, boy! Steady!" and came on prancing.

Bill, whose apprehension had been dulled by three days of peace, was surprised for a second, after which he viewed McCutcheon truculently. When McCutcheon stopped, Bill said aggressively, "What's that?" to which McCutcheon answered, "That's my horse, Prancer. He does some fancy stepping and I thought I'd imitate him for you so you wouldn't be too much surprised at the dress rehearsal."

PHOTO, FROM THE ALBERT DAVIS COLLECTION

Arnold Daly

When Bill Bit the Dust

"You're coming in on a fancy stepper, are you?" demanded Bill.

McCutcheon answered, "Yes; I've arranged it with the director."

Bill stepped down to the footlights and asked, "Is he going to do that?"

The director replied, "Yes; it's according to plan."

"But," said Bill, "where will I be?"

To this the director answered, "No arguments, please. If there is anything to discuss we'll take it up afterward."

Bill, bellicose and sore, went on with the rehearsal until McCutcheon resumed the prancing, pretended to dismount, punched his chest vigorously and slapped his clothes thoroughly with his hat.

Then Bill said, "That's the dust effect, I suppose."

McCutcheon replied, "Yes, and it will be great. I've got some patent invisible alkali dust and ——"

"I know all about that," interrupted Bill; "but it doesn't go."

"Take it up with the director."

Again Bill stepped to the footlights. "Is that in?" he asked, and the director answered "It is."

"But where will I be?" insisted Bill, and again the director replied, "No arguments, if you please. If there is anything to discuss we will take it up after the rehearsal."

Bill, more truculent than ever, again resumed the rehearsal, and all went well until McCutcheon was about to climb the ladder, at which point he ran up and down the stage, taking the steps on his toes and throwing his knees well up in the air.

"What are you doing now?" demanded Bill.

"Running up and down the ladder," McCutcheon answered.

Again Bill stepped to the footlights and asked "Is that in?" To which the director replied "It is."

"All right," said Bill; "if that's in I'm out."

Then he tossed his part onto the prompt table and started toward the door, but was soon stopped by the laughter of the company, who had been advised regarding what was to happen. Explanations followed. Bill accepted them good-naturedly, shook his fist at Collier and went on with his work, relieved and happy.

As gambling was not allowed in the club, a special room was reserved for us every Saturday night at the same restaurant, and there the game began at half-past eleven. We played often and long, and all of us had some of the merriest nights of our lives. One Sunday morning, after an all-night session, Collier said to Goodwin, who was sailing for Europe that week, "When do you sail, Nat?"

Two Rolls

Goodwin replied, "Wednesday."

"Good!" said Collier. "I'll sit up with you."

"It's a go!" replied Goodwin.

They then settled that they would be together continuously until it was time for Goodwin to go aboard. Collier, who could do with less sleep than any man I ever knew, was playing at the Madison Square Theater, and it was arranged that Goodwin was to sit in a box and watch the performance Monday and Tuesday evening. This he did successfully on Monday, but on Tuesday he fell asleep, and Collier sent his dresser to wake him and claimed a foul.

Another player was H. C. Barnabee, the much-loved comedian of the old Bostonians. Barnabee was one of the worst players who ever drew to an inside straight with only one man in. His game was so transparent that we began to go to other rooms in an effort to evade him; but we soon found it useless, for when it came to a poker game he had a nose like a champion bird dog.

Once when he was playing as usual, he said, "Well, boys, I've played this game for thirty years, won once and didn't get the money. But some day the luck will turn and when it does look out for me."

It was of another such player that Frederick Harrison, one of the wits of the Lotos Club, once said, "He is what I call the ideal poker player. He always comes with two rolls of money—one is his and one is ours."

Booth Tarkington, Harry Leon Wilson and I spent part of a winter at Pass Christian, where every afternoon from three to five we played in a dollar-limit game which we called the meeting of the road commissioners. Among the players was a well-known merchant from Chicago who when we left stayed on. Meeting Tarkington some time later, Tarkington asked him how he fared in the game. The merchant told him that soon after we departed two strangers came into it, and that almost before he realized it they were playing five-dollar jackpots and ten-dollar roodles.

"How did you come out?" asked Tarkington; and the merchant answered, "Mr. Tarkington, the next time you write a drama, have a sucker for a hero and let me play the part."

Soon after the second season of Why Smith Left Home the firm of Broadhurst Brothers was dissolved. Hearing of this, Charles Frohman offered to produce anything that I wrote for five years; and his terms being very liberal, as they always were with a playwright, a contract to that effect was drawn and signed. Being firmly convinced that Hoyt was right about the public's thinking one only a funny man, the first play I wrote was a romantic comedy. After reading it, Frohman asked me to call on him.

When I did he said: "Broadhurst, you have a contract with me and I shall keep it to the letter. When I made it, however, I never thought of your writing anything but farce."

To this I rejoined: "Had you told me that, the contract would never have been signed. It would be impossible for me to agree to write only farce for the next five years."

Frohman answered: "If there is anyone at fault it is myself. You are not to blame in the least. As I told you, I will keep the contract, but I must say again that I really thought you would write nothing but farce. Now the only question is, have you any suggestion to make?" To this I said the obvious thing and we tore up the contract.

My determination not to write another farce until I had written at least one successful play of another type resulted in my being without a production for four years. The managers' cry was: "Why not give the public what they expect from you? You've established your line, why try to change it?"

They did not seem to realize that if I continued to write farce until my invention was exhausted—as it would have been, for farce is the most difficult form of the drama—I was finished with the stage forever.

In an effort to get my work produced I formed a partnership with William H. Currie, under the firm name of Broadhurst & Currie, and we produced a comedy of mine entitled A Fool and His Money. In the cast were Arnold Daly, George Nash, Jamieson Lee Fenney and John Robertson, now the famous producer of moving pictures, who appeared in one act only as a Scotch golf instructor and gave an excellent characterization.

The piece had a successful New York engagement, but when it came to booking it on the road we had a disagreement with the powers that were, and as there was at that time only one syndicate and that controlled all the first-class theaters, we were forced to confine our output to the popular-price houses then under the management of Stair & Havlin.

An Accidental Alarm Clock

Our first venture with Stair & Havlin was the managing of Matthews and Bulger, whom we presented in a play called The Night of the Fourth, which was George Ade's first contribution to the stage.

Then, under the name of Charles Newman, I wrote the book of the musical play, Buster Brown, based on the famous cartoons of that name. Again under the name of Charles Newman, I wrote Rudolph and Adolph and Fritz and Snitz for Mason and Mason, two Dutch comedians who were under our management, and a Son of Rest and The Duke of Duluth for that popular vaudeville actor, the late Nat M. Wills.

During the rehearsals of the Son of Rest I became dissatisfied with the entrance given to Wills, who played a tramp, but did not know what to substitute for it. One morning Currie and I were standing at our office window, which faced on Broadway, and I saw a man let down an awning.

"That's it!" I said. "That's the entrance for Wills!"

(Continued on Page 117)

The Heart of the Hudson Highlands, *from a painting by Robert O. Reid*

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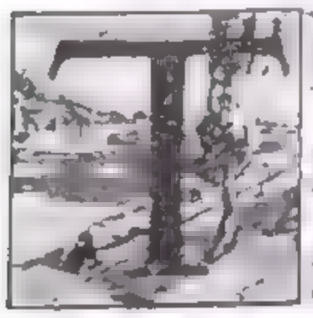

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The NEW EDISON LONG PLAYING PHONOGRAPH

NO NEEDLES TO CHANGE

(Continued from Page 114)

"What is?" asked Currie; and I replied, "He's been asleep in the awning, and when the character woman lets it down, he falls out."

That was the entrance arranged, and although Wills did not actually fall out of the awning—instead he caught hold of an iron rod and swung himself down—it was very effective.

One afternoon when the half hour for the matinee was called, the stage manager found that Wills had not arrived. He dashed to his hotel and found him sleeping deeply, having been out all night and most of the morning, forgetting all about the matinee. With difficulty the stage manager roused Wills and got him to the theater, where the curtain was held until he could put on his make-up and crawl into the awning, which he had to do before the performance began.

Some fifteen minutes later, when the actress let down the awning, Wills, who had again fallen asleep, rolled down it with such force that he was catapulted over the iron rod and was dumped onto the stage after a drop of about five feet, fortunately landing in a recumbent position. It was the most electrifying entrance I have ever seen, and the look on the face of Wills was so genuinely comic that the audience, not knowing that anything unusual had occurred and thinking it was the usual business, laughed heartily and applauded wildly.

When Wills made his first exit, Currie, who was waiting for him, said, "That entrance was great. Keep it in." The reply of Wills could be written only on asbestos note paper.

Very unexpectedly, and to my great surprise and still greater joy, James K. Hackett accepted the romantic comedy which Frohman had refused, and produced it under the title, The Crown Prince. He made so many alterations at rehearsal that when he finally said "George, do you mind if I change this bit?" I replied, "Jim, I need both the production and the money, so I don't care what you change so long as you don't change my name. And it isn't that I'm fussy about that; I'm just used to it."

Hackett took it very good-naturedly and played the piece for two seasons, including an engagement at Daly's Theater.

Guaranteed Thumbless

Then Weber & Fields took over A Fool and His Money, for William Collier, who was under their management, and the earth began to rotate again.

Henry B. Harris produced The Price, with Helen Ware as the star; Crane played The American Lord, on which I collaborated with Charles T. Dazey; with the same author I wrote The Captain, for Goodwin, who also produced my play, The Easterner, with a cast including Lucille La Verne, who came into her own in Sunup; Hale Hamilton, who was killed in the first act, but did not deserve it; Wallace McCutcheon, Renée Kelly and Edna Goodrich; I dramatized Stewart Edward White's story, Conjuror's House, for Robert Edeson under the title The Call of the North, which led to my meeting White in a rather unusual way.

I was at a boxing match in Los Angeles, and during a preliminary bout someone called to me across the ring. When the bout was over a man on the other side of the ring rose, came round to me and said, "I heard someone call your name; are you George Broadhurst?"

As I could see no special reason for concealing my identity, I admitted that I was, and then he said, "I think we ought to know each other. You are dramatizing my story; I'm Stewart Edward White."

I also tried my hand at doctoring various musical plays, which led to my collaboration with Frederick Rankin on Nancy Brown for Marie Cahill, a comedienne so deft and delicate in her method that she never achieved either the credit or the success that she deserved.

At a hotel where we stayed in a one-night stand where she was playing, Miss Cahill observed that the waiter who brought her soup had his thumb in it.

"Take it back, please," she said, "and bring me a hard-boiled egg; you can't get your thumb in that."

Every writer of stories or plays is often asked where he gets his ideas. My theory is that generally it is a process of suggestion and germination. Sometimes, entirely unknown to the author, a seed is sown which eventually fructifies. In a few cases he may be able to trace the suggestion to its source in some definite scene or action.

One such case with me is The Man of the Hour. While Nancy Brown was in the experimental stage through which all musical plays must pass, I was with it in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. There was a chorus rehearsal in the afternoon, and as I was not interested, I strolled about the town. I had read that day in a local paper about a magnificent new state building which had been erected, and as I walked I found myself in front of it. On either side of the main door was a vacant space in the masonry, oblong in shape and evidently carefully planned. Without any particular reason and entirely without design, I went into the building to look round. While doing this I met the superintendent, who volunteered to show me about.

A Fine Sale of Tickets

Carefully stored away in the basement were two bronze tablets giving particulars of the erection of the building and the names of the men who were responsible for the work. I saw at once that they were intended to fit in the vacant spaces near the main door and asked why they were not put there. The superintendent said that the authorities were afraid to place them in position because they were expecting most of the men whose names were on them to be indicted for grafting. Then and there The Man of the Hour was born. I debated with myself whether to treat the subject seriously or from a comedy standpoint, finally deciding that the question was too important to be treated lightly.

At that time I was under contract to A. W. Dingwall, and Frank McKee, manager of the Savoy Theater, New York, to write a play for them on a subject of my own choosing; so I went to a small hotel just outside Tryon, North Carolina, to begin the work. William Gillette had a charming home quite near, where he had written Held by the Enemy and Secret Service; and with the permission of his sister, who was living there with her husband during Gillette's absence on the road, I occasionally walked about his grounds while formulating the story of the play.

On these grounds were some very friendly goats that would thrust their noses through the rails in search of crusts or anything edible which a passing stranger might have. Gillette's tour being ended, we arranged to meet; and when I kept the appointment I found him rubbing the nose of one of his goats.

After the usual greetings, he said, "No wonder I like to come here; everything here loves me, even the goats."

To this I replied, "Love you! They want something to eat." And Gillette promptly responded, "My boy, there comes a time in a man's life when he calls that love."

When I read the play to McKee and Dingwall they unhesitatingly declined it, giving as their reason that the public was not interested in politics. I pointed out that in Thomas W. Lawson, whose articles on Frenzied Finance were then current, and in Ida Tarbell, I had the two greatest advance agents in the world, and that in my opinion the public was ripe for such a play; but my arguments left them unconvinced and unmoved.

At that time there was in existence the firm of William A. Brady and Joseph R. Grismer. They accepted the play and gave it its première at Harmanus Bleecker Hall, where my first play had its initial performance. Its reception there and on the one-night stands through Pennsylvania which followed convinced Brady that he had a good piece of property, and he returned to New York to arrange for a theater there. He found, however, that he could not procure one, for the booking syndicate had a graft play of their own which they wished to present in the metropolis before ours was brought there.

Meantime The Man of the Hour had been attracting unusual attention from the press, both in the news and editorial columns, and Brady, to give the play the supreme acid test, booked it for a return engagement in each town it had played a week previously. Only those who know the theater will realize what a hazardous undertaking that was. On our first return engagement, that excellent character actor, George Fawcett, a young light comedian by the name of Douglas Fairbanks, Miss Lillian Kemble, the leading lady, and myself were walking toward the theater preparatory to the performance when we saw a crowd gathered about the door.

Miss Kemble said, "Good heavens! The theater's on fire and all my dresses will be ruined," and ran so fast that I am sure she would have held, even today, the woman's record for the 100-yard dash had she been officially timed. The rest of us followed quickly, to find there was not even the semblance of a fire. The crowd was waiting for the gallery doors to open.

That night the theater was packed. Instead of the $400 to which we had played the week before, the receipts were more than $1200 and the piece went magnificently. This state of affairs was duplicated in each town we played. Not once did we fail to triple the receipts of the previous performance, and in one or two instances they were quadrupled. Now Brady was sure and went to New York determined, in his grim way, to procure a theater there at all hazard and at all costs.

During that week we had, on one occasion, John Drew as a counter attraction; and that night, as Fairbanks and I were going to our theater, we saw the name John Drew in electric lights, and Fairbanks said, "I wonder if I'll ever see my name in lights like that."

Fairbanks on the Way Up

Finally the glad news came that Brady had procured a theater. It was the Savoy, the theater managed by McKee, for whom the play was written. McKee had not changed his opinion about the play. He exacted from Brady a guaranty that his share of the receipts should not fall below a certain sum during any week the play was at his house.

The opening night was very light, for the Savoy was not a popular theater and there was no star in the cast to focus attention on it. The time, two or three weeks before Christmas, was about the worst in the year for a new play. The week's receipts were very small, barely enough to pay the theater's guaranty, and many of Brady's friends advised him to close. Not Brady! He remembered those return engagements. He felt sure he was right, and when he feels that way he gambles to his last white chip, and when that is gone, he'll borrow.

The second week was better than the first, but the improvement was so minute that it was hardly visible to the naked eye. But it was better; and so, against the advice of all the wiseacres, Brady continued to play the hand in spite of the fact that his bank balance was beginning to be written in red ink. The third week showed a slight gain on the second; the fourth, Christmas week, jumped from less than $4000 to more than $8000; the fifth went to nearly $12,000, and Brady's judgment and pluck were rewarded, for they remained at that figure for many months and the play achieved an outstanding success.

Fairbanks was the delight of the company and the despair of the stage manager.

(Continued on Page 120)

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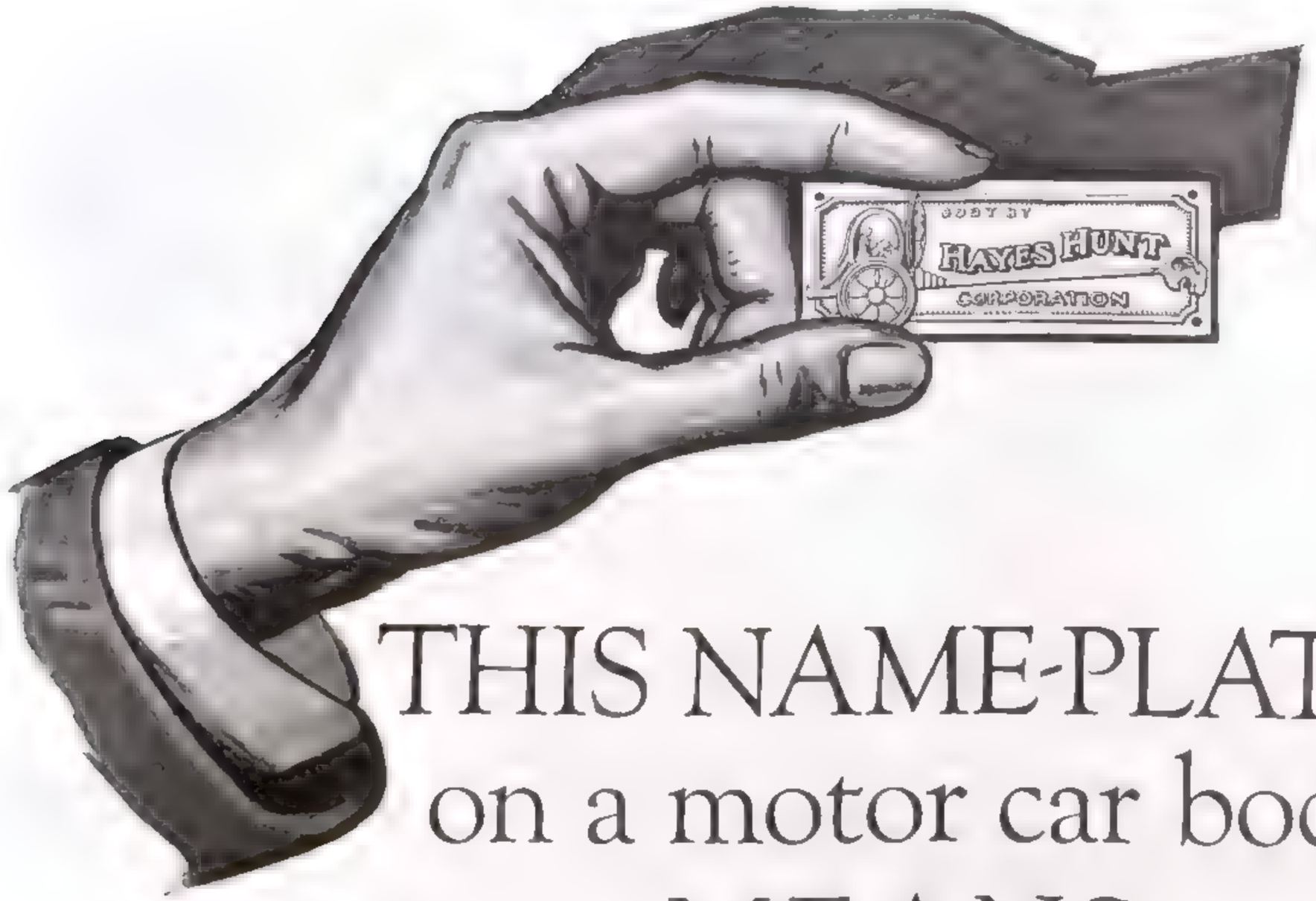

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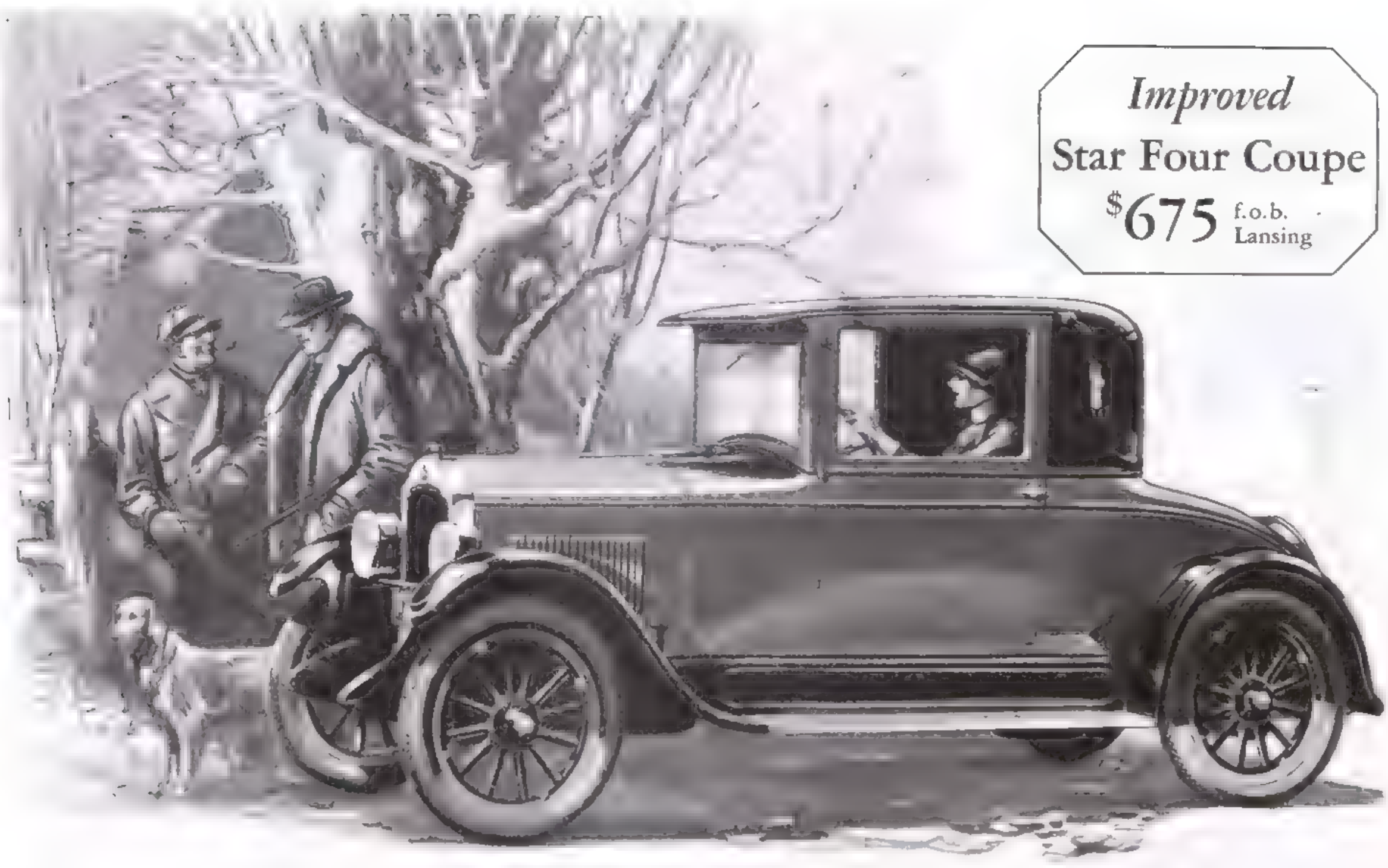

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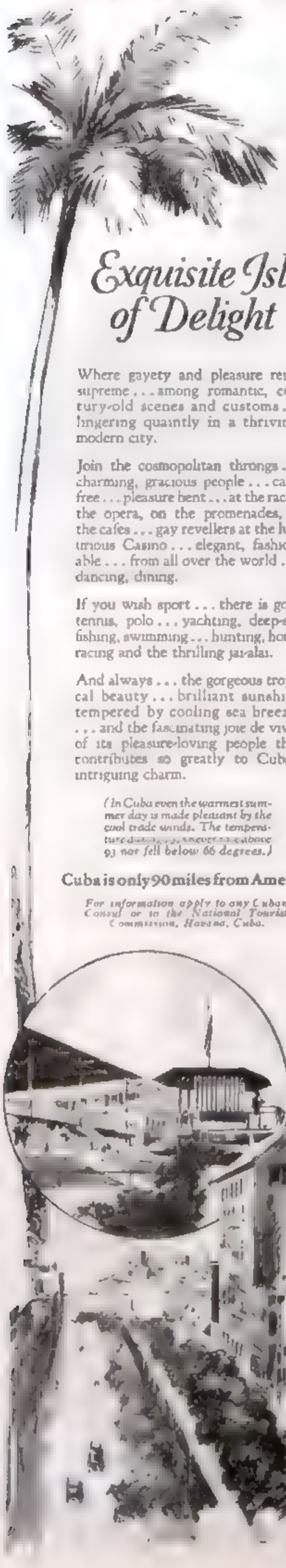

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(Continued from Page 117)

His light heart and unfailing spirits kept everyone in good humor. At rehearsals he did amazing athletic stunts; and once, walking in unexpectedly, I found him giving what must have been, judging from the laughter it evoked, a wonderful burlesque of me, though until that moment I had never recognized in myself the traits and the mannerisms which he caricatured.

He found to the fraction of a fraction of a second how long it would take him, provided he ran at full speed and was not impeded, to get from the side wall to the entrance on the stage, and so night afternight he would touch the wall with the fingers of his left hand and crouch for a sprint. Hearing the word which he knew would give him exactly the time to do it, he would make a mad dash for the stage and reach it, debonair and smiling, just in time, by the greatest of luck and the grace of his own speed, to answer his cue. I do not think that he missed it once, but I am sure that on several occasions the stage manager nearly died of heart failure.

In one place the villain of the play, after a scene with the leading lady, had to pick up his hat, a black derby, and make a dignified exit. On the last night of the run, Fairbanks, in some mysterious manner, smuggled an eight-pound shot into the hat. The actor started to pick it up, but could not move it. Unsuccessfully, he tried again. Then he looked into the hat, saw the shot and the expression on his face was worth going miles to see. But his troubles were not yet over; he could not go out on a winter's day without the hat and he was afraid that if he picked it up the weight of the shot would break the crown and cause the shot to fall on the floor. He slid one hand under the hat, lifted it up gingerly, put his arm round it and made his exit—to the delight of the watching players and to the distress of the leading lady, who threatened to burst a blood vessel in her endeavor not to laugh.

A Close Student of Politics

When the second company was organized to play Chicago, we were very anxious to engage a certain leading lady, and as she refused to come unless we engaged her husband also, we put him under contract as well. The name of the actress was Frances Ring, and her husband was, and is, Thomas Meighan. In this way it happened that two actors, one in New York and one in Chicago, who were destined to be the two most popular men on the screen in their respective lines and to have their names known all over the world, were playing in the same play at the same time.

How nearly Fairbanks missed it! He had decided that he had a better future in commerce than in the theater and had left the stage to engage in the soap business. If the soap had not been a washout, what the world would have lost!

The Man of the Hour was written around a dishonest street-railway deal between a financier and a local boss, and I named as its locale, "Any large city in America." Soon after it opened in New York a rumor was current that Tammany Hall was going to make every effort to close it, but it was only a rumor. All the politicians came to see the play, seemed to enjoy it hugely, failed always to see themselves, but managed invariably to see someone else. In nearly every city it played the newspapers recognized the incidents of the play as being of local occurrence and the characters as their own politicians, whereas I had no particular individuals in mind as prototypes.

I do not think that any play has drawn more editorial comment than The Man of the Hour, especially in cities where street railway franchises were in the public eye. In Cleveland, where a franchise was the center of interest in a forthcoming election, the powers back of it had sufficient influence to have the booking of the play changed from a fortnight before election to two weeks after it. The opposition papers discovered this, blazoned it as news on their front pages and referred to it editorially with solicitous inquiry, the result being that we found ourselves tremendously advertised when we played Cleveland—after the election.

In Denver, where another street railway deal was to be voted on, a citizens' committee, while the play was running there, tried to buy it outright for a later week, intending to have it presented in the largest auditorium there and charge no admission. They offered exceptionally good terms; but the management could not accept them, as the tour was booked in such a way that it could not be arranged.

While The Man of the Hour was playing Washington, D. C., Theodore Roosevelt, then President, went to see it and sent me an invitation to have luncheon with him at the White House. At the luncheon were various members of the cabinet and other men of importance, and as Mr. Roosevelt was standing after all the others were seated, Elihu Root, from the end of the table, said, "Sit down, Mr. President, or you'll make a speech from force of habit," at which the President laughed heartily and promptly complied with the request.

During the course of our conversation, the President said, "You must have studied politics very closely to have written such a true political play."

I replied, "Not at all, Mr. President. Practically every incident in it has been public property for years. What I had to do was to collect them and assemble them in such a manner that the machine would run effectively."

"Do you mean to tell me," the President continued, "that you know of an alderman being bribed as it is done in the play?"

To this I answered: "No, sir; that is one of the few incidents that is not founded on actual fact. I was confronted by the following situation: To pass the bill over the mayor's veto one vote was necessary, therefore some alderman must desert the mayor and go over to the boss. On what ground could I justify this reversal, not to the alderman, but to the constituents? The answer was by giving the constituents something that they wanted. What could they want? Let us say a park in their ward which they had been trying for years to get. Then the thought came that if the railway did not directly concern them, as it did not touch their ward, while the park stayed there forever, the aldermen could appeal to the strongest general human motive, self-interest, and so not only justify himself but gain approval and approbation. This was the argument the boss used, adding: 'The fact that we've taken up your notes at the bank and saved your business for you won't cut any figure at all. And remember, you'll have the money when this is all blown over and then people won't ask how you got it; they'll only ask have you got it?'"

A Success and a Failure

The President replied: "That is very ingenious. It seems to me that you could have made quite a politician yourself." No man in his deduction could have been more distant from fact.

The next time I saw Roosevelt I did not speak to him, nor did anyone else. He sat in a chair in a Pullman car trying intermittently to occupy his thoughts with a book, but spending most of his time gazing steadily through the window. That morning the news had been published that his son had been killed.

The only other play of mine which I can trace absolutely to its source was as big a failure as The Man of the Hour was a success. Walking past a public school, I saw a number of boys teasing another with that ultimate cruelty which is possible only to boys in the mob and calling him a coward.

The bully of the crowd said, "Let's get his sister and show her what a coward her brother is."

The other boy said, "No, you won't"; and rather than have his sister see him under such conditions, he fought and whipped his most aggressive tormentor.

Immediately the thought came to write about such a boy who had become a man. What would make him fight? The reputation of the woman he loved. From this I developed the thesis: "The weakest of us become brave once the incentive is found," and wrote a play which was produced in Chicago and called The Coward.

Judging from its reception the opening night and from the criticisms the following day, we had a sure success. The box office soon advised us to the contrary. It went well, the audience followed it with interest, the applause came in the right places and it always received at least two calls at the final curtain. But the public simply would not pay to go to see it. Commercially, it was stillborn and it was closed at the end of two weeks.

Another manager had seen the play in Chicago and felt confident he could make it a success in New York, his theory being that the title, The Coward, foredoomed it to failure. Under his management it was presented in New York as The Mills of the Gods, with Robert Drouet and Edgar Selwyn in the leading parts.

Trying Them on the Dog

Drouet had an extremely intelligent fox terrier which he took with him to the theater every night. She would lie, unmoving, in a corner of his dressing room; and no matter how often he changed his clothes, she never stirred until he put on the trousers he had worn when he came into the theater, at which she would spring to life ready and eager to go home. Sometimes Drouet would give a luncheon or a dinner, and when the meal was over, just before the guests were ready to rise, he would call in his dog, which at a word from him would jump on his knees. Then he would say to her, "Look around and then tell me what you think of my guests." Beginning on Drouet's left, the dog's gaze would go all round the table, and when the journey was completed she would give the most cavernous yawn of which her jaws were capable.

The Mills of the Gods died as swiftly and irrevocably as did The Coward, which is the proper way for a play to die, for there is nothing more heartbreaking than the ebb and flow of the half hopes of a play's lingering death. To this day, however, I do not know why it failed. There must have been some entirely adequate reason, for it succumbed twice, in different cities.

The apparently undeserved success of some plays and the unaccountable failures of others are among the many things that make the writing and producing of plays the most fascinating sport in the world, provided one can take his punishment and is a gambler at heart. For no one can predict what judgment the public, the one and only arbiter, will pass upon any play.

Quite recently a man said to me that he was positive he could tell whether a play would be a success or a failure by reading the manuscript. I told him that he could have a salary of $1,000,000 a year if he would guarantee to do it. On his evidencing no ambition in that direction, I suggested that I send him all the manuscripts which came to our office. He could select the successes among them and I would produce them for a small percentage of the profits, which would average from $100,000 upwards for every $20,000 invested. There was, of course, the proviso that he was to pay all the losses; but as, owing to his infallibility, there would be no losses, that was an empty formality. Reasonable and remunerative as this appeared to me, it made no appeal to him. Then I asked him, since every manager from the earliest days of the drama had produced failures and the greatest of dramatists had written them, on what he based his theory that he was the only man ever born gifted with this God-given infallibility. He departed much incensed but still convinced that he possessed the power if he only cared to use it.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Mr. Broadhurst. The fifth and last will appear in an early issue.

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THE CHILDREN'S PARTY

(Continued from Page 36)

"Oh, no," Harold said lightly.

"Indeed not," added Stella.

"You can't run around defying your parents," Johnny continued. "'Least, you can't hang around me and Sully. We won't be no accessories."

"You are taking this too seriously," said Harold.

"Listen," said Johnny, "this is my fire, ain't it? and my coffee. You're welcome to the grub, but you're sure goin' back to that railroad."

Sully muttered something in a low tone.

"You keep your trap shut," snapped Johnny, who saw at once the sympathetic drift of his partner's mind. Sully was the kind that would rush out and find a minister for the reckless twain.

"Set right down," Sully invited, glaring at Johnny, and the elopers presently ate with great gusto, shivered with delight over the darkness and the faint, mysterious sounds of the desert, and stared with growing interest at the dusty figures. Most of Sully's teeth were missing, which gave a startling quality to his grin. Johnny's manner was more somber. He was better dressed and seemed to be the man of authority. Stella sat upon the suitcase and nibbled. Harold ate heartily.

"We are not going back," he declared. "We like it out here, don't we, Stella?"

"Indeed yes," she admitted.

"And," the young man explained, "we will be married very soon. In the meantime, if you gentlemen don't mind, we would like to attach ourselves to your party."

Sully looked pleadingly at his comrade, who chewed on in grim silence.

"We are strangers in this country," Harold continued.

"I should say you are strangers," Johnny said in a ferocious voice. A mild man, and kindly, he now strove to give a harsh rasp to his tones. "If you wasn't strangers you certainly wouldn't of stepped off a train and walked in on two of the toughest outlaws in the country." Sully glanced up and blinked.

"What did you say?" Harold asked.

"Two of the toughest son-of-a-guns in this or any other state," grunted Johnny. "If you and your lady knew about us you never would have walked this way."

"Who are you?"

"My name," Johnny said impressively, "is One-Gun Hicks, and that over there is Wild Bill from Death Valley. Right now the police are huntin' us down, and for why? Because, together and separate, we have killed more sheriffs than you could pile in a box car. And here you are, a couple of little babies from Boston, settin' in with us calmly and eatin' our grub, when at any minute a possee may begin shootin' at us from behind a rock, seein' we've always said we would never be took alive—would we, Bill?"

Sully made no reply. During the recital he stared at his mate with visible admiration, because here was a side of Johnny he had never suspected. They had been together for many years and never before had Johnny displayed gifts. Mr. Gilmore was a man who detested even slight deviations from the truth.

Stella moved toward her sweetheart and snuggled her hand into his. The young man's countenance lighted with a pleased smile.

"That," he said briskly, "solves the problem. There was one thing that worried me, but now I see how we can get some money."

"What money?" demanded Johnny. "Ain't you and your young woman afraid to be out here with a couple of international murderers, and night comin' on? Suppose we was to take and shoot the gizzards out of the both of you? We kill 'em like that." He snapped his fingers.

"What—what kind of desperadoes are you?" Stella inquired uneasily.

"Train robbers, mostly," replied Johnny. "We do anything that interests us, don't we, Bill? We stuck up a bank last week."

"But no money in it," added Sully in haste. "One of them busted banks."

"So we just killed everybody and went away," said Johnny.

There was a slight pause.

"If this isn't luck!" cried Harold in open delight. "Have you any money with you?"

"Not a dime," said Sully. "We're between robberies."

"Doesn't matter," Harold continued. "It's perfect. And to think that we stumbled upon you two outlaws merely by leaving a train! Now we are sure of getting the money we need, aren't we, Stella?"

"Yes," said Stella uncertainly. "How?"

"Why, they kidnap us, of course," said her sweetheart, addressing her. "In fact we are kidnaped now. Nothing could be simpler or better."

"Kidnaped!" said Johnny, his voice rising slightly. "You eat them beans and git out of here quick! Be glad we let you go alive too!"

"You two gentlemen," continued Harold, as though there was no dissent, "can keep half the ransom for yourselves. Naturally you require money if you are between robberies."

"Correct," said Sully in instant acquiescence.

"We do not!" Johnny roared.

"Who don't?" Sully asked.

"We don't."

Sully coughed hard.

"The ransom will be five thousand dollars," Harold continued thoughtfully. "You two, Mr. Wild Bill and Mr. One-Gun Hicks, have abducted us and are holding us in a cave, or wherever people hold people, and if the money isn't sent at once, we will both be shot and buried on the first day of the month. There it is in a nutshell."

"Great!" said Sully in admiration.

"No," said Johnny. "That ain't our line and we won't have nothin' to do with it."

"Oh, yes, you will! Please do!" Stella pleaded. "You see, we wish to be married, and in fact we must be, seeing we have eloped, and that requires money. Harold's idea is a good one, and there is nothing really wrong about it, for they should give us the money anyhow. Please do, Mr. One-Gun! You were young once."

"No," said Johnny even more firmly, and shaking his head harder than ever. "Not a chance."

"I don't see ——" Mr. Sullivan began, but Johnny told him to shut his mouth and keep it shut definitely.

The simple meal proceeded and the youngsters argued the merits of their case. Johnny remained adamant, declaring that as soon as they had strengthened themselves with food they would have to depart down the track. Stella threatened to weep. Harold cajoled. Presently Mr. Sullivan drew his flinty associate aside and they talked it over.

"Say," said Sully, "what's the matter with you? Let's us do what them kids want. We can take them up to the shack if they have to be kidnaped."

"You're an old fool," said Johnny. "Them kids is too young."

"It ain't really kidnaping," Sully reflected, speaking in hushed tones, "and we sure need half of any money the young squirt can git away from his old man."

"We're not crooks," Johnny said coldly. "'Least, I ain't a crook."

"I know," Sully argued, "and that's the point. We can't turn them loose out here, with no money and nowhere to go. It wouldn't be moral."

Johnny grunted. "There may be something in that. 'Course, if we was to fall in with this neefarious scheme we could keep an eye on them and prevent 'em from gettin' hitched until their folks came and got 'em, which, if the folks has any sense, they are bound to do soon."

"Sure," said Sully; "and about the ransom ——"

"Keep still about the ransom. We don't want any of that money."

"We don't, hey? Have we got any? I ask you that!"

"We got enough. You're a kind of a natural crook, ain't you?"

Growling at each other, they turned back to the fire and rejoined their guests, who were serenely enjoying the night, the fire and the proximity of two such Western bad men, although in many ways they did not resemble the picturesque bandits of the plains familiar to Harold in his Boston reading.

"Well," inquired the young man, "what's the verdict? I do hope you will help us out, Mr. Wild Bill."

"I must say you got plenty of nerve," Johnny remarked. "My pardner and me has talked it over. You can consider yourself kidnaped, you and the young female."

"Oh, thank you, sir," said Stella.

"Never mind thankin' me. And one of our rules is, when we kidnap anybody, they do exactly what we tell 'em or they both get shot without warning, like we shot them bankers."

"That suits us perfectly," Harold agreed. "After all, what we want is spending money for the honeymoon."

"So do we," said Sully, and Mr. Gilmore glared at his covetous associate.

"What is the first thing we do?" Harold asked, looking about with interest and seeing nothing at all.

"Yes," said Stella; "where, for instance, does a kidnaped person sleep when out on the desert?"

"In a blanket," said Johnny; "and if anything bites you during the night, all you do is holler, and somebody's sure to wake up. Me and Bill will be over here on this side of the fire, and your young man will be right between us where nothing can happen to him."

"I don't like that," Stella said firmly.

"Probably not; but seein' we kidnaped you and him, we thereby undertook certain responsibility, and from now on you are protected by One-Gun Hicks and Wild Bill, a couple of the slickest protectors that ever clumb out of Death Valley."

"And in the morning," said Harold with zest, "I will write the letter to father asking for five thousand."

"Where you goin' to mail this letter to?" Sully inquired suddenly.

"To the Chicago office. It's nearest. I suppose, to make it very realistic, I ought to prick my finger and write it in blood."

Johnny Gilmore swallowed hard and turned an eye of disapproval upon the young man. "You will not!" he roared, startling Stella. "You'll write it with a lead pencil."

"Tell him to send small bills," added Sully. "If there's anything I hate it's a lot of these large bills. Nobody can ever change 'em."

"It is customary," continued Harold, "to write a ransom letter in good old blood."

Johnny merely repeated that here was one kidnaping letter that wouldn't be written in good old blood, and the conversation drifted to other matters. Did they ever kill a buffalo? No. Had a mountain lion ever chased either of them, and if so, how far? Certainly not. Was it true that a rattler would leave you alone if you left him alone? Sure. Were you afraid when you held up a train? Not at all; only nervous, which sometimes made your finger pull the trigger and kill strangers when you didn't actually mean to.

Sully, being the more fluent, smooth-running liar, took over the conversation and entertained the wide-eyed visitors with a series of Western sagas, all wild and fishy, but showing Sully as a roaring hellion with horse and gun, and likewise a great fellow with the ladies. There was a lady in each of Sully's fireside reminiscences, a beautiful creature, who eventually begged Sully to give up his mad career and go with her to a quiet city and live peacefully. Sully always sent the lady away. Johnny listened, yawned, gurgled and finally slumbered. Stella and Harold sat by the dying fire and told each other that this was better than Boston and a finished education.

In the course of time the Chicago office of Drake & Co. received the following letter:

Dear Father: This is to inform you that I have been kidnaped, along with Stella Landis, and the two of us are now being held for ransom here in the trackless wilderness. The sum involved is five thousand dollars, in small bills. The kidnapers are One-Gun Hicks and Wild Bill, two men whose very appearance and manner show that they will stop at nothing. If there is any delay about the five thousand dollars I fear you will not see Harold and Stella again, for these men are certainly desperate and will stop at nothing. Bring the money to the Royal Hotel in Ferryville and wait until you receive final instructions. There is no catch in this, so please do not have any conservative Boston ideas about it, especially if you wish to see your son again, and also Stella, for these noted outlaws will certainly stop at nothing.

Your loving son,

HAROLD.

P. S. I am writing this at the point of a gun.

The general manager of the Chicago office read this communication with care, touched a button, and on the following morning the United States sipped its coffee, looked at the headlines and spoke of the appalling nerve of our Far Western bandits, two of whom had captured and were holding for ransom the beautiful Stella Landis of Boston and her fiancé, a boy named Drake.

Wild Bill was described as the toughest bad man in a tough district, and One-Gun Hicks was shown to be the murderous creature who had been holding up trains and shooting voters in Montana, where he was noted for his savage brutality. Both were delineated as a couple of disgraceful reminders of a bygone era when the railroads were building and murder was a misdemeanor.

It was an excellent contribution to the news of the day, and was carried along as a serial from morning to morning, with fresh photographs of people who had nothing to do with it, diagrams and maps full of dotted lines showing the probable course of the abductors, and interviews with prominent society ladies giving their views on kidnaping.

The Landises and the Drakes were notified by telegraph, receiving full details at the little fleabitten station where they had left the eastbound train upon discovery that their young ones were missing. The rest of the country took the stolen children to its bosom and demanded to be informed how such a thing could occur in a civilized land. Detectives volunteered free services and the use of their cars. State organizations offered rewards. Boy Scouts and Camp Fire Girls stood by, and a man in Paducah, Kentucky, telegraphed the governor, stating that he had six bloodhounds and would ship them at once.

"It seems very strange to me," Harold's father remarked, looking over the Chicago telegrams. "It really does seem odd that these bandits want only five thousand dollars and for both children. That's only twenty-five hundred apiece."

"How heartlessly you talk!" said Stella's mother, who, of course, was frantic and remained so. "We will send the money to them at once."

"Send it where?"

"Has a strange look to me also," added Stella's father. "I agree with William. Why didn't these blackguards ask for fifty thousand? Why five thousand? Very funny."

"You have an odd notion of humor," said Mrs. Landis coldly.

(Continued on Page 127)

"Tobacco and a good coal fire
are things the season doth require"

Millions are saying ~

"tasting better than ever"

THE consumer demand for White Owl is now the greatest in the history of the brand. For which, with millions of Americans, we pause to give thanks to Mother Nature.

Unusual conditions of climate and soil have imparted to the tobacco now being used in White Owls a sweetness of taste that has never been approached in cigars selling at the price.

This supreme contribution of Nature is particularly appropriate at Thanksgiving. You will find White Owls tasting better than ever—*the* perfect finishing touch to a Thanksgiving Dinner.

White Owl

Now 3 for 20¢

General Cigar Co., INC

A Symbol

of the Growth of an Industry and its Leader

The industry, motion pictures—*its leader*, Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, Producers of Paramount Pictures

Because it is a symbol, the new Paramount Building has an enormous significance to thoughtful people.

It stands as a tribute to the genius and foresight of Adolph Zukor, the Founder of the Corporation and Leader of the Industry, to Jesse L. Lasky, the man who created a miracle of high uniformity of quality in motion pictures, and to every worker whose shoulder is set to the wheel of progress.

Here stands their first great, visible symbol to the world of the success of motion pictures *as an industry!*

The first vast intimation in stone and steel of the commercial stabilization of the film industry!

A mighty tangible sign that it has settled down to steady, progressive activity along the lines of all other important American industries!

The new Paramount Building was erected and is owned by the leaders of highly organized screen progress, Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, Producers of Paramount Pictures.

It is the executive headquarters of those who carry better entertainment to every country in the world.

For millions everywhere the screen has opened up not only new vistas of life and enlightenment, but of that *knowledge of other peoples* which makes for understanding and world peace.

It is in this spirit of a business that is also a great Public Service that the Paramount Building was erected.

It is in this spirit that the Paramount organization envisages the continuing responsibility of leadership.

No visit to New York is complete without a visit to the Paramount Theatre—*a Theatre Within a Skyscraper*

The Paramount Theatre, one of the features of the Paramount Building, is the highest example of what modern entertainment presented amid perfect conditions can be. See the magnificent Grand Lobby, Peacock Alley, the Marie Antoinette Room, the Fraternities Room and the Hall of Nations, containing blocks of stone hewn from the world's most historical spots. The Paramount Theatre, seating 4000, is one of the chain of Publix Theatres operating from coast to coast with the policy of introducing improved standards for the better diversion, comfort and security of patrons.

Paramount Pictures

Produced by Famous Players-Lasky Corp., Adolph Zukor, Pres., New York

"If it's a Paramount Picture, it's the best show in town!"

The Trade Mark of Romance

STABILITY
The
PARAMOUNT
BUILDING
and
THEATRE
At the Cross-Roads
of the World
Times Square
New York.

The thousandth time she washed the cup

...*she smashed it!*

THERE was a nick in the cup—that was why she always recognized it. Three times a day it "turned up" during dishwashing, and every time she thought, "there's that old cup again." Days—weeks—months—she washed it, till one morning she "accidentally on purpose" dropped it on the floor. "There," she said, looking at the pieces, "that settles you."

Monotony and repetition are what make housework so burdensome—doing over and over again things in which there is never any joy of accomplishment. And what is more monotonous and endless than washday? Week after week it bobs up—like the nicked cup—and even though someone else may do the manual labor, it's a day lost just the same. The woman who smashed the cup would certainly have been even more justified in scrapping the washtub.

Indeed, very likely she has scrapped it—probably she is one of the millions of American women to whom the laundry is bringing new hours of leisure and new energy to enjoy them. How easily she can find happy ways of spending the day or more the laundry gives her each week! How little she would consider going back to the time-wasting, youth-consuming, old-fashioned home washday!

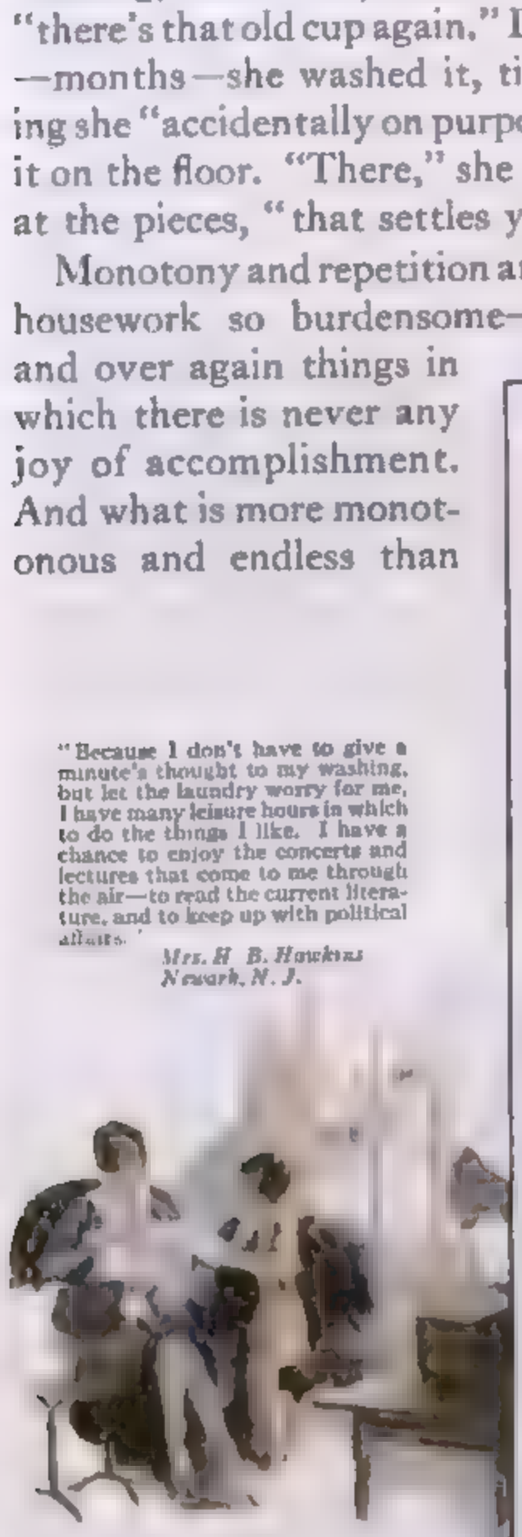
There's a modern laundry as close to you as your telephone. Call on it this week—next week—every week—you'll find it always reliable, always ready. It offers a variety of services to fit every need and purse.

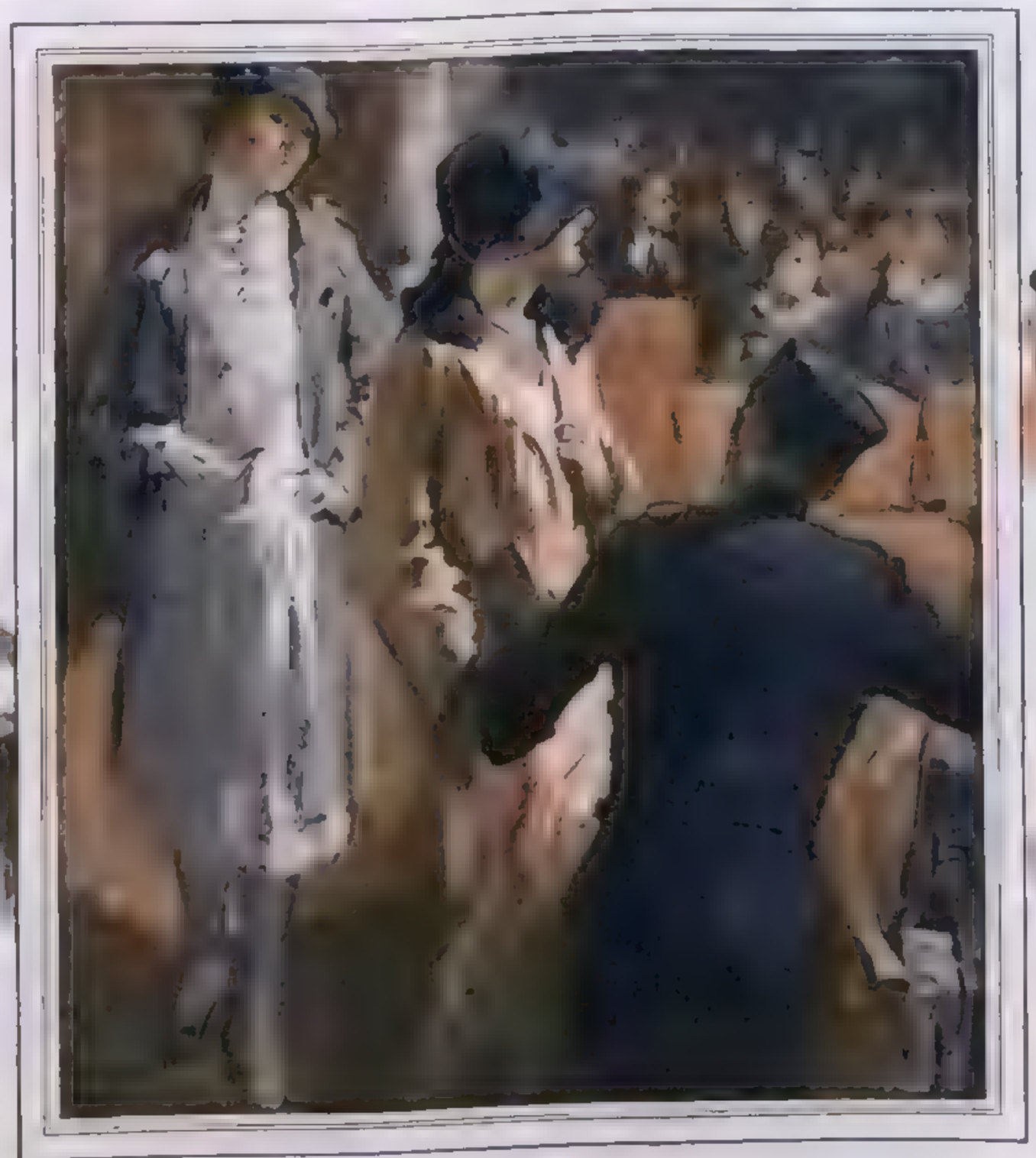
"Drop" washday now—begin today to enjoy the new hours—new days—new happiness that the laundry gives.

Published in the interest of the public, and on behalf of the Laundry Industry, by The American Laundry Machinery Company, Executive Offices, Cincinnati, Ohio

"Because I don't have to give a minute's thought to my washing, but let the laundry worry for me, I have many leisure hours in which to do the things I like. I have a chance to enjoy the concerts and lectures that come to me through the air—to read the current literature, and to keep up with political affairs."

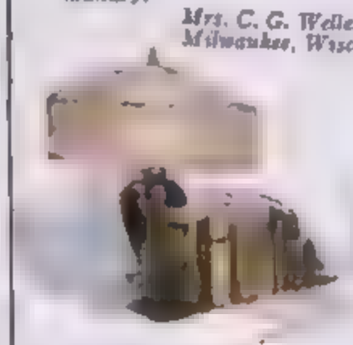
Mrs. H. B. Hawkins
Newark, N. J.





"My husband and I are very fond of company, and a group of congenial friends fill our home nearly every Saturday and stay until Sunday night. That means table linens, kitchen linens, as well as any number of sheets and pillow cases to be washed—and what a relief it is to turn all this heavy work over to the laundry."

Mrs. C. G. Welles
Milwaukee, Wisconsin



"I really believe that sending our wash out to the laundry is the only sensible and economical thing to do, because it saves wear and tear on my nervous system and gives me time for other things. At last I have found time to read some good books—without that nightmare of the washtub haunting me from week to week."

Miss Elizabeth Davies
Flushing, L. I.

"... happy ways of spending the day the laundry gives her ..."

(Continued from Page 122)

"Maybe," suggested Harold's parent, who knew a great deal about money matters—"maybe this is only the first payment."

Meantime, while the country at large discussed the fiendish outrage, the fiends concerned were occupied with serious matters. Stella and Harold spent the first night in comfort on the desert, under the starry sky. Early the next morning the kidnapers set out for their permanent camp on Owl's Head, where, as Johnny gloomily informed Sully, there was at least a roof for Stella if it rained.

What the young people beheld as they trudged along cheerfully behind Willie the burro was a canyon that turned from brown to green, a trickle of water that crept down amid the rocks, and finally a battered cabin, surrounded by stumpy trees, tin cans of another year and vague signs of occasional use.

"There's the shack," Sully announced.

"That's where you stay," added Johnny Gilmore, who was daily and hourly souring on the vine, determined only to find the parents of Stella and turn her over to them, with a sharp suggestion that in future they take better care of their offspring.

"What a lovely, romantic spot!" said Stella in delight.

The shack was a mere huddle of boards, containing two cots and a stove, and used on occasions by Johnny and Sully when life in the wide open became monotonous. Its furniture was a battered chair, a washstand with a tin basin and a scrap of faded linoleum.

"Here's where you stay," Johnny said to the lady.

"What about me?" Harold asked.

"You sleep out with me and Bill. Do you good."

The actual gathering of the money was to be taken care of by Harold, as he repeatedly informed the kidnapers. Nobody need give the cash another thought. When the moment arrived, he would step in and pick up the five-thousand ransom, using methods of his own and splitting the prize with his associates evenly. Meantime captors and victims would live happily side by side in the mountain retreat, secure and sheltered, far off the beaten trails of men and safe from pursuit. Johnny grumbled steadily, but came to regard himself as a moral force and a protector of heedless youth. Sully never ceased to believe that here was a good chance to make some easy money, call it ransom or whatever you have a mind to.

The one slight miscalculation in plans, due to Harold's inexperience in kidnaping technic, now moved forward and demanded recognition. From the moment the story crept into print and became a national affair, there was, though Harold did not know it, no chance whatever of a cash payment. Too many persons were milling about. Privacy departed. The state took up the outrage in a serious way and volunteers from all points buckled on their armor and started for the scene of the crime.

Sheriffs rattled about importantly in flivvers, giving interviews to eager reporters to the general effect that Wild Bill and One-Gun Hicks had committed their last crime and were as good as in the hoosegow. Private posses drifted in aboard day coaches, armed to the teeth. Strangers passed their evenings wandering about in the open, shooting at each other by mistake and apologizing. One-Gun and Wild Bill became overnight a couple of national figures, and were talked of in every city and village, the same as influenza, ham and eggs and Mussolini.

Mr. John Gilmore, accompanied by Willie the burro, strolled into the raw community known as Hapsburg, where he had friends, stepped into the flour-and-feed store of Ed Tibbetts and made a few simple purchases for himself and his three shack-bound companions. A newspaper lying on a sack of flour interested him and he examined it.

"Hang These Hellhounds" were the exact words that caught Johnny's eye; and continuing to read, he saw that he and Sully were the canines referred to. The governor therein swore upon his honor to send state troops if necessary, issue bonds or call in a palm reader.

Johnny folded the paper and took it back to camp, along with the corn meal, bacon, lard, kidney beans and bars of milk chocolate for Stella. Sully was on guard, with an eye upon Harold, to make certain that young man had no new ideas. The love birds were inside the shack, playing twenty-one and assuring each other that, after all, life among the simple Westerners was a better thing.

"So," said Johnny darkly, pushing the paper to his partner, "read what it says here and see how long you think you got to live."

Sully ran rapidly through the news, which clamored for the lifeblood of One-Gun Hicks and Wild Bill.

"What of it?" he inquired. "We ain't any desperadoes like it says here. We're known to be who we are, ain't we?"

"Not," replied Johnny, "to a hair-trigger possee which has been up all night. All we need now is to be seen in the company of our young friends, and the goose is cooked."

"Sounds silly to me," murmured Sully, failing to understand that a good kidnaping case is a national matter. "You think we can git into trouble?"

"We are in it," said Johnny. "We'll be killed like a couple of rats by the first possee that finds us. I don't know your plans, but I'm leavin'. The kids can take care of themselves. I'm goin' away before something happens to my health."

"And no money after all," Sully sorrowed. "I thought maybe we'd get a boat ride to Java out of this. Seems kind of tough."

"Are you comin' with me or not?" Johnny asked.

"I am," said Sully.

"Then let's go up and tell the kids."

They found Stella and Harold in friendly argument over the cards. It was apparent that the young Bostonians loved a free life in the open spaces and were content to go on indefinitely under the friendly guidance of desert gentlemen, with a pretty wedding at the end of the chapter.

"Harold," said Mr. Gilmore ominously, "this little buggy ride is now ended. You two are goin' back to the railroad, and you're goin' alone. Me and Bill are makin' a quick sneak elsewhere."

The prisoners looked up in alarm. "You don't mean you would actually run away and abandon us?" Stella asked in dismay.

"And glad to be able to run," answered Johnny. "Certainly. You think we want to hang around here and git bumped off?"

"Whatever will we do?" the girl asked, on the verge of tears.

"Yes," Harold put in indignantly; "where will we go, and how can we get married? If you leave us we can't collect the ransom."

"You can't anyhow," grumbled Johnny. "And this is no time for me to be arguin' with you. Go on back to school, where the both of ye belong. That's what you should have done anyhow, instead of gettin' off a train and draggin' a couple of innocent bystanders into this. The hull country's full of possees."

"You are not afraid, are you, Mr. Hicks?" Stella asked.

"No," said Johnny, "I ain't afraid; but I don't aim to go and git impulsively shot, which is what happens if the enraged populace finds us along with you and your bright boy friend."

Whereupon Mr. Gilmore began his simple preparations for departure, aided by Mr. Sullivan, the gloomy, who saw the enterprise failing just as he was about to lay hands upon a few needed dollars.

Now it happened by the merest chance that news of the spectacular doings down south came presently to the ears of the state's genuine and notorious bad man, and it interested him intensely, for somebody unknown to him seemed to be using his name. This was William Smith, the unhung terror of the north, wanted by the authorities for old crimes, and known not only as William Smith but as Wild Bill Smith, a name which had slipped perhaps unconsciously into Johnny Gilmore's mind the night he sought to frighten the children. Regardless of this real Wild Bill who stalked in the land, Johnny had used the outlaw's title; and now the genuine Wild Bill came indignantly out of a restaurant in Sentous City, which is the toughest little town in America. Mr. Bill was accompanied by two of his personal hellions, and they paused in the road to talk of the criminal interlopers.

"It's a queer thing to me," said Mr. Wild Bill, "that somebody comes out here to my private country kidnapin' a couple of millionaire kids, sayin' nothin' to me about it an' usin' my name."

"Danged funny," agreed the henchmen.

"Askin' for five thousand," Wild Bill continued in disgust, raising his voice, for there is nothing to fear in Sentous City. "Why, five thousand is a joke!"

"It sure is."

"Nobody can get away with that—not in my state. We're goin' to go down there and dash ourselves up against all this easy money. If it's true that there's a couple of millionaire babies, then they belong to me. And I'll smear the particular squash bug that said he was me."

"When do we start?"

"Right now," replied the ferocious fellow, who for years had defied the constabulary of a great state.

So it happened that the gloomy Mr. Sullivan, standing murkily beside a pine tree, pondering upon the uncertainties of life, beheld a lone horseman heading up the canyon. It was Mr. Wild Bill Smith, who had blundered into hard luck upon his trip of inquiry and vengeance, and had encountered unsuspected numbers, including sheriffs, enthusiastic volunteers and strangers in flivvers, all wildly intent upon the capture or demise of two notorious kidnapers. Mr. Bill was shot at immediately and escaped by a mere hair, leaving his faithful followers in the hands of the law. He now headed into the friendly hills, still puzzled, and Sully watched him in considerable agitation.

In a moment or two Sully would have fled back to the shack, notified Johnny and departed in haste, but there was no need. Mr. Wild Bill's hurrying horse stepped upon a round rock, dropped to his knees and tossed the demon bandit, who landed upon his head and lay inert. Sully waited. He had seen inert ones recover. This fallen one remained and Sully came timidly forward and began a cautious examination.

"He wasn't out to do any kind deeds," said Sully, picking up Wild Bill's weapons and examining them closely. "This son of a gun is a bad one."

There was engraving on the guns and Sully studied it.

"Well, I be damn!" he said. "Wild Bill himself!"

Without further mutterings Mr. Sullivan rapidly took such ropes as clung to the unconscious one's equipment and began a job of tying. He bound the bandit and gagged him with the end of his own shirt. Being unable to drag his quarry up to the shack, Sully returned and hailed Johnny Gilmore.

"I got somebody out here," he announced, and Johnny followed in wonderment.

"Who is it?" he asked, looking down at the trussed and fallen outlaw.

"That," said Sully with pride, "is Wild Bill. He's the guy you said we was."

"No-o!" said Johnny. "How do you know it's him?"

"Look at these guns. It says so."

"Then that's pretty slick," Johnny observed, "because here's where we cash in on a legitimate reward. There's money up for this gent."

(Continued on Page 129)

Repeat 14 14 14

BATES NUMBERING *faster, better and more economical*

THE Continental Insurance Company with thousands of agents numbers all blank policies with Bates Machines before sending them out.

Policies are stamped with the name of the agency, the agency number, and the policy number. Each agency has a different series of numbers for each type of policy, so there will be no confliction among agencies.

This system has saved a big loss in obsolete and wasted policies and has given the home office the entire handling of the all-important matter of policy number, with absolute control of all outstanding unissued policies.

Let your stationer or rubber-stamp dealer show you a Bates Machine—you will find that it can save time and insure accuracy in many of your business operations. Send coupon for descriptive circular.

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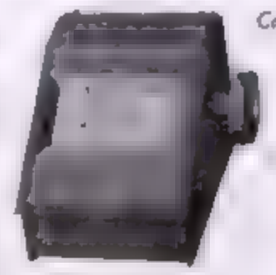

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SEPT 20

TO THIS FILM ON TEETH

TODAY'S LEADING DENTAL OPINION ASCRIBES MANY TOOTH AND GUM DISORDERS

Glistening Teeth and Healthy Gums, According to Many Authorities, Follow as a Natural Result When Film is Removed Daily This Way

As film coats go, teeth whiten and brighten; and as they brighten, smiles become charming. Thus Pepsodent, urged by dental authorities because of its unique therapeutic and prophylactic powers, is, at the same time, urged as of immeasurable importance as a daily adjunct to beauty by leading beauty experts, both in Europe and America.

MOST persons' teeth and gums are imperiled, according to many authorities, by a film that forms on teeth.

Ordinary brushing having often failed to combat it effectively, a new way in tooth cleansing is being advised. A way that differs in formula and effect from previously accepted methods. It is the special film-removing dentifrice called Pepsodent.

FILM—How it invites tooth and gum troubles

Film is that viscous coat one feels by running the tongue across the teeth—a slippery sort of substance.

Film clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It absorbs discolorations from food, smoking, etc. And thus makes teeth look dull and dingy.

Film is the basis of tartar. Science tells us germs by the millions breed in it and multiply. And they, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

According to authoritative dental research film also holds food substances which ferment and cause acids. Then holds those acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Thus FILM, under modern scientific findings, is an ever-present, ever-forming danger in the mouth.

Urge frequent removal

One must fight film regularly; must remove it frequently, must make its removal a regular part of daily life. Healthy, glistening teeth cannot be expected as long as film clouds and endangers them. Gum disorders must be combated by fighting film daily.

Often old-time brushing fails

Recent dental findings proved many old methods failed in effectively combating film. That is why tooth and gum troubles were markedly on the increase—why so many teeth were "off color"; so many smiles unattractive.

Thus, for years, dental research sought ways to fight film. Then found two—two discoveries that are changing the tooth-cleansing habits of the world.

New method removes film and Firms the Gums

These discoveries are now embodied in a film-removing tooth paste called Pepsodent.

Pepsodent acts first to curdle the film. Modern research proves curdling essential.

It acts then to remove the film and to polish the teeth in gentle safety to the enamel. It acts to firm the gums. It embodies, for this purpose, the latest discoveries of the modern scientific world in proper gum protection.

No other tooth paste embodies protective features like those in Pepsodent.

Pepsodent multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. And thus aids in neutralizing mouth acids as they form. It multiplies the starch digestant of the saliva. And thus combats starch deposits which might otherwise ferment and form acids.

Thus, in many ways, Pepsodent, the quality dentifrice, second only to regular dental care, provides the utmost science has discovered for better tooth and gum protection.

Pepsodent test for coupon

Send the coupon for a 10-day tube. Brush teeth this way for 10 days. Note how thoroughly film is removed. The teeth gradually lighten as film coats go. Then for 10 nights massage the gums with Pepsodent, using your finger tips; the gums then should start to firm and harden.

FREE—Mail coupon for 10-day tube to The Pepsodent Company, Dept. 818, 1104 South Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A. Only one tube to a family.

Name .....

Address .....

Canadian Office and Laboratories: 191 George St., Toronto, Canada
London Office: 42 Southwark Bridge Rd., London, S. E. 1, Eng.
Pepsodent Co. (Australia), Ltd., 11 Clarence St., Sydney, N. S. W.

2216

(Continued from Page 127)

"Yeh," answered his partner, "and that money goes to the young squabs. I wanted them to git married all along. Now they can take this cash and get spliced."

"We don't git it?" Johnny asked, pained.

"Not a dime. He's my captive and I hereby turn him as he lays over to Stella and Harold."

"Which is no way to act," Johnny grumbled.

Wild Bill opened his eyes and tried to open his mouth, giving off strange guttural gurglings.

"You shut your head," Sully ordered, "and be glad we don't kick the daylights out of you."

Stella and Harold arrived, wondering at the loud conversation.

They found the comrades fastening Wild Bill to the back of his horse, pinning him securely.

"Who is that?" Harold inquired.

"Wild Bill," replied Sully.

"Oh," said Stella, "we thought you were Wild Bill."

"My name is Sullivan. This other old cassowary is Johnny Gilmore, and all that we told you was just guff. Pay no attention. But this on the horse is Wild Bill, a tough one. You take him down the canyon, seeing he don't work himself loose, because he's a killer, like we said we was."

"What shall we do with him?" Harold asked, while Sully tied ropes and tightened the gag.

"Hand him over to the first possee you meet," commanded Sully, "and you'll find plenty of them prowling around. Then take the reward and get married before people begin talkin'."

"Thank you," Harold said, shaking Sully's hand heartily.

"He can't come loose, can he?" Stella asked fearfully.

"Not in less'n a week," said the tier. "Good-by and good luck. Keep on down the trail till you meet a sheriff, which you will in no time."

"We wish to thank you both," Stella said. "You have been so nice to us, and we have enjoyed ourselves, haven't we, Harold?"

"Indeed, yes," returned her sweetheart, taking a firm hold of the captive horse.

"Don't mention it," said Sully.

"How much is the reward?"

"I dunno, but you can git married—that is, if your pas and mas don't find you"

Mr. Wild Bill glared helplessly amid his bindings and gurgled beneath his gag. Sully grinned in calm triumph and shook hands with the departing Bostonians. Johnny Gilmore maintained his sulky air but seemed slightly relieved.

Presently the departing caravan moved down the canyon, Harold sternly watching his captive and ready to shoot at the slightest sign. Stella picked her way daintily beside her swain.

"Well," said Johnny, clearing his throat, "you're the dumbdest fool I ever knew. We could have took that tour. There was some real cash."

"We can anyhow," Sully grinned. "Let's go and find Willie and be on our way."

"How can we? It takes money, and here you throw away the only honest, legitimate chance ——"

He paused and his voice melted into a hoarse gurgle. He regarded his mate, who was slowly removing from his hip a large green roll of American money, in bills, clasped by a rubber band. Johnny removed his glasses and winked rapidly.

"Where did you get that?"

"Out of Wild Bill's pants pocket," answered Sully. "Some of it was under his shirt, the dirty crook. I ain't counted it yet, but I reckon there's enough here to take a good boat ride to Java."

"Africa, you mean," Johnny corrected.

"Java, y' old fool," Mr. Sullivan said, raising his voice. "Always want your own way. Whose roll is this anyhow?"

Arguing after the fashion of dusty old gentlemen, they climbed to the shack, where Willie the burro was patiently waiting.

THE REAL MRS. ALWARD

(Continued from Page 17)

Mrs. Alward sat down, enjoying the distinguished atmosphere of Frederick's and the sense of herself as so accordant a part of it. She glanced casually about the room, cool, bright and humming mildly with subdued voices and the drone of electric fans. And there by the window, not half a dozen tables away, was Howard with a strange young woman.

She was slender and fair, and so far as could be seen under her close little green hat, pretty in an uncommunicative sort of way. Howard himself was leaning back smiling happily, partly with pride in himself as host, partly in pleasure in his guest. A straight lock of gray hair at the crown of his head swayed backward and forward with metronomic regularity, as the electric fan swept out its little arc of coolness above them.

All this Mrs. Alward noted as she made her way toward them. For she did not hesitate a moment. She went straight across the room to their table.

"How nice!" she said. "I was afraid I was going to have to lunch all by myself!"

"He-e-llo!" Howard's face was ludicrous in its amazement; dropped jaw, arched brows, round eyes, exactly like a man being astonished in the movies.

"I wasn't expecting you till next week," he said, getting to his feet. "You said in your letter ——"

Poor Howard! Mrs. Alward smiled, but not too knowingly, beckoned to a waiter, who hurried up with a chair.

"Which letter was that?" she asked lightly, sitting down and pulling off her gloves. "The one I wrote after the governor's reception? Well, you see, there wasn't much to keep me after all, and it was frightfully hot. . . ."

"I beg your pardon," said Howard hastily; "Miss Gray, this is my wife." He looked embarrassed and baffled, like a child who, enjoying himself in his own natural disorganized fashion, finds itself suddenly taken over by a competent, constructive adult.

Mrs. Alward gave Miss Gray a brief bright nod, and Miss Gray smiled vaguely and looked out the window. The waiter appeared with a salad for Miss Gray, a poached egg on toast for Howard.

"My dear, I was afraid you'd be furious about the presidency," said Mrs. Alward, busily writing out her order. "But what was I to do? There was no one else to take it?"

Actually she was enjoying herself. This was simply another of her triumphant public moments. Only she regretted, half humorously, the homely intrusion at such a moment of Howard's poached egg on toast. How exactly like Howard to order poached egg on toast!

"You'll be interested about the Stepney Bill, my dear!" she said, turning to Howard and brightly excluding Miss Gray from the world of their common interests. "You know, I found out that it was being blocked at Washington, so I called a mass meeting, and within twenty-four hours about five thousand telegrams reached our representative's office. It's just as well, you know, to make them realize we know what's going on."

"Good work," said Howard dismally.

Gayly, intimately, her chatter flowed on. She was the famous Mrs. Alward, mover of state legislatures, enchanter of state governors. And underneath that brilliant smile, set on her face as though stamped there by a mint, Mrs. Alward the wife was noting that the girl was young—almost as young as Don—and speculating whether that cool, mature detachment covered anything but the usual tentativeness and conventionality of adolescence. While more remotely still, Mrs. Alward the eternal monitress was fretting, "He's taking white bread again. And he knows perfectly well there isn't a particle of roughage in it!"

"You see, all that the politicians want is to stay in office," she said, turning to Miss Gray, "and all we want is to put through the proper legislation. And as they can't get along without us, and we, for the moment, can't get along without them, it works out perfectly. You know, the real reason both men and women are needed in politics is that men marry politics for love and women marry them to reform them."

She sat back and broke in two her roll of Graham bread. Her little epigram seemed a very good note on which to close. She now turned the situation over to the other two. But the other two showed little inclination to accept the responsibility. The girl sipped thoughtfully from her glass of water, and over the edge of the glass and under the rim of her little green hat, her eyes smiled their undisquieted smile into the eyes of Mrs. Alward. Howard straightened his neat foulard tie, and turning up his nails, scanned them with careful impersonal interest, as though they were something quite foreign to himself; something the waiter might have brought him to sign. The electric fan droned patiently above their heads.

"Cantaloupe," said Howard suddenly. "Is that all you want? How about some ice cream with it?" His tone warmed, took on a genial solicitude. "The way you girls in offices think you can get through a hard day's work on a lemon phosphate!"

"No, really, I'm not hungry," protested the girl.

Under her discreet street make-up, Mrs. Alward's cheeks had suddenly brightened. She said, striking the note of suavity a little higher up the scale, "You really shouldn't, you know. It isn't fair either to your employer or to yourself."

"Hear that?" said Howard, delighted. "Your employer has something to say after all!" And he beckoned to the waiter. "Bring ice cream with the young lady's cantaloupe!" he said.

Abruptly Mrs. Alward set down her glass of iced tea and rose. "I'm afraid I'll have to run," she said "All I wanted was a salad and a cool drink. Good-by, Howard. See you at dinner. . . . Good-by, Miss Gray."

Miss Gray smiled her friendly, quiet smile. "See you later," said Howard with rising cheerfulness.

She went out into the hot, bright street. In the little scene just concluded she had, she knew, played her part to perfection—smilingly competent, blandly innocent, ironically aware. The amused and justly complacent Mrs. Alward should now be rolling home in triumph. And suddenly everything about her—the busy crowd, the gay windows, the flushed buildings, their angles and surfaces sharp in the noon heat—everything took on a hard, bright desolation. And behind the driver's stolid back Mrs. Alward's smiling face slowly relaxed into lines of dejection and fatigue.

Donald sat idling over the morning paper in the breakfast room, half reading, half listening to his mother's voice talking to Annie in the kitchen.

"When I was staying with Mr. Alward's sister in California," Mrs. Alward was saying, "she had a whole quart turn to butter by beating it just a minute too long. You have to be very careful in the warm weather. Let me see—well, not more than a second or two longer."

Donald sprawled over the outspread paper on the breakfast table, half his mind

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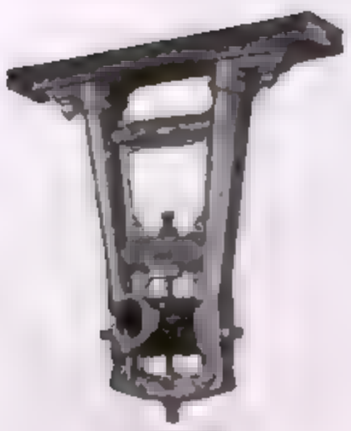

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on the European war debt, half of it lazily envisaging California, hung with golden fruit and stretching into the Pacific, and somewhere in the center of it, Aunt Clara, beating cream and having it turn to butter.

Mrs. Alward came rather abruptly into the room, her arms filled with delphinium and roses. And Donald swiftly gathered up the paper and vanished behind it.

"Good morning, Donald!" said Mrs. Alward briskly. She laid the flowers on the bright, painted table and stood considering. "I wonder if you'd mind getting me the Sheffield bowl out of the serving pantry," she said.

He untwisted himself reluctantly, went and brought the bowl and retreated behind the paper once more.

"I'm having the office staff in for tea today," announced Mrs. Alward, setting the bowl very precisely in the center of the table.

"What for?" asked Don.

"Well, I have to have them sometime, and I thought I'd do it before the delphinium got ragged, and have it in the garden," answered Mrs. Alward.

"Have I got to be there?" came rather plaintively from behind the paper, and Mrs. Alward answered with dignity, "Well, naturally, as the son of the host ——"

The paper rustled a thin protest, and Mrs. Alward went on thrusting pale lavender stalks into the silver bowl.

"Listen, Donald," she said suddenly, and Donald peered warily over the edge of the paper and vanished again like a last defender swiftly reconnoitering over his stockade. "I'm afraid there's a mild scandal about your father," said Mrs. Alward.

"How, scandal?" asked Donald.

"He's having a rather cheap affair with a girl in his office," answered Mrs. Alward, dropping the words scornfully. And Donald, startled at last into receptivity, laid aside his paper.

"What kind of girl?" he asked, alarmed; for Mrs. Alward's tone had suggested something deplorable, something flagrant with a Kiki skirt and a mouth painted like a little red heart.

"Well, I think she's a filing clerk or something," answered Mrs. Alward negligently. . . . "Will you run out and get me a duster, Don? I've dropped some water on the table. Or never mind, your handkerchief will do, if it isn't a clean one."

He slowly pulled a crumpled handkerchief out of his trousers' pocket. "Where did you hear about it?" he asked.

"Why when I was away," answered Mrs. Alward; "and when I got back I met them having lunch together in Frederick's. I had luncheon with them," she added.

She carefully rubbed the table dry and handed him back his handkerchief. He stood there, stuffing it into his pocket, and she knew he had reconstructed the whole scene in Frederick's down to its smallest detail. It was bad enough not understanding him any more, thought Mrs. Alward, but it was infinitely worse to be so minutely and relentlessly understood. There were moments with Donald when she felt as shorn of decorum, as helplessly surrendered to scrutiny, as a patient in a public clinic.

"And that's what you're having her here for?" he said thoughtfully.

"Well, in part, yes," answered Mrs. Alward frankly. She carefully separated two entangled stalks and stood back appraisingly. "Naturally, the very best thing to do is to throw her in your father's way as much as possible."

He stood there with his hands in his trousers' pockets; and Mrs. Alward, glancing up, saw that his eyes were grave and not impatient as she had feared.

"But I don't see, after all, what's the use of all this finessing?" he said gently. "Father won't understand; he'll think you don't care one way or the other. If you feel like that, why not have it out with him? Go and cry like the devil if you feel like it ——"

"Oh, marriage isn't so simple as that," said Mrs. Alward lightly. It was absurd, really; Donald was looking as grave and compassionate as though his father had suddenly abandoned her and the box factory and gone off deliriously with his filing clerk to Europe.

"She really isn't a very dangerous young woman," said Mrs. Alward, smiling. "I talked to her for the whole of luncheon without discovering that she had a single idea on any subject on earth. It's ridiculous, really. She's young enough to be your father's daughter."

She gave a final touch to the Sheffield bowl. "It's rather too elegant," said Mrs. Alward; "but everything else in the house is filled."

"Mother, why don't you"—burst out Don, and she interrupted with a little laugh that was a triumph of spontaneity.

"Goodness, Donald, you needn't look so serious. It strikes me, knowing your father as well as I do, that it's more amusing than anything else. At his age!" She saw his face changing, felt that she was losing ground, and went on quickly and lightly, "It wouldn't do any harm for you to flirt a little with Miss Gray yourself this afternoon. At any rate, it might show him that he was really out of the adolescent class."

"I don't expect to be there at all," said Donald quietly, and went back behind his newspaper.

At thirty-five minutes past office-closing hours, Mrs. Alward's half dozen guests arrived. They arrived all together, and were led through the cool perfection of Mrs. Alward's house to the bright beauty of her summer garden.

They walked across a lawn so splendidly green, of so perfect a texture, that it might have been a gala covering laid down that very afternoon for the feet of Mrs. Alward's guests.

"We can sit down and wait, while the maid—while tea is being brought out," said Mrs. Alward, indicating the swing and garden chairs under the elm tree; "or if you like we'll walk about the garden."

"Oh, let's walk about the garden!" they cried politely, for it was plain at once that this wasn't a garden in which one simply sat, but a garden in which one walked about and was unflaggingly interested and appreciative.

They set off then, Mrs. Alward in front with Miss Shore, the stout little bookkeeper. Howard had greeted his guests with an impartial cordiality, diplomatically ignoring Miss Gray after the first handclasp. And now, gravely genial, shiningly austere, he was bringing up the rear with his office manager.

They passed from flower bed to flower bed, moving politely and murmuring gently, like people in an art gallery. Miss Gray, who wasn't the filing clerk after all, but the junior stenographer, walked appropriately with the senior stenographer. She wore a white dress and a little black straw hat, and her eyes, as they wandered over the bright garden, held a serene and secret look, as though she held within herself some shining and unshared source of pride. And what right, thought Mrs. Alward rather irritably, while agreeing amiably with Miss Shore that the lovely old-fashioned names of flowers were best—what right had a person to look as though she had secret sources of pride, when it was quite obvious that she could have nothing of the sort?

They went through the long, flagged pergola, past the wild-flower corner, through the rose garden—"Roses are really my hobby," said Mrs. Alward proudly, and "Everyone ought to have a hobby!" said Miss Shore loyally—and back by the perennial border to the elm tree and tea.

Mrs. Alward sat under an orange-and-green umbrella canopy and poured tea into little pale-orange cups as fragile as her roses. A warm wind swept gently through the garden, stirring the tall delphinium blooms. Over by the perennial border a sprinkler threw out its long ribbons of silver and twirled a silver disk at its center. And

(Continued on Page 133)

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INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

(Continued from Page 130)

the little company under the elm tree relaxed and was suddenly at its ease. Mr. Albert, the office manager, forgot to be intimidated by his flowerlike cup and saucer with a frail lettuce sandwich perched like a butterfly on its edge, and leaned back contentedly, his gaze on the green-and-gold-stippled lawn. Mrs. Albert, who had, till now, been too deeply impressed to utter a word, became shyly articulate. Miss Shore, who had scarcely ceased to comment since she arrived, fell into a grateful silence. And Miss Gray took off her little dark hat and laid it on the grass at her feet.

It was then, for the first time, that Mrs. Alward realized that Miss Gray was beautiful, features fine to thinness, gray eyes, gray-shadowed under slender, dark brows, and hair haloed about her head like the hair of those incredibly lovely children whose pictures appear in fashionable English magazines, that fragile loveliness that once in a hundred times survives childhood, and that fades into the twenties, Mrs. Alward comforted herself, while smilingly pouring Miss Gray her second cup of tea, or at best coarsens into the thirties.

"I always think," ventured Mrs. Albert, "that dragon flies look exactly like little tiny aeroplanes."

Mrs. Alward nodded sympathetically. "I wonder if they carry passengers," she said, and allowed herself to become fanciful. "Fairies with important engagements in the rose garden, for instance."

They smiled a little uncomfortably, and Howard, crossing his legs and leaning back in his reed chair, reminisced, "When I was a boy, they used to say they sewed up your ears and nose. I used to run a mile!"

They smiled again with less constraint, sipped their tea, and watched a little boy with the features of their employer flying down a country road with a dragon fly in mortal pursuit; all except Mrs. Alward, who, erect behind the teapot, was trying vainly to think of some way, not too inhospitable, of persuading Miss Gray to put her hat on again.

"Oh, here's Don!" cried Mrs. Alward. And Don, in his old suit, his hair awry over his forehead, came slowly across the lawn from the house.

"This is our son!" said Mrs. Alward proudly. "Just in time to pass the cake, Donald!" And, as he bent over the tea table, "Don, your hair!" she murmured tragically.

He passed a careless hand across it, picked up a plate of cakes and went around the circle. And when he came to Miss Gray he paused for an extra space.

"No, thank you," said Miss Gray, and shook her bright head.

"Perhaps you'd like the kind with the brown icing," suggested Don politely.

That, Mrs. Alward decided, was what made Miss Gray really dangerous. She looked so tenuous, so remotely related to the grosser forms of living, that men could not see her without hurrying up with offers of ice cream and chocolate cake—food of terrific caloric content—in the tender hope of giving her permanence and body; or perhaps merely under the ancient masculine urgency of reducing the spirit to the flesh.

"No, thank you," said Miss Gray again, and Don took the cake about the rest of the circle and then returned and sat down on the grass beside her.

He sat there pulling up blades of grass and nibbling the tender white ends, while the others talked—about gardens, about the shapes of clouds, about thunderstorms, about the heat, about summer drinks, about prohibition. Long ago, while he was still a little boy, Don had discovered that if people understood you, it wasn't necessary to talk, and if they didn't, it wasn't any use. And now he sat silent, and listened to the polite murmur of voices and the soft rhythm of the water on the grass and the strum of cicadas beyond the kitchen garden. And vivid against the pattern of empty summer harmony, Miss Gray's delicate pale beauty shone in the midst of her bright hair.

"Six o'clock! We'll be keeping your dinner!" cried Miss Shore, and got up and began hurriedly putting on her gloves.

They all rose then. Miss Gray quenched her beauty under the little dark hat. Mrs. Alward emerged from behind the tea table, cordial and serene, and shook hands in farewell.

"You must all come again," she said, looking at them with bright impartiality; "every one of you. . . . You can go out either through the house or through the little gate at the side."

They chose the gate at the side. And Donald, who had risen with Miss Gray and was still by her side, was saying in an undertone, "May I go with you whichever way you're going? I'll get the car."

She looked a little doubtfully at the rest of the group. But his hand was at her elbow and he drew her around the edge of the shrubbery and over to the garage. Only Mrs. Alward knew they had gone.

She lived, she said, on Nassau Street. But he didn't turn toward Nassau Street. Instead, he went north and west to the open country.

"It's early yet," he said. "You don't have to be home for an hour."

"I don't have to be home for two hours," said Miss Gray, and settled back happily in the deep seat.

They ran along the narrow highway, with the white clover whipping by like spray; and a streamer of smoke raced them along the edge of the railway embankment, with a deep bell swinging furiously underneath. Miss Gray took off her hat and held it against her breast, while the wind whipped her hair about her face.

Don slowed the car at last and turned into a little country road. And finally, at the top of a hill, he stopped it altogether.

"Are you glad you came?" he said.

She nodded. A flock of crows had risen from the distant wood, and hung, a quivering pattern of black, against the apricot sky. And down below them the country sloped away for miles in diminishing squares of light and dark green, like a child's coverlet scattered with toy houses and tiny cows and sheep and little stiff trees.

"It doesn't look real, does it?" she said. "I'm sure they pull the animals home on strings and let them into the barn through a flap in the roof."

And Donald, who was always intolerably oppressed when his mother developed a vein of fantasy, thought now, with astonishment and delight, "Why, she's absolutely perfect!"

"Where have you been all this time?" he asked. He found himself wanting passionately to know all about her from the very beginning. This way it was like coming on the enchanting sequel without having known that the first volume so much as existed.

"Public school, high school, business college, and then your father's office," she said. "It's my first job. I've been there three months."

He knew his father's office. He simply couldn't imagine her in it. Far easier to believe that she had flowered that very afternoon out of his mother's garden.

"But you won't stay there!" He looked at her almost imploringly. "You didn't go into it because you wanted to become one of these awful executives and organize things and order people about."

She burst out laughing. "I went there," she said, "because I wanted my stockings silk to the top."

He laughed, too, then, and lighting a cigarette, gazed across the wide, softly patterned hillside.

"I suppose you knew you were guest of honor this afternoon," he said presently.

The color flew to her cheeks. "I wonder if you'd explain things to your mother," she said. "Tell her that she needn't—needn't take it so seriously."

He knocked the end of his cigarette against the wheel.

"You can't explain things to her," he said quietly. "She's not like ordinary people. She's been a sort of state institution so long now, that no matter what happens—the most insignificant things—she falls into these—into these public attitudes. You might as well try to explain things to the civic memorial," said Don.

She looked at him a little doubtfully. "I know," she said; "but there was once or twice this afternoon when she forgot—forgot about my being there—that it seemed to me if you really knew her—if you got underneath that manner ——"

He shook his head. "You can't get underneath it," he said. "I've tried to and it isn't any use." He hesitated. "Please don't think because I talk like this that I'm not fond of her," he said. "I've never talked to anyone but you. . . . It's because I'm really fond of them both that I hate to see them heading for a crash. It's sure to come. She can't hold father that way."

Sitting there, secure in the wisdom of adolescence, they reflected sadly on the folly of middle age. They watched the fields turning dark and the shadows creeping toward them up the slope, and thought with sober pride that they, at any rate, could not fail to bend the stiff substance of life into shapes of beauty and delight.

"I hope you didn't mind my staring at you this afternoon," said Don at last. "I couldn't help it. You were so much better looking than anyone I ever saw before. All the other girls ——"

He couldn't even bring himself to speak of them. All his life Donald had been surrounded by girls, and all his life he had been guarded against the brighter dangers of romance.

"I've never met anyone as beautiful as you in my life," he said.

"It's my hair," said Miss Gray. "I'm not anything without it. See!" She pushed it back from her forehead and folded her hands, fillet fashion, about her head. But she was beautiful still.

He shook his head. "No," he said, "it's all of you. Your voice and the way you move and the things you say, and most of all, the things you don't say ——"

Her bright head was close to his shoulder. He slid an arm around the back of the seat.

"You know, I've always thought people were crazy who got married," said Donald.

It was almost dark when Don reached home.

He drove the car into the garage and cut across the lawn to the deep side porch.

"You're late, son," said Mrs. Alward. The darkness softened her figure to a vague white blur, relaxed and gentle in a corner of the porch swing. Only her voice kept its customary brisk resonance.

"We didn't wait dinner," she said. "Annie will get you something. You know, it does make it a little difficult for the servants, Don, when the meals are delayed."

"I don't want any dinner," said Donald.

He sat down on the top step and dropped his clasped hands between his knees. The white star faces of the nicotiana shone softly in the darkness. Their scent rose about him like a sweet breathing. Beauty, fragrance and silence lay cupped in the quiet garden. And suddenly he had an impulse to go over to that tenderly blurred shape in the shadows, sit beside it and take its hand and say gently, "Mother, I've fallen in love with her—with Miss Gray. You don't understand her; you've got it all wrong. She's the loveliest person—the loveliest person ——"

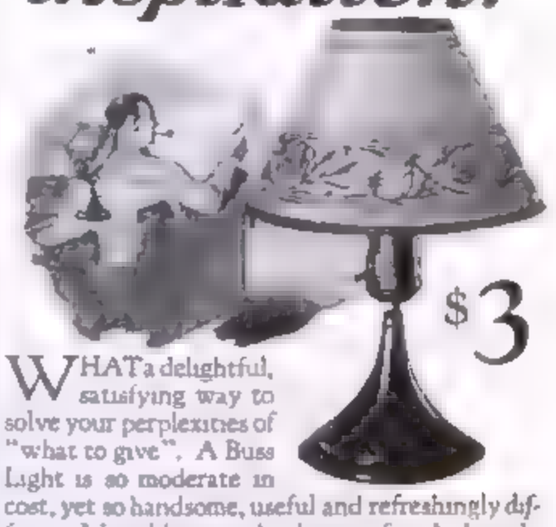
He got up and was actually on his way to her, when she said with a little laugh that thrust him back like a flung-out hand, "She's a pretty little thing, isn't she? Though I don't imagine she has a great deal of background."

"Background!" cried Donald. He turned and went toward the door. He said, "If you feel like that you'll be sorry to hear I'm going to marry her!"

She heard the screen door open and sharply shut, and then his footsteps in the hall and on the stairs. She sat rigidly still, waiting for him to come back and tell her it

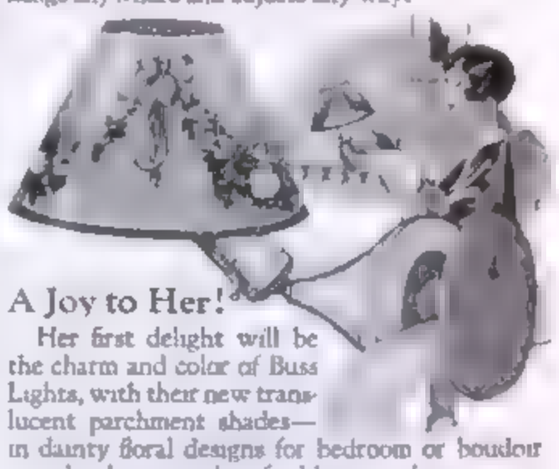
BUSS Light

~a real gift "inspiration"!



$3

WHAT a delightful, satisfying way to solve your perplexities of "what to give". A Buss Light is so moderate in cost, yet so handsome, useful and refreshingly *different*. It's unlike any other lamp—for it's the only ornamental stand lamp that *also* clamps anywhere, hangs anywhere and adjusts any way.



A Joy to Her!

Her first delight will be the charm and color of Buss Lights, with their new translucent parchment shades—in dainty floral designs for bedroom or boudoir or rich, glowing colors for library or living room

Then comes a happy discovery! She can clamp it on the bed to read in lazy comfort! Or make of it a dainty wall bracket! Or attach it on her chair or sewing machine and focus the light rays "just right".

For the Man too! He will receive a light of his own to use as he likes — a light that will twist and turn for him instead of him having to twist and turn for it! What a relief from the ordinary, small, rigid stand lamp that can't do anything else but stand. Yet his Buss Light is a beautiful, colorful ornament too.

Ask for Buss Lights

at any store that handles lights. You'll agree that as gifts they are a real inspiration.

Parchment shades in four designs (illustrated here) Metal shades in Bronze and Ivory. Metal bases in Ivory or Statuary Bronze. Price $3 complete with shade, base and extra long cord (bulb not included). There is also a Plain Bronze-finish Buss Light at $2.

If you don't know where to buy Buss Lights order from us. Satisfaction guaranteed. We pay shipping costs. Cut out coupon, write and enclose money order. Bussmann Mfg. Co., 3000 N. 33d St., St. Louis

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Five Star-rite necessities for every home

STAR-Rite Electrical Appliances are built to an ideal of quality that permits nothing short of the very best—in materials and workmanship. They are priced to give maximum value and an ever-growing demand proves that they do. Tremendous quantity production to meet this growing demand lowers production costs—and this saving is passed on to you.

HEATING PADS

Warm and comfortable—indispensable conveniences for the sick room.

Aristocrat—3 heat control, old rose tone of finest virgin wool—silk bound; no finer pad can be made—$10.00. *In Canada*—$12.50.

Three neat models in plaid effects, brown and tan, blue and gold, crimson and gray, all wool, blanket type bound edges. May also be had in tan with brown binding $7.50. *In Canada*—$9.00.

Single heat pad in all tan made of wool with blanket type edges, but slightly smaller in size than the $7.50 models—$5.00. *In Canada*—$6.25.

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Ranging in price from 98c to $3.50, finished in walnut, blue, old rose and ivory. They are dependable and efficient and built to stand constant using. In Canada slightly higher.

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$9.00
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$18.50 *In Canada* $23.00

Adaptable to any make of sewing machine and, when fitted with buffer or grinder, a wonderful help in sharpening knives, or shears, and in polishing silverware, copper or aluminum utensils.

This motor is fitted with switch to run it either forward or back; foot control permits varying speeds to suit the work in hand. Highly polished nickel finish.

SIX POUND FLAT IRON

$3.95
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This, the newest member of the famous STAR-Rite family, has the high quality that all STAR-Rite products have.

It is built to meet the needs of good ironing. Handle is just the right size for comfort—heel rest saves unnecessary lifting to a separate rest when not ironing; heat is distributed properly, so the tip is hotter than the rest of the iron. The tip itself is slender and pointed to permit getting into ruffles and laces smoothly. Perfect balance prevents heel drag. Ask your dealer to show you this great iron—and see the remarkable value at only $3.95.

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wasn't true, that he had only said it to frighten her. But he didn't come, and presently his footsteps began to pace backward and forward in the room above the veranda. Slowly the garden darkened, and the cold night air took the warmth from her body, and Donald went to and fro across the floor over her head—to and fro across Mrs. Alward's heart.

Now she had lost them both; now they were gone from her forever. Desolate, she laid her arm along the end of the porch swing and bowed her head above it.

She heard Howard's step in the doorway and straightened hastily. "Hello!" he said. "What are you doing out here in the dark by yourself?"

"Looking at the moon," answered Mrs. Alward with quavering cheerfulness.

He came out and sat down heavily beside her on the swing. And the moon shone down, clouded, estranged, faintly theatrical, like a veiled lady in a romance, with a twisted scarf flung across her face. Staring at it solemnly, he lifted his foot and scratched a match across the sole.

"Well, I guess there's nothing to prevent me looking at it too," he said.

The light flared out of his cupped hands, and she shrank farther back into the darkness. The friendly darkness—Mrs. Alward thought she had made the phrase up, it came so precisely to her need. Tenderly the darkness hid her away from him, loyally it kept the secret that she yielded up to it in every line of her woeful face.

His feet planted firmly on the floor, Howard began to sway the porch swing gently backward and forward. And the sky and clouded moon and half the hosts of heaven rolled slowly up and down, up and down, like a great curtain, there under the edge of the veranda roof.

"Don't swing!" cried Mrs. Alward. "I can't bear it!"

"I can't bear it!" There was such anguish in her voice that Howard, halting hastily, said in alarm, "What's the matter? Anything wrong?"

With a gallant effort, Mrs. Alward drew herself together. "I hate being swung," she said. And a moment later, almost in her own voice, "Howard, Donald has just been making the most amazing announcement. He says—he says he's going to get married!"

"Married!" cried Howard. She could see him, bulked against the moonlight, perfectly rigid with astonishment

"Why, he's crazy!" said Howard at last. "He doesn't even know anyone to marry!"

"Oh, yes, he does!" answered Mrs. Alward quietly.

He hardly heard her. "What does he think—that he's going to get married in college?" he demanded. "Who does he think he's going to marry?"

Quietly, timidly almost, as though she were afraid the little name might detonate about the quiet garden, Mrs. Alward answered, "Miss Gray."

"Miss Gray!" The hand that held the pipe fell suddenly motionless beside him. Mrs. Alward hid her wrung face farther in the shadows, and her fingers crept toward his along the edge of the swing, in a sudden longing to comfort him because youth had flouted him too.

He didn't even feel those tender fingers He ground the fire out of his pipe and thrust it into his pocket.

"And where did Miss Gray get the idea that she was good enough to marry Donald?" demanded Howard.

Mrs. Alward's fingers fell away from his. In the sudden silence, every faintest sound, every tiny stirring in the dark trees, was a note clearly struck against the stillness of the garden.

He broke into a sudden storm. "She hasn't got his brains! She hasn't got his education!" It was as instant, as uncalculated, as a reflex action of the body, this fury at the intruding alien. "A little towhead like that!" he said bitterly.

And suddenly Mrs. Alward's head was on his shoulder, and she was weeping wildly. "Oh, Howie, I've been so wretched -so wretched ——"

Forgetting his anger, he fell to consoling her. "Never mind now, Carrie; never mind! We'll fix it up so he won't see her any more. I'll fire her tomorrow!"

"I don't want her fired," sobbed Mrs Alward. And suddenly flinging away the last shred of her garment of pride, "I just didn't want—didn't want you to like her as well as you did me!" she said.

"Good Lord!" He was so startled that he forgot to be comforting; his hand simply hung there, heavy with astonishment, on her shoulder. At last: "Well, for a sensible girl," he said, "you do get some of the craziest ideas!"

She answered, defensive rather than accusing, "But you liked her! You took her out!"

"Sure I liked her," said Howard "I like her yet. She's a nice quiet girl; nice-looking girl too. But, heavens, I like a woman with some brains!"

The comfortings recommenced. And now, immeasurably consoled, immeasurably at peace, Mrs. Alward leaned back into the curve of his shoulder and contemplated the long torment of the day. Folly, folly! Nothing could come between them; they were clamped together forever, thought Mrs. Alward, like the two sides of a coin; and she imagined that she had made that up too.

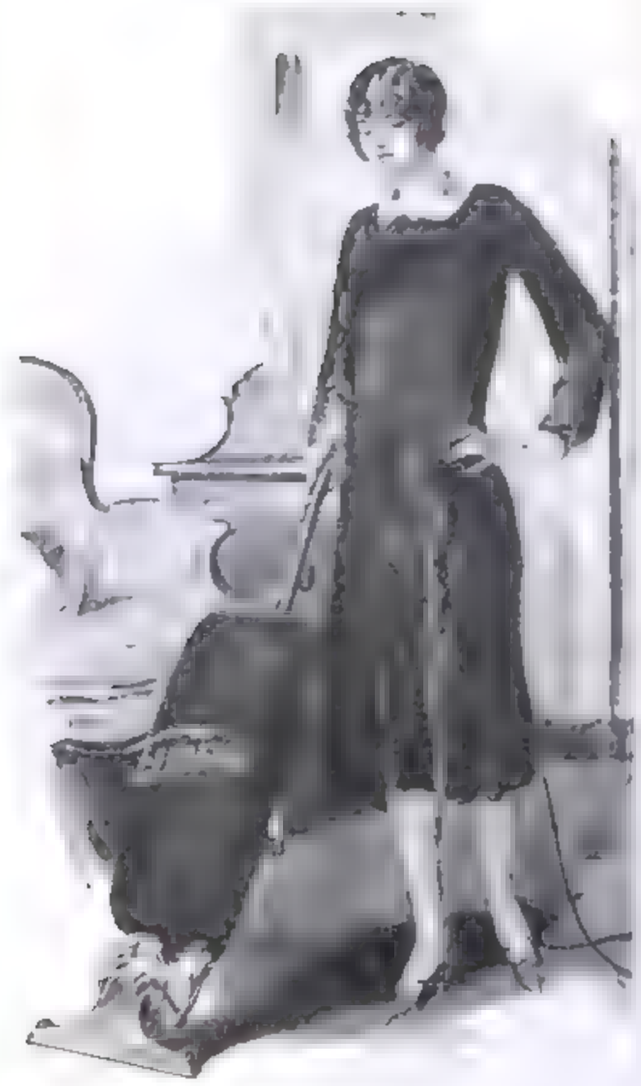
She had a moment's wish that Donald, the scornful and the wise, could see them now; though it wouldn't do, of course.

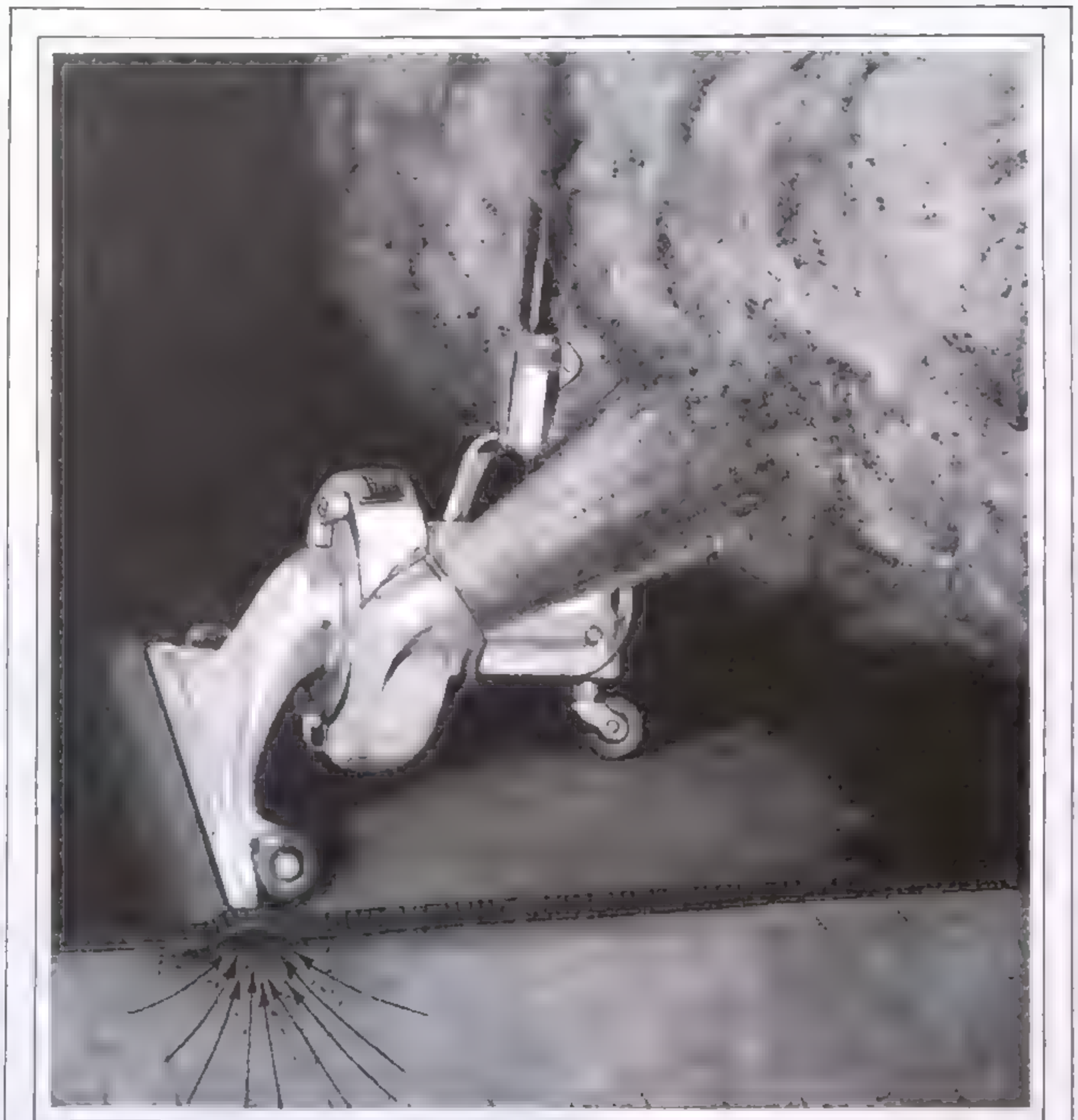
"Anyway, she's not good enough for Don!" said Howard. He felt in his pocket for his pipe, lit it and began to sway the swing slowly backward and forward once more.

"The best thing to do is to let things take their course," said Mrs. Alward, contentedly watching Orion swing out of sight under the edge of the eaves. Anyway, it didn't matter so much about Donald. Howard was her first love.

Moonlight on the Island of Hawaii

"HIGH-VACUUM" *alone*





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This is the famous Eureka "High Vacuum" Test that any Eureka representative will gladly make for you. The Eureka, with its dust bag removed, is passed back and forth over one small section of a rug or carpet. The results speak for themselves!

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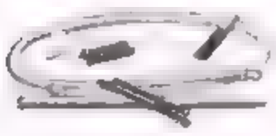

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It Gets the Dirt

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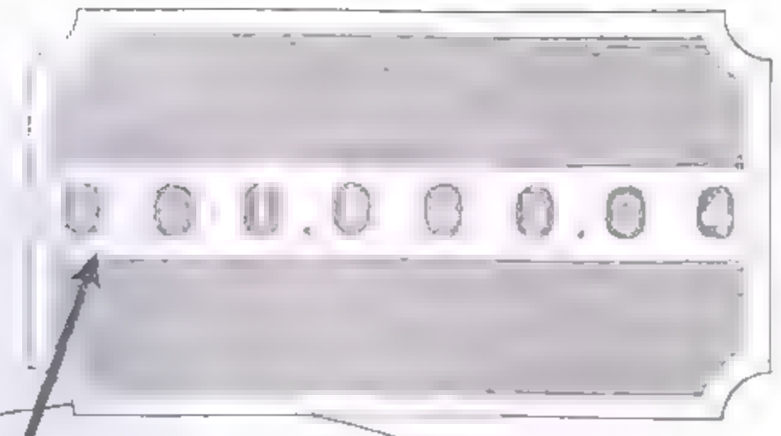

Visible adding dials are the "speedometer" of the adding machine. Using an adding machine without visible adding dials is like driving an automobile without a speedometer. They keep the total perpetually before your eyes and enable you to know at every step of your work the accumulated figures that have been entered in the machine. They make for greater speed and greater convenience.

Visible adding dials are usually found only in the highest priced machines but they are standard with Victor. Many important figure problems—such as division—are impossible without visible adding dials. With the Victor, you can add, subtract, multiply and divide.

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Standard Keyboard.
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VICTOR

Standard Adding Machine

THE PHILIPPINE PROBLEM

(Continued from Page 33)

nations less liberally disposed. Any reply anticipating the decision of 12,000,000 people regarding their destiny and that of their descendants would be only a mere opinion and liable to be in error.

Under the circumstances, the safest and clearest course to pursue is to invite the people to an examination of the issues of absolute separation from America at this time. Once informed of the sacrifices they are to bear and the perils they are to face, their decision would carry the appeal of decisiveness and reasonableness. Then America could announce a definite policy and the vexed question of the future relationship between the two countries would receive a final answer. The following exposition of facts is intended merely as an aid to the understanding of the Philippine problem and is not a suggestion of a formula for solution.

Separation from America means to the Philippines loss of tariff protection, destruction of industries, depletion of foreign and domestic commerce, high taxation and low taxpaying capacity, poverty and unemployment; loss of American support to the financial credit of the Philippine government; exclusion of Filipinos from the United States under the immigration law; discharge of Filipinos from the United States service and surrender of many precious rights and privileges enjoyed under the American Government. It means also letting go the military and diplomatic protection given by America at no expense to the Filipinos, and the assumption by the Philippines of the grave problem of international security, which is extremely vital to them by reason of their geographical location, the natural resources, the sparsity of population and the uncertain state of international politics.

The loss of the tariff protection which Philippine products receive in America will blight the economic life of the Philippines. If the tariff barrier is erected on those products, which the political separation of the two countries will do, the bulk of the total Philippine exports will be effectively shut off from America, which at present absorbs the major portion of those exports. The significance of this fact cannot be too well emphasized.

Prosperity in Foreign Trade

The Philippines are a country depending for prosperity on overseas markets. The bulk of national production is exportable surplus. The major portion of this surplus finds its way to the United States, moving within the high tariff wall. The Philippines are only on the threshold of their economic greatness. As the natural resources are developed and the volume of production increases, the proportion of exportable surplus to domestic consumption goes higher. This spells ever greater reliance on foreign trade. In America, the mass of the output of farm, factory and mine is absorbed locally, and foreign exportation is only of subordinate importance. Not so in England, where overseas commerce is the main prop to her national existence. Even now, with their natural resources but scantily developed, foreign trade is relatively more valuable to the Philippines than it is to England.

The principal products of the Philippines are tariff-protected both under the Republican and Democratic tariff laws. The protection that Philippine sugar receives in the United States represents about 40 per cent of the price of the commodity in normal times. The loss of this protection will bankrupt the Philippine sugar industry. More than 85 per cent of the total output of the sugar centrals is sold in the United States. If the Manila cigar is to pay the duty, it has to be sold at about 350 per cent higher than it brings now. That would be equivalent to killing the market for that article in the United States. About 65 per cent of the total cigar production of Philippine factories would thereby be lost. The price received for coconut oil will be reduced at least 25 per cent, representing the tariff protection. This means that since there is an oil-crushing industry in the United States which uses imported duty-free copra, the Philippine oil mills will be shut down completely. With the exception of sample shipments sent to various places, the entire output of these mills is consumed in the United States.

The handmade embroideries, the product of a home industry monopolized by the Philippine women, will have to pay a high duty. Nearly all the embroideries shipped out of the Philippines go to the United States. The desiccated coconut, a growing industry, receives a protection that amounts to about 25 per cent of the price that the article commands in a normal market. The United States takes in the whole output of the Philippine desiccated-coconut factories.

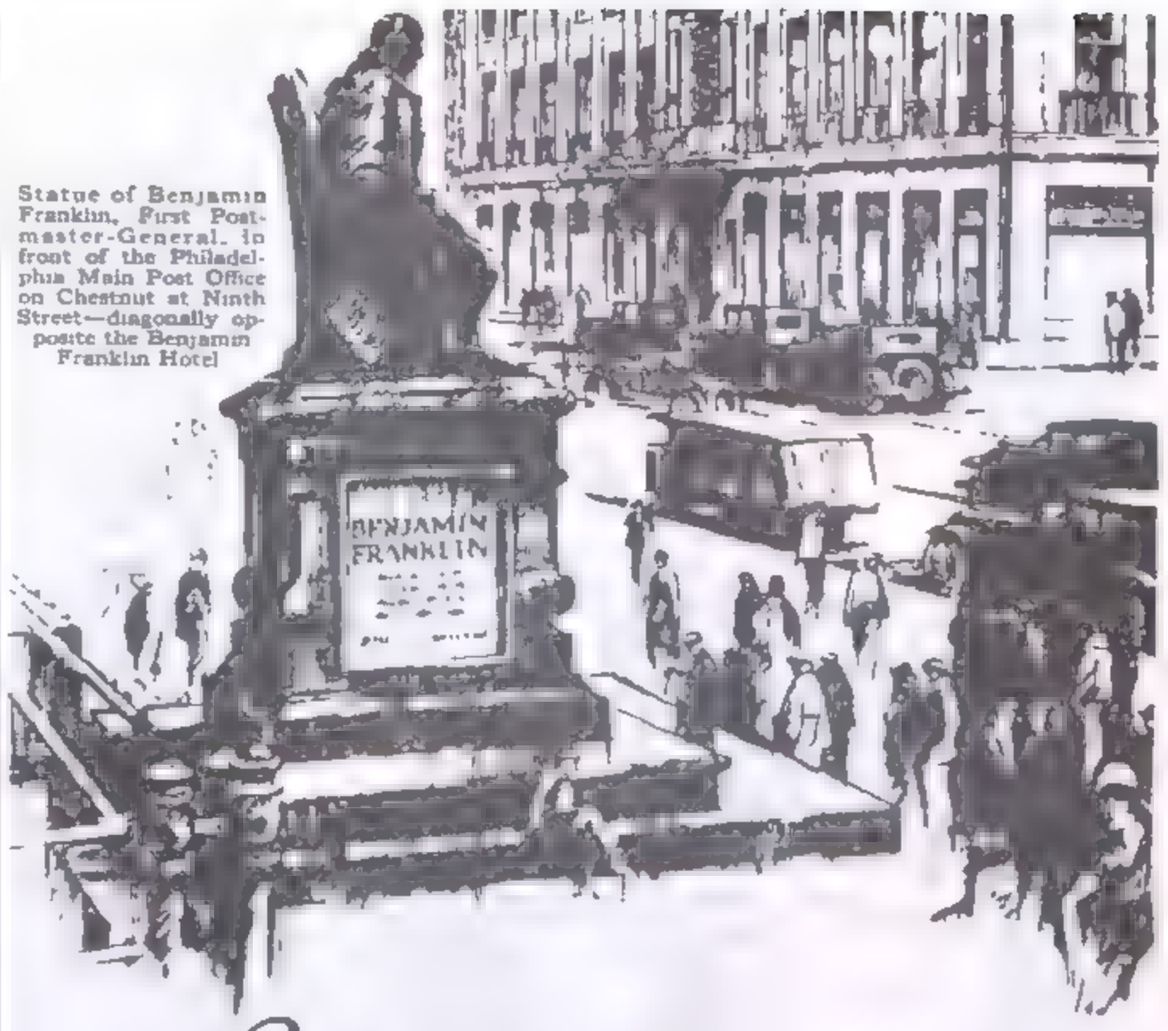
The Islands' Market

The manila hemp is free. The tariff will not affect its market, but the returns to the Filipino planter from his hemp would be due for appreciable reduction. It is more than probable that the Philippine government, hard pressed for revenue and faced with the drying up of its main sources, would levy an export duty on hemp. Judging by the present methods of marketing, and the control of foreign firms over production and exportation, the Filipino producer and not the outside consumer would have to absorb the tax. It is reported that the natural monopoly of the Philippines on hemp has been partly broken by the production of certain grades of the staple in the Federated Malay States. This would make the manila hemp a competitive article of international commerce and the question of protection would become a matter of importance.

It should be stressed that foreign markets are open to the Philippines now. Exportation to the United States is on an equal basis with exportation to any part of the world. In some respects America is even at a disadvantage. By reason of the low labor cost in the Oriental countries, which absorb the major portion of the Philippine exports outside of the United States, the disposal of the goods at points of destination in those countries is done more economically than in the United States. Yet the Philippines have succeeded in selling less than one-third of their total exports to foreign countries. The Oriental markets are limited and surrounded with protective tariffs.

Europe is not a promising outlet. European countries produce increasing quantities of beet sugar, and they have their own extensive tropical colonies which they are developing. They have not been slow in detecting external competition, and as fast as production of a competitive commodity is established on a substantial scale, they put up tariff barriers, domestic tax preferentials, rebate in ocean freights and other forms of encouragement. A lone, small foreign-trade country, free-lancing, so to speak, in the world's markets against powerful competitors in highly competitive commodities, has a tremendous task on its hands.

The depletion of foreign trade will be directly reflected in the domestic trade. This will bring about a general curtailment of economic activities. The resulting demoralization and upset in every sphere of community life would be too sad to contemplate. Poverty would be general, usury would be more rampant, unemployment would stalk ominously all over the land, and general progress would be stunned. These are not predictions made for political effect; they are the logical and manifest consequences of a specific set of indubitable economic facts which even he who poetizes could not muss or minimize.



Statue of Benjamin Franklin, First Postmaster-General, in front of the Philadelphia Main Post Office on Chestnut at Ninth Street—diagonally opposite the Benjamin Franklin Hotel

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This department, separate and complete in itself, receives eleven regular daily deliveries from the Philadelphia Main Post Office, as well as Special Deliveries, Registered Mail, Parcel Post, and Telegrams.

A corps of trained mail clerks, under the supervision of a Postmistress, receives, sorts, and assigns each piece with the least possible delay and, we believe, with an unusually low percentage of error.

This Mail Department is installed because we realize how important a guest's mail is to him or her. We want you to know that, because your mail is important to you, it is also important to us.

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Our Motto:

Warm welcome, courtesy, alert attention to your needs and thought upon your comfort, always.

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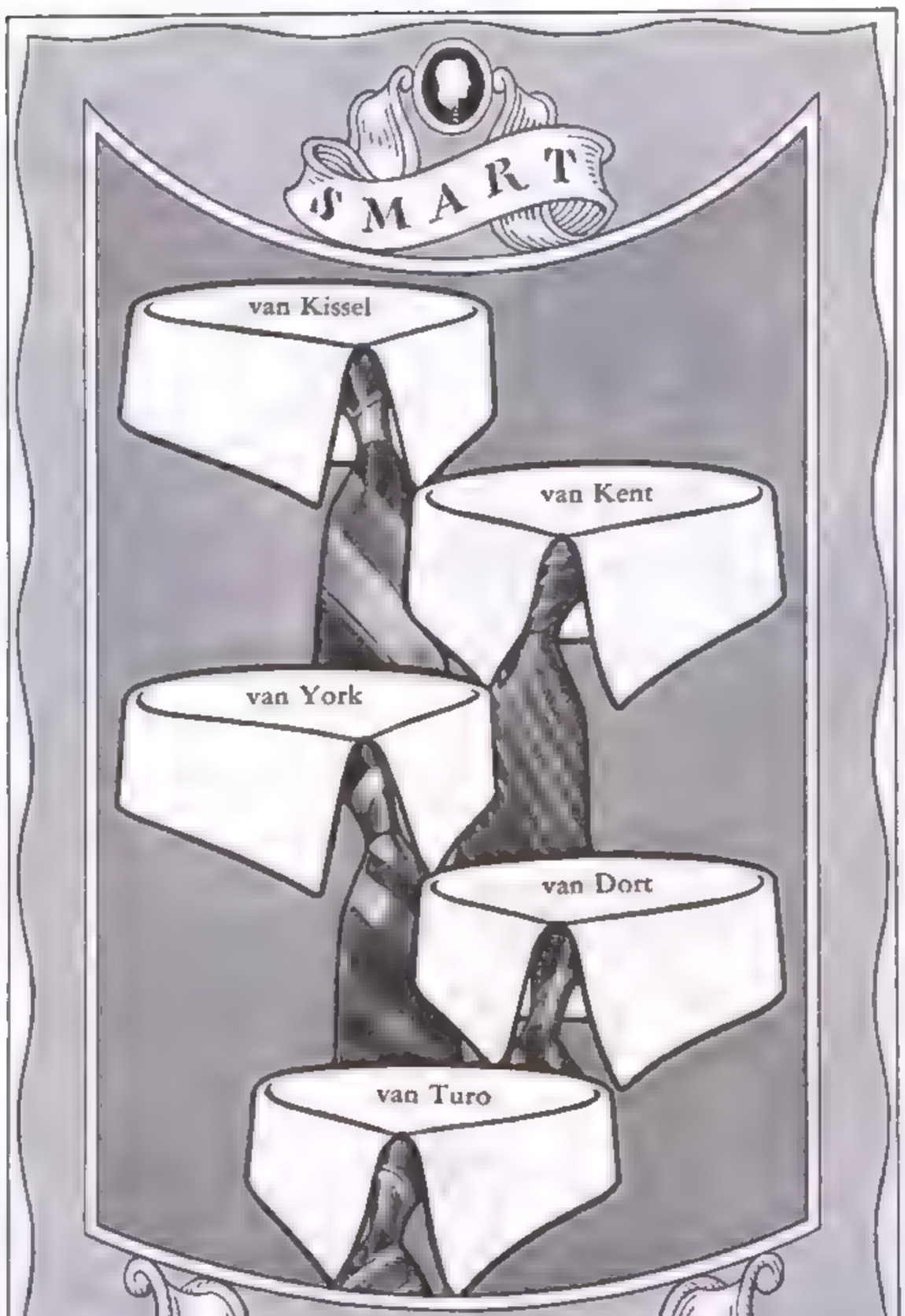

FIVE STYLES APPROPRIATE FOR NOVEMBER

A perfect-fitting collar is essential to a perfect Fall wardrobe, and Van Heusen is faultless in its fit because the fabric is *curved by the loom that wove it.* No other collar can fit so smartly, so comfortably, so faultlessly—because this is an *exclusive,* PATENTED feature.

The Van Heusen is made in *one* piece—without starch, linings, seams or bands. It conforms to the curves of the neck *naturally,* because it's made that way: *Style is woven in.* It fits without a wrinkle or a fault, and is distinguished by those clean-cut, crisp lines that spell *smartness.* Van Heusen is the correct collar for Fall and for all occasions—notice the men who wear it.

12 Styles—50c Each.

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VAN HEUSEN
PATENTED
the World's *Smartest* Collar

The theory has been advanced of late that if the free trade between America and the Philippines is stopped, the customs revenue of the Philippine government will be substantially augmented. This theory is indefensible. The situation is this: Roughly, two-thirds of the imports of the Philippines come from the United States, and pay no duty under the free-trade reciprocity and only one-third of the imports pay the rates charged by the Philippine tariff law. From these premises it is concluded that if all the imports pay the duty, the collections would be proportionately larger. The syllogism is apparent, but it is fallacious.

It is an elemental fact that if a country cannot sell, it cannot buy. If two-thirds of the Philippine exports, which go to the United States under the free trade, are not sold, the imports would be reduced accordingly. This means that the volume of dutiable imports would be the same as under the régime of free trade. This volume promises to be even smaller, if statistical records of the past mean anything.

The Philippines have a favorable merchandise balance in their trade with America from year to year, with isolated exceptions, whereas the contrary is true in their trade with foreign countries. Since the inception of free trade in 1909, that favorable balance totals nearly $175,000,000 and the unfavorable balance $85,000,000. This demonstrates that the volume of dutiable goods passing through the Philippine customs, if free trade with the United States is abolished, would be less than at present, following the principle that a country cannot import if it cannot export.

Under the respective tariff schedules in operation in the two countries, if Philippine goods entering America are to pay the duty, the total levy would be approximately six times that chargeable on American goods entering the Philippines under the Philippine tariff law. A higher tariff schedule in the Philippines would in a measure equalize the benefits derived by each country under the reciprocity arrangement—the Philippines have been the gainer by a wide margin—by keeping imports from foreign sources out; but the Philippine Legislature, which has the power to initiate the enabling legislation, does not see it in that light, relying obviously on the strength of American altruism.

The Burden of Cost Reduction

The impressiveness of the situation is brought home by the fact that European workshops have started to send to all corners of the globe manufactured goods which render tariff walls futile. In the United States, the anti-dumping provisions of the tariff law are being invoked to meet the invasion of manufactures coming from the other side of the Atlantic. In the Philippines, if the situation is not corrected, that country will virtually be in a position of being within the American tariff wall when exporting and outside of it when importing.

This is certainly to the advantage of the Philippines. But a one-sided arrangement like that, if not remedied locally, would invite action by the Federal Government and that would involve political considerations of a controversial nature. Even now the demand for tariff autonomy for the Philippines is heard. The institution of tariff measures is an exercise of sovereign powers and carries with it consequences of international import; it is most unlikely that America would grant absolute tariff autonomy to the Philippines. However, the attitude of Congress toward the Philippines has been one of indifference, and the trade relations of the two countries are likely to receive no attention. It is relevant to state here that if America's exports to the Philippines are lost altogether, she would sacrifice less than 2 per cent of her total exports. If the Philippines give up their exports to America, they would miss about 70 per cent of their exports. This statistically proves that the continuance of free trade is infinitely more necessary to the Philippines than it is to America.

In theory, there are two ways by which the Philippines could maintain their present foreign-trade position once they separate from America and are excluded from the tariff wall. The first is by reducing production costs to the level of no protection, and the second is by concluding a reciprocity treaty with America. If one of these means is realized, the greater part of the economic objection against separation from America would be obviated.

Can they be? The vertical and horizontal reduction of production costs is not impossible. But reduction through the improvement and employment of mechanical, chemical and marketing processes cannot be considered an exclusive advantage, because the foreign competitor can be expected to be similarly engaged. The lowering of the costs of production will largely fall on labor. Wages will have to be substantially lowered. The Filipino laborer will resist the diminution of his compensation out of sheer necessity of life. Even the present wage scale does not satisfy him. On it he lives from hand to mouth. His standard of living is higher—he lives better, demands more comfort, pays more taxes and looks on life and his future with more hope. It would require a major social upheaval to make him accept one-half or one-third of what he is getting now, and on which he can barely keep body and soul together. The net result of reducing the wages of labor would be to pull down the standard of living of the Filipino to the level of his principal competitors—the native of the Dutch East Indies, and the ten-cents-a-day coolies. This would be a distinct social retrogression a reversal of Filipino progress and civilization and a political torch that might set the country on fire.

The End of Free Trade

The hope of trade reciprocity with America is very scant. America has treaties with more than two score countries containing the most-favored-nations clause, and this will not permit her to grant preferential treatment to a Philippine nation. From the standpoints of politics, business and strategy, it would be neither wise nor profitable for America to look exclusively to the Philippines, some 6000 miles away, for those articles which are obtainable from many other sources. The Philippine products are grown in other countries and are highly competitive.

America does not have to depend on the Philippines for sugar. She can produce this commodity within her jurisdiction, and in Cuba, where she has a special position Manila cigars are not indispensable to American smokers. America does not have to have Philippine coconut oil, copra, embroideries, hats, lumber and other raw materials; she can procure them in other countries. Rubber will not be sufficient to induce her to revise her treaties, from which she enjoys reciprocal advantages, to enter into an exclusive treaty with the Philippines

True, the Philippines can furnish about one-third of her rubber requirements, but that rubber can be had in the Dutch East Indies, where it can be grown with cheaper labor; not to mention Liberia and other countries. There are already large American plantations in the Dutch East Indies. That country welcomes American capital. Politics of the unstabilizing kind are not permitted to harass legitimate business in a Holland colony. The Dutch East Indies, with their 50,000,000 inhabitants, have a greater potentiality as a market than the Philippines, with only 12,000,000. Add to these the different interests in America that would be against the free entry of Philippine goods into the United States because they compete with them, and the conclusion is inescapable that after the separation of the two countries the free-trade reciprocity between them would be terminated.

The credit standing of the Philippine government is one deserving consideration. At present the credit of that government is

(Continued on Page 140)

World's First Oil Refinery ~ *Built in 1855 Still in Service*

The Encyclopedia Britannica, Eleventh Edition, in its article on *Petroleum*, reads as follows:

"Crude petroleum was experimentally distilled in the United States in 1833, by Professor Silliman [d 1864] and the refining of petroleum in that country may be said to date from about the year 1855, when Samuel M. Kier fitted up a small refinery with a 5-bbl. still for the treatment of the oil obtained from his father's salt wells. At this period the supply of raw material was insufficient to admit of any important development in the industry, and before the drilling of artesian wells for petroleum was initiated by Drake the 'coal oil' or 'shale oil' industry had assumed considerable proportions in the United States."

* * * In the earlier refineries, the stills, the capacity of which varied from 25 to 80 bbls., usually consisted of a vertical cylinder constructed of cast iron or wrought iron, with a boilerplate bottom and a [illegible]

Such is Durability *of* Wrought Iron

A MODEST wrought iron tank, standing four feet, eight inches high, with a few simple pipe connections—the world's first oil refinery!

This is the historic 5-bbl. still referred to in the Encyclopedia Britannica as being used by Samuel M. Kier seventy-one years ago, for refining the strange fluid which spoiled his father's salt wells.

This venerable relic may still be seen doing daily duty as a separator at a gas well near Salina, Pa. Considering the severe corrosive conditions to which it has been exposed, one wonders that there is still a crumb of it left intact. But there it is, much battered by Father Time, yet doing its bit every day as of old.

As any old-timer will tell you, only wrought iron could last that long.

That's why Byers Pipe, now as in the early days of this old relic, is made from the same honest, old-fashioned metal—genuine wrought iron—famed since antiquity for its enduring worth.

Slowly and laboriously it is produced, this metal, in order that there may be built into it the rust-defying quality which so surely protects costly modern buildings against the havoc of pipe failures.

With every passing year, the dependability of Byers Pipe in heating, plumbing, water supply, drainage and power systems becomes more clearly demonstrated. Against the slightly higher first cost of a Byers installation is the definite assurance of double life in service.

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the *Spiral Stripe*
protects you against mistakes and substitution

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TO MULTIPLY—
You merely press the key—the motor does the rest.
TO CLEAR DIALS—
You press another key—that's all—lightning fast—no "cranking."
AUTOMATIC CONTROLS—
In all operations Marchant starts, stops and points off with proved accuracy.
NO ZIG-ZAG CHECKING—
Over keyboard—automatic registration—straight line reading.
LESS DESK SPACE—
About size of regular letterhead. Dials concentrated.
Marchant is today being used by the largest business organizations in the world. It speeds their work—cuts their cost—eliminates operator fatigue—and gives them proved figure facts.
A Marchant can show a profit upwards of $1,000.00 per year.
To show Marchant is a pleasure.
Telephone or write to see what the Super-Marchant can do for you.
MARCHANT
SUPER – AUTOMATIC

(Continued from Page 138)

morally backed by America. On account of this backing, the Philippines have been enabled to float bonded indebtedness in the United States financial market at an average rate of 4.5 per cent. This credit level is higher than that of any country in the world except America herself; it is kept, irrespective of the fiscal conditions of the Philippine government. For the backing of America, a backing which the Federal Government does not extend to a state of the Union, and for America's acting as disbursing and registering agent under the indenture, the Philippines do not pay a dollar.

Without the moral guaranty of America, the Philippines would have to pay an equivalent of about 10 per cent interest on their bonded debt. Today Philippine bonds are tax-exempt and are considered gilt-edged securities. The Philippines have a public debt of approximately $80,000,000, or roughly seven dollars per capita, making the Philippines the country with the lowest public debt. On this relatively low indebtedness the American backing to Philippine credit saves the Philippine government yearly a sum equivalent to about one-seventh of its total annual income.

Budget Slashing

The balancing of the Philippine budget would be a most difficult task, if at all possible, to undertake. The basic fact of the situation is that by the multiplication of government functions, especially the maintenance of national defense and diplomatic service, government expenditures will substantially increase on the one hand, and on the other the taxpaying capacity of the people, by the weakening of the economic sinews, will be reduced to impotence. Even with the prevalent prosperity, there is abroad a general disposition against taxes, which do not exceed three dollars per capita. A Filipino leader has stated that the government could be run on one-third of the present cost—that is, on one dollar per capita. This would give the government a revenue of about $12,000,000 annually.

This looks alluring to the taxpayer. But can it be done? At present the appropriation for public instruction alone exceeds $9,000,000 a year. This is for only 40 per cent of the school population; the rest cannot be accommodated on account of inadequate funds. The operation of the public-health service costs $3,000,000. These two items alone, which can be reduced only with the most grievous consequences, would eat up the entire revenue. A first-class battleship costs more than $12,000,000. A diplomatic and consular service has to be set up. Adequate armed forces have to be brought into being. Other indispensable government services have to be provided for. With the most stringent economy, and reducing government activities to the barest necessity of even a skeletonized existence, the revenue of the government would be hopelessly inadequate.

These are arithmetical facts. They ought to be met with plans put into execution to organize the sources of revenue in time to provide the government with the requisites of life. A patriotic and worthy people may have the greatest desire in the world to give generously of their substance for the maintenance of the government, but intention to give is one thing and capacity to give is another. Under pressure of necessity, the temptation to resort to loans would be great. Such course would manifestly be unsound.

Recently a Filipino government finance expert suggested that if necessary to secure the separation of the Philippines from America, loans could be floated in foreign countries and the proceeds applied to the discharge of the obligations held in the United States. This would be making the debt burdens heavier. It would be substituting a rich creditor with poorer ones. It would be projecting into dangerous fields of international finance and politics. The suggestion, though not called for by any pertinent responsible proposal in America, simply shows how overwhelmingly confusing would the fiscal problems be of a country economically unprepared and not preparing.

The present status of the revenues and the commercial progress of the country are presented as evidence of the country's economic preparedness to meet the obligations of nationhood. They are valueless as such evidence, because the withdrawal of the commercial and financial protection of America would play havoc with the revenues and undo the country's commercial progress. At this point the writer wishes to disavow the statement that economic independence should precede political independence, for he does not mean that; what he means is reasonable economic preparedness and timely economic preparation.

The question of immigration is of great moment to the Philippines. The country can support conveniently 40,000,000 more people. It is surrounded by countries with pressing overpopulation problems or with a great need for new fields for the economic betterment of their inhabitants. They would gravitate toward the Philippines, exclusion laws or not. An exclusion law must be backed by both moral and physical force—especially physical force. The enforcement of such law is strictly a domestic concern of a country. Its violation is not an infringement of international law. An exclusion law against Japan would invite vigorous action from the Japanese Government. An exclusion law against the Chinese would not stay their influx into the country; the mere impact of an immense mass of people on an infinitely small mass would be irresistible. The present exclusion laws are backed by the American Government. The Japanese do not emigrate to the Philippines now on account of the indefinite political status of the country, which is translated into uncertainties in the commercial sphere. It is significant, in this connection, that the Japanese investment in the Philippines is far and away heaviest in the hemp industry, the world market of which the political status of the country does not affect. The immigration of large numbers of Japanese and Chinese into the Philippines would make the economic life of the Filipinos more precarious and dependent, and would upset the country politically, socially and psychologically and eventually bring about the obliteration of the Filipino race.

Panaceas for Security

The matter of reasonable security from foreign aggressions would be a grave concern to the Philippines. At present there is no such problem; America looks after that. The fear of external aggression is foreign to the Filipino mind while with America. It does not enter in the counsels of the government at present. The Philippine government has not had a threat or danger of war to consider. Under such circumstances the trust in diplomacy and treaties finds secure lodgment in the hearts of the people. There are expressions of confidence in grandiose principles galore, as if the millennium were at hand. The cold fact is that the size of warlike armaments still largely determines the influence of a nation in world affairs. The fetching phrase "world conscience" has as many interpretations as there are countries under the sun multiplied by the number of their respective interests.

Japan spends a goodly portion of her income to keep an army and navy adequate for the defense of her interests. Would it be meet for the Philippines, with similar interests to protect and situated in the same strategic area as Japan, to have security without its usual costs by merely asking Japan and others to sign a document and call it the guaranty of Philippine sovereignty? Even Belgium, with her solemn neutrality, spent vast sums of money to maintain her magnificent army and the fortifications which caused the tremendous German advance in 1914 heavy losses in men and material.

There are several panaceas advanced for the security of a Philippine nation. The principal ones are membership in the League of Nations, neutralization, constitution into a buffer state between Japan and Great Britain, and American protectorate. Enthusiasts declare that any one of these panaceas, or the combination of them, would be easy to get and satisfactory to all. What are the realities?

The League of Nations offers hope to small countries. But its most sanguine advocate will not claim for it at present and for some time to come such a force as would be sufficient for its members to rely on for their safety. France, for instance, a leading member, is not relying on the League for her security, but rather on her military establishment, her economic rehabilitation and the endless series of pacts and protocols relating to security, peace and disarmament. Besides this, although its jurisdiction is world-embracing, the nonpresentation of the Chinese extraterritoriality and other questions to the League would raise the query whether that body is a concrete enough instrumentality to enforce international law in the Pacific. The situation is therefore this: The effectiveness of the League as a protector of small nationals is yet to be demonstrated, and as long as that is not decisively demonstrable, it is only common prudence for the Filipinos not to place their entire trust in that agency for the security of their country. A suggestion emanating from the League Secretariat advanced the idea of a mandate for the Philippines, with possibly America as the mandatory in the event of their separation. Someone in Geneva must have thought with tragic humor that what is needed is a third party to bring America and the Philippines to understand and appreciate each other better. At any rate, the suggestion has not found the faintest echo in the islands.

A Tight Place in the Line-Up

The neutralization of the Philippines would not be bad to have, if in the first place it could be had and in the second it would not reduce the Philippines into a vassal state. A neutralization treaty imposes grave obligations on the neutralizing powers, including the waging of war to uphold the treaty. No nation would assume such grave obligations without compensating concessions on the part of the neutralized state. When the Philippines give those concessions, they would be infinitely less independent then than they are now. Those concessions may include the establishment of extraterritoriality on the plea of the safety of foreigners and their property to obviate the happening of those things that might start international complications. It may mean prohibition of certain acts of international import and restriction of the full exercise of sovereignty, especially as relates to foreign relations. It may even mean exclusive commercial advantages and interference in domestic affairs.

With these obvious possibilities, and remembering the fate of the Belgian neutralization, it would be well for the well-wishers of the Filipinos to weigh the cause and effect of neutralization. At this juncture it may be mentioned that apparently the most plausible reason against remaining with America is that if the Philippines were a separate country, they would not be involved in a war between America and another power in the Pacific. The idea would be disillusioning. The Philippines, on account of their geographical location and the political line-up in that part of the world, would have as much chance to enforce neutrality by herself in case of a Pacific emergency as Belgium had in 1914 or as a Balkan state would have in a Balkan conflagration.

It has been repeatedly said that the Philippines would be willing to grant sites for naval stations to America upon their

(Continued on Page 143)

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(Continued from Page 140)

separation. Coal bases and commercial entrepôts are not warlike establishments, but naval stations are built for hostile purposes. Would not the granting of the latter amount to a self-violation of neutrality in a possible conflict in which America would be a combatant? At any rate, the granting to a favored nation of sites for naval stations would be an irritation to neighboring countries in time of peace and an invitation to hostile operations in time of war. If those stations are reduced by the enemy, could he be obliged to surrender them if the terms of peace leave him free in the premises? Might not that be the beginning of ever-widening spheres of influence?

The Philippines as a buffer state between Japan and Great Britain is said to be a possibility. It is claimed these two countries would keep each other from occupying the Philippines for their respective good. Japan would want the Philippines for her overpopulation and for the natural resources, which would immeasurably help her in her program of industrialization; Japan's motive would not be covetousness but the biologic urge of self-preservation. Great Britain would look with disfavor on Japan occupying the Philippines. She would have two principal reasons for her attitude. One is political, the other economic. The march of Japanese power and influence southward would be a menace to British dominion in Australasia. The control by Japan of the natural resources of the Philippines would give certain important British industries a formidable competition which might lead to Japanese commercial supremacy in the Pacific. It would seem from this balancing of interests that the two countries would pursue a policy of noninterference with the Philippines.

However, in matters like this it is prudent to be skeptical. The Philippines are too strategically located and too well laden with rich unexploited resources to remain unmolested for long. The independence and political integrity of Korea were specifically recognized in the first Anglo-Japanese alliance of 1902, but three years afterward, in the treaty renewing the alliance, England recognized Japan's paramount interests in Korea which has since developed into complete Japanese sovereignty over that country. Excuses and occasions will be found. An example will suffice. A heavy Japanese immigration into the Philippines—accompanied, truly enough, with a government protestation of political indifference—would be sufficient to instill apprehensions in the British. Political maneuverings would be started and the position of the Philippines would thereby become precarious and problematical.

Safety in Weakness

The safety of the Kingdom of Siam is pointed out as a precedent for the Philippines. Siam is a buffer state between the British and French possessions in Southeast Asia. As read in treaties, Siam enjoys a plenitude of sovereign powers. In practice, those powers are not so absolute. Great Britain and France occupy special positions in the councils of the Siamese Government—invisible, indeed, in matters of foreign relations, but actual in the administration of domestic affairs. In a series of treaties of cession and delimitation, Siam lost extensive portions of her territory to those two countries. The usual reason given was to clarify their respective positions, help Siam and eliminate causes of misunderstanding. Ofttimes Siam was only a technical or passively unwilling party to the pacts of amity and delimitation. The Philippines deserve a better fate than to become a buffer state between even the most benevolent countries in the world.

Another panacea for security, which by its nature lends itself to fervid oratory and platitude, is that the safety of the Philippines would lie in their very weakness and helplessness. Many nations would like to believe in such theory for themselves, but no nation does in fact believe in it. Weak nations do not permit themselves to remain weak, especially when they have a strong neighbor, but enter into alliances for mutual offense and defense. Besides, such reliance on weakness would instill in the Filipino people a sense of national inferiority which would destroy national pride and morale to their undoing.

Among the Filipinos, expectations have been rife that America would consent to establish a protectorate over the Philippines. Perhaps no greater disappointment could come to pass. Such a protectorate would politically project America more intimately in the affairs of Asia without possessing commensurate authority. It is reasonable to expect that as a nation, after the collapse of her commercial relations with America, the trade intercourse of the Philippines would largely be with her neighboring countries. That intercourse would carry the concomitant political incidents and problems. What possible justification, unless it be the recurrence of an acute and silly altruism, would America have to look after the good of the Filipinos after they have so insistently asked to be permitted to go their own way alone without due regard to time and conditions. The urge of sentiment and good sense would not be for America to protect the Philippines, but to leave them to their own fate. When many Americans favor the immediate separation of the two countries for the sake of America's safety and treasury, the expectation of an American protectorate would be an iridescent dream.

A Political Bait

Viewed as a Far Eastern question, the withdrawal of America from the Philippines might probably lead Japan to assert the Monroe Doctrine for the West Pacific. In this the support of Great Britain could be counted on. Japan could claim that she would be the country in that region most interested in the preservation of peace. The now historic twenty-one demands on China and the occupation of Korea were justified by Japan on the general grounds of peace and defense.

America maintaining a protectorate in the Philippines would be playing a weak and dangerous hand in the affairs of the Far East, and it would be at once an irritation and an intrusion on the Japanese efforts to secure tranquillity in the region in her own way.

It is safe to state that public opinion in America would be overwhelmingly against assuming any responsibility for the Philippines, once the political tie that binds the two countries is dissolved. It is evident that the choice for the Filipinos is not between American sovereignty and Filipino nationhood, but between America and some other nation. With the present state of international affairs this issue becomes one of vital importance to the Philippines.

How about America's security in relation to her present position in the Philippines? Will it be secured by remaining or by leaving that country? One of the principal objections to holding the Philippines is that it weakens America's national defense by extending its line out some 4000 miles from the Hawaiian base. Experts admit that the Philippines could be taken by an enemy in two weeks. But the loss of that country at the inception of hostilities would serve to contract and solidify her line of defense, while its occupation by an enemy would not help the enemy nation strategically. The reduction of Corregidor at the entrance to Manila Bay by the enemy would not upset America's major naval strategy. The only conceivable value that the capture of the Philippines could bring to an enemy nation is a sentimental one—that is, fortify the morale of its people.

In time of peace, as a demonstration of peaceful intent, the Philippines have a sentimental value too. The presence of America in the Philippines, with their avowed military vulnerability, is a notice to the world that America is not expecting an armed conflict with Japan, and that America's position in that part of the world is not as a sword pointed at the heart of Japan, as the jingoes are wont to put it. To the Filipinos it may appear that their country, in case it is taken by an enemy upon the breaking out of hostilities, would pass on to the enemy as a conquered territory, and as such their hope of nationhood would be lost for all time. The possession of the Philippines would depend on the ultimate issue of war. That is almost equivalent to saying that they will remain with the United States.

There are treaties of recent date that affect America's position in the Pacific in general. The Washington Conference on the Limitation of Armaments produced two treaties which have a direct bearing on the Philippines. The four-power treaty binds the contracting parties to respect one another's rights in their insular possessions and dominions in the region of the Pacific Ocean. The Philippines are the territorial stake and the political inducement of America in becoming a signatory to the treaty. From this it would follow that their removal from the sphere of American responsibility by the concession of nationhood would invalidate that agreement so far as it concerns America by the loss of the supporting consideration. The absence of a provision to meet that eventuality can be interpreted only as signifying that America assumed an obligation not to give up the Philippines during the life of the treaty, which runs for ten years and is renewable for another period.

Another relevant agreement is the naval-holiday treaty, Section 19 of which describes an area in the Pacific in which the parties shall maintain the *status quo* in land armaments. This section is supplementary to the provision regarding the scrapping of capital battleships. The Philippines are within the prescribed area. It stands to reason that the abandonment of the Philippines would release Section 19 and thereby disturb the naval equilibrium. The deduction to be made from the existence of these two conventions is that the separation of the Philippines from America during their continuance would require their revision for the purpose of redefining America's position.

The Power of Congress

The most vital political fact touching the Pacific international situation today is the scrapping of the Anglo-Japanese alliance by the aforementioned four-power treaty. This has made for the crystallization of Anglo-American accord in the Pacific, which, without a doubt, is the strongest of the forces that support the Pacific stability. The withdrawal of America from the four-power pact, which would follow her withdrawal from the Philippines as a legal consequence, would result in the establishment of the *status quo ante* in the Pacific and a new political line-up would be brought into being. An analysis of the respective interests and purposes of the powers tends to show that under the new alignment an Anglo-Japanese *rapprochement* would be created which would supersede the Anglo-American accord. The result would be that America's stabilizing influence in the Pacific would wane, her influence would weaken and one of her major foreign policies—the open door in China—would be placed in jeopardy. It logically follows that the course of America with reference to the final status of the Philippines is now an element in her foreign policy. Thus the Philippine problem occupies a wider area in the field of political affairs than that embraced in national laws for the administration of local affairs in the Philippines.

The permanent annexation of the Philippines has been suggested as a solution to the Philippine problem. It is contended that Congress has no power to let go the Philippines as a separate nation in any case. The contention is based on the theory that the Treaty of Paris has made the

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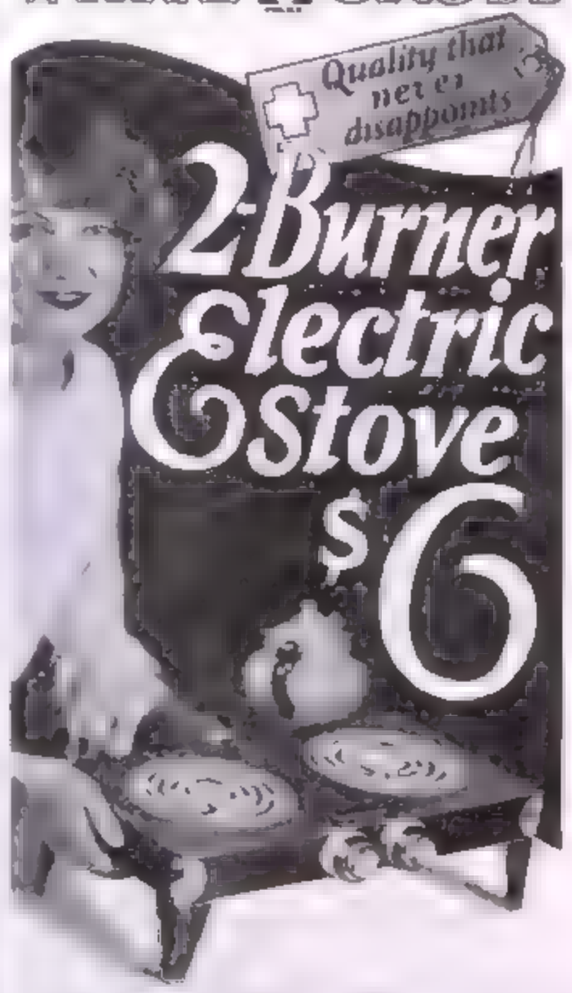

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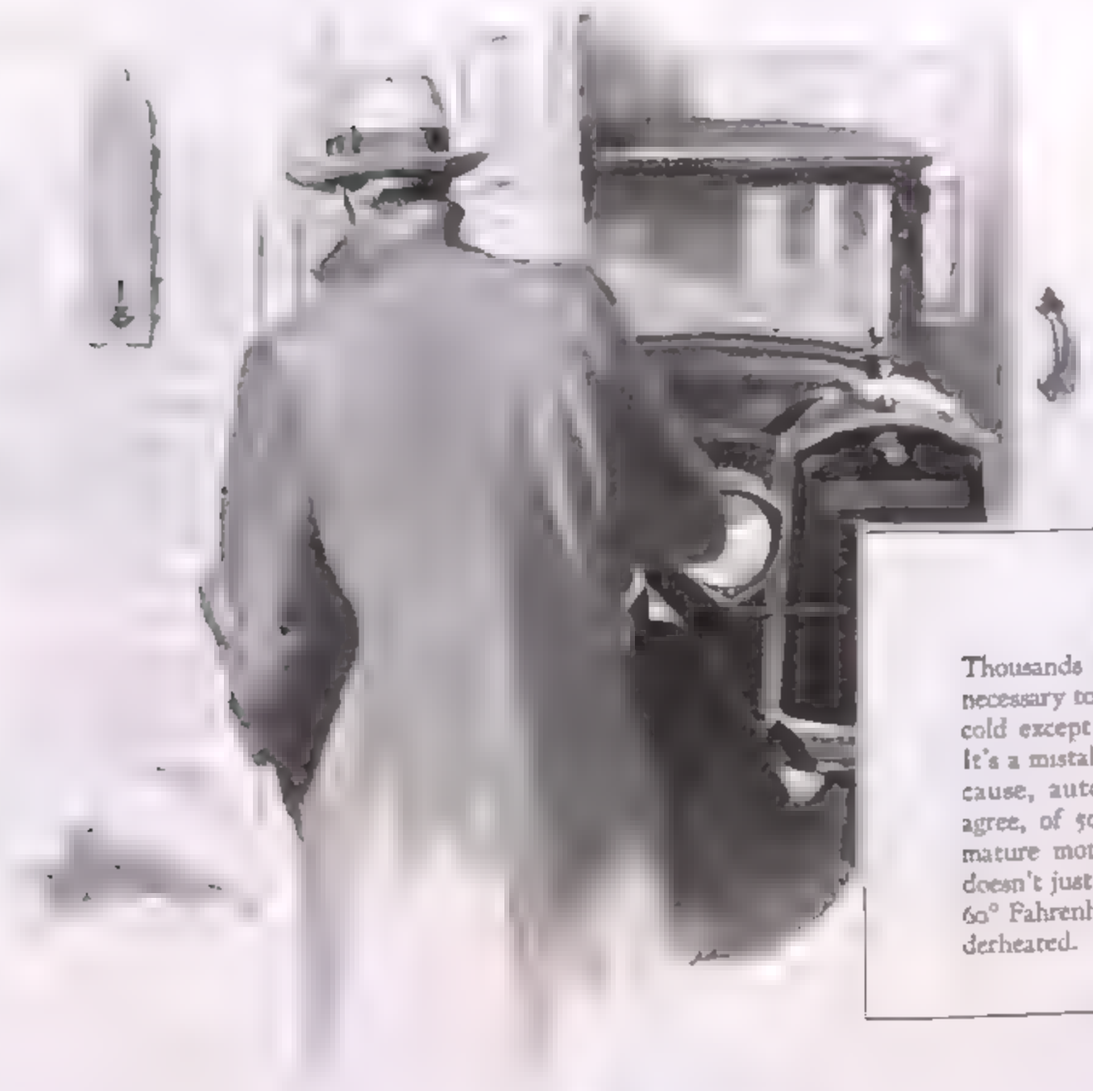
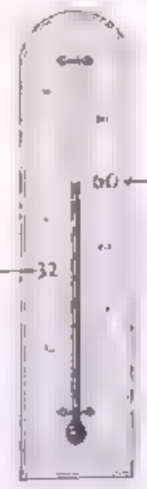


Authorities blame it for 50 to 75% of all premature motor wear

Wrong

Thousands believe that it is not necessary to protect a motor from cold except in freezing weather It's a mistaken idea. Cold is the cause, automotive authorities agree, of 50 to 75% of all premature motor wear. And cold doesn't just mean below zero. At 60° Fahrenheit your motor is underheated.



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The coughing, spitting noises you hear are danger signals. To stop them—your "choke" comes to the rescue. Unconsciously, you flood your motor with raw gasoline. It washes the glass-like surfaces of cylinders and cylinder walls clean of the oil film of protection. Metal to metal contact follows. Scoring and pitting is the result.

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It's this "warming-up" period, experts agree, that causes greatest damage. The "choke" period, when, to get your motor operating smoothly, you drive miles with the "choke" out.

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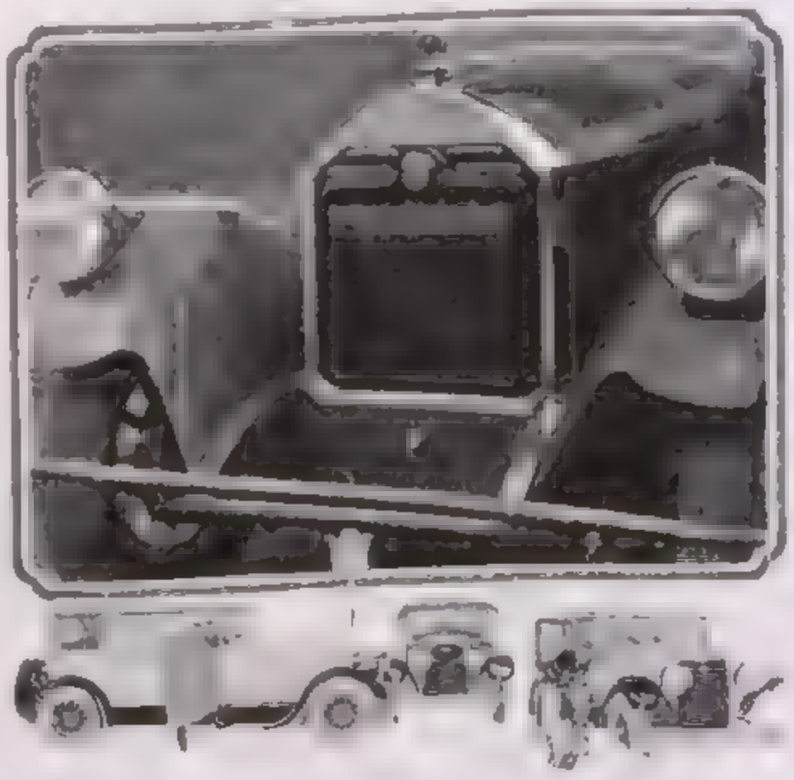
What Winterfront is and what it does

The Pines Automatic Winterfront is a thermostat controlled shutter that fits snugly over the radiator. The thermostat control fits flush with the radiator. Temperature changes within the motor are transmitted through the thermostat to the automatic shutters. When more heat is needed, the shutters close themselves. When cool air is required, they automatically open to the exact angle desired. *Pines Winterfront* is the only *automatic* radiator shutter on the market. There is nothing to get out of order. You have nothing to remember. Winterfront action is *automatic* and *positive* In laboratory tests—Winterfronts have given the equivalent of 20 years of average service without a single failure to operate—*automatically*. Winterfront will improve the appearance of any car—and outlast the car itself.



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PINES WINTERFRONT—*It's Automatic*

(Continued from Page 143

Philippines a part of America's domain and that Congress is not empowered under the Constitution to alienate American territory. As a corollary to this theory, it is maintained that declarations of Presidents as to policies and expressions of Congress as to intentions, though giving rise to moral obligations, are subordinate to the fundamental issue of whether the relinquishment of American sovereignty over the Philippines would not contravene the Constitution. The Supreme Court of the United States has not yet passed upon this constitutional question.

In the so-called insular cases the power of Congress over the Philippines has been described as general, discretionary, plenary, sovereign, supreme. They have also enunciated that the Philippines are not an integral part of the United States; that the Constitution is not in operation there; and that the Filipinos are neither citizens of nor foreigners to the United States. The affirmative determination of the constitutional question will compel the conclusion that those Filipinos born after the signing of the Treaty of Paris are American citizens by inherent right; the rest of the Filipinos would require a collective naturalization to become American citizens. It is doubtful whether there is any remedy in law that could be invoked to stop the granting of nationhood to the Philippines if Congress should pass the enabling act and the President sign it.

If permanent annexation is decided upon, the Philippines would become an incorporated territory. Roughly speaking, the Philippines today have all the advantages of such a territory and none of its disadvantages. Under a territorial status, the bulk of the local taxes would go to the Federal Treasury; in the Philippines, all taxes go to the insular treasury and are spent locally. The change of status would make the Philippines subject to the Federal income and other taxes. The coastwise law would be extended; this would be inimical to the Philippine-American trade. The prohibition law would be made operative; the Filipinos, who are moderate drinkers, do not want this. Economic standards would be upset and there would be general confusion affecting deeply every department of life.

The Concentrated Philippines

If the Philippines are organized into a territory, they will become eventually a state of the Union. A state 6000 miles away, on the other side of the globe, occupied by a people of different race and traditions, is unthinkable. It would jar the very foundations of the Constitution of the United States. The Philippine delegation in Congress would be the largest among the states. They would vote on matters in which they could have but only theoretical interest. To think that a Philippine territory, once an accomplished fact, would remain as such would be to discount the ambition of the Filipinos to have a democratic government. The agitation of today for nationhood would be continued for statehood.

The appointment of a Filipino as governor of the territory would not help the situation. At present, a disagreement between an appointed American governor and an elected legislature almost automatically places the former at a disadvantage before the electorate, and the question of right and wrong becomes secondary. A struggle between the legislature and an appointed Filipino governor would place the latter in an even more difficult position. He would probably be derided as a tool of an overseas sovereign power. The proposal to convert the Philippines into a territory like Hawaii would have a harder time to pass Congress than a straight immediate-independence bill.

Another possible solution of the Philippine problem would be for America to retain the islands of Mindanao and Sulu and grant the rest of the Philippines absolute independence. This is different from the so-called Bacon Bill, which does not relate to separation, but only to diminishing the jurisdiction of the Philippine legislature by providing a separate administration for Mindanao-Sulu.

These two islands cover nearly one-third of the area of the Philippines. They are probably the richest and certainly the least developed portion of the archipelago. As a source of rubber they are most valuable. The forest resource, the immense unharnessed water power, the more than 300,000,000 tons of iron-ore deposits and the relative freedom from devastating storms combine to make Mindanao-Sulu both a temptation and a provocation.

Local Self-Government

The independence of the Philippines without them raises interesting possibilities. It means the territorial dismemberment of the Philippines. It may mean also their economic devitalization. With Mindanao-Sulu inside the American tariff wall, growing all the products of the Philippines, and the latter outside of it, Philippine industries would be unable to compete with the former in the Continental United States, if not also elsewhere. This reasoning can be met by saying that the cost of labor in Mindanao-Sulu would be higher and the tariff protection would be neutralized. The counter answer is that either America would see to it that there was effective protection or that Oriental immigration would be permitted in Mindanao-Sulu. It is reasonable to expect that with better wages in Mindanao-Sulu, Filipinos in great numbers would find their way thither.

To a Philippine nation, the presence of America at her very door might be the solution of her problem of security. This might be considered a compensation for the loss of one-third of her territory, but whether this is excessive or not is for the Filipinos to determine.

To America, the retention of Mindanao would accomplish all the purposes that the entire Philippines would serve. It would do away with the problem of governing the Filipinos. She would have tropical products, including rubber. The territorial stake under existing treaties would be retained. She would have an Oriental trade outpost and sites for naval stations. And from a strategic standpoint, it would be much easier to protect Mindanao-Sulu than the other islands of the Philippine archipelago. These considerations, weighed in conjunction with those affecting the Filipinos, would make the suggested solution a worthy subject for study and analysis.

The establishment in the Philippines of complete local self-government by Filipinos and deferred separation, with or without date in the future, are receiving wide attention. The sovereign status of America would suffer no diminution or alteration. The Filipinos would draft their own constitution, which Congress would have to approve before it could go into effect. The Filipinos would elect their own governor. The Administration in Washington would be represented by a resident commissioner, who would call to the attention of the President of the United States those matters of international import and of fiscal concern to the two countries. Over these matters the sovereign power would have absolute and effective control. The free trade would be continued. In general,

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The numbers show where they are located, three on each side. Keeping these mouth glands vigorous is more important even than brushing the teeth. Hard chewing gives them exercise, but with soft foods they slow up. Pebeco contains the salty-tasting ingredient that keeps them active.

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Even in childhood, soft foods begin to rob the mouth glands of their vigor. Too soon in life the Mouth of Youth is gone, unless the mouth glands are kept always young and active.

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184	6.00	7.00
112	7.00	8.00
15	8.00	9.00
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Also à la carte service at sensible prices

the situation would be the same, except that the position of the chief executive would be elective and the fundamental law would be called a constitution.

This plan has been miscalled a dominion status and is likened to the Canadian system. The comparison is not apt and there is no fundamental parallel between the two. The plan is looked upon by the Filipinos as an improvement on and a step in advance of the present organic law. It is calculated to silence the agitation for separation and make way for complete coöperation between the two countries, especially in regard to the development of the natural resources of the Philippines. It has been described as in line with the policy of America of giving the Filipinos control of their local government as fast as it is demonstrated to be justified, always retaining sufficient authority to curb excesses, to act as a moderating influence and to prevent involvement in international complications. In well-informed quarters in both countries, this plan is called a happy solution of the Philippine problem.

The present government under the Jones Law also has strong advocates. They point out that what is needed to vitalize it and make it serve more effectively the cause of good government is to strengthen the position of the chief executive, clarify the powers of the auditor and provide for the elimination of deadlocks between the executive and legislative branches. The Filipinos oppose these proposals, alleging that they involve a diminution of the autonomy granted the Philippine legislature.

The Philippine problem, accentuated by differences of opinion regarding the administration of local affairs, goes on as the leading topic of the day, overshadowing the other concerns of the people. As a result, the impression is produced that the maintenance of government is all the people's business. This develops into the idea that the people exist for the government instead of the government for them. It is Congress alone that can rectify the situation with a clear and final definition of the future relationship between America and the Philippines.

America's work in the Philippines has been an epic of constructive achievements. It has meant to the Filipinos peace and security, progress and prosperity, liberty and opportunity. On account of a better standard of living, a happier frame of mind and a more general prosperity, the present Filipino generation is stronger in constitution, more equable in temperament and broader in conceptions. There has not been any commercial exploitation, official oppression or abridgment of the fundamental rights of the Filipinos. The Bill of Rights in the United States Constitution is incorporated verbatim in the Philippine organic law with two exceptions—the right to bear arms and the trial by jury. These two rights are not denied the Filipinos, but are left to the decision of the Philippine legislature.

The Filipinos have substantially all the rights and privileges of American citizens, but none of the obligations. Their status is practically American citizenship with a vengeance. They do not pay any Federal tax.

They are immune from the operation of the immigration law. They do not contribute a dollar to the support of the Army and Navy or the maintenance of the diplomatic and consular service. Filipinos are eligible to the military, naval, civil and merchant marine service of the United States. They are admitted to the West Point Military Academy and the Annapolis Naval Academy at the expense of the United States Government. There are many Filipino officers in the United States Army in the Philippines, the highest rank attained so far being that of major. Of the 12,000 men in that army, 8000 are Filipinos. There are thousands of Filipinos in the Navy and the merchant marine.

The Philippines are represented in Congress by two resident commissioners elected by the Philippine legislature. They are paid out of the United States Treasury. It has been stated that since the Filipinos do not pay any tax to the United States, a situation of representation without taxation is thereby created. The Philippine government is self-supporting. The Philippine legislature is composed entirely of Filipinos elected by popular suffrage. This body, besides having general legislative powers, is invested with powers which a state legislature does not possess. It has, with the approval of Congress, the power to legislate on postal matters, coinage and currency, immigration and foreign tariffs. It has the power to pass laws regarding the acquisition of Filipino citizenship. It has complete jurisdiction over the local income tax; it has, subject to the approval of the President of the United States, control of the public lands, forests and mines. The Philippines have had separate representation in international postal, navigation and other non-political congresses, a privilege never enjoyed by a state of the Union as such. There is no prohibition on the President to appoint Filipinos on missions, commissions and other bodies to look after the interests of America.

The local government in the Philippines is completely in the hands of Filipinos. This comprises the provinces, cities and towns. The record of the local governments has been one of progress and efficiency. The supreme court is composed of five Americans and four Filipinos; the chief justice is a Filipino. With the exception of the governor general, the vice governor, the auditor and a few technical officials, the entire Philippine government is manned by Filipinos. The percentage of Filipinos in the government not including school teachers is nearly .99 per cent, with the teachers it is 97 per cent. Under the present organic law, a Filipino can be appointed governor general and the entire government Filipinized.

The policy pursued by America in the Philippines is a sharp departure from the colonial policies followed by European nations. Its corner stone is the welfare of the Filipinos. Even the well-being of American citizens in the Philippines is subordinated to this. Certainly the unfurling of the American flag over the Philippines has been a blessing to the people in a thousand ways. The Filipinos are the better for it, America is the better for it, the world is the better for it.

DESTINY

(Continued from Page 19)

From the ridge encircling us colored flares, signals, went up at intervals. The rumble of distant guns, the sharp barks of the near ones, the screams of shells passing overhead, reminded me oddly of that big patriotic celebration in America just after our wedding.

"Duval was crawling beside me; he was killed by a shell that burst almost on top of us. I was huddling beside him and I felt him roll over. A small fragment had got him in the head. Too bad ——"

Eve remembered Duval. A gallant, brilliant officer; young, poor—his wife had now gone into business in the provinces in order to support her sons. They were in a preparatory school for St.-Cyr, eligible only to children of the army. Her own Pierre went to the same sort of school—more expensive—exclusive—such a graphic description of Duval's death—brutally casual, though.

A commotion in the bedroom beyond. The door burst open and Pierre was in the boudoir.

The youngster was wearing an ill-fitting horizon-blue uniform like that of the infantry private. His face was flushed, eager. His curly yellow hair fell over his blue eyes. Eve half arose from the divan, but her son rushed to her, flinging his arms about her shoulders.

"This is a surprise," she said. "We didn't expect you to have Paris *permis* for another week."

"Oh, I will get that too," he replied. "This is special. I am here just for today, with the commandant. I am the committee of one, chosen by the *école*." He drew himself up proudly. "Mother" his voice lifted joyously—"we are to parade on Bastille Day. Isn't it great—to parade in Paris with the cadets of St.-Cyr and the real army? And today, mother, I am to lunch at Joinville. The commandant is taking me. The military governor will be there to make the program for the parade. Oh, mother!" Again he flung himself forward, embracing Eve rapturously.

"Yes, it's splendid," she answered slowly. She smiled tremulously. "Your father will be there, in the reviewing stand. He will be so proud. Does he know yet?"

"No, mother. I'd like to keep it secret, to see if he will recognize our lot when we pass along. I will be out in front, you know."

Out in front, marching beneath the Arc de Triomphe, just as Paul had done at the head of his crack troops that first Bastille Day after the war; the Grand Army of the Third Republic, marching under the arch after waiting almost half a century. On that day the long-echoing conqueror's goose step of 1871 died under the tramp of the *poilus*, marching in victory and immortal glory. Eve never forgot any of it—how she cried from the joy of it—the peace, the end of the war that was to end war. Often she relived that supreme hour.

All the night before the human marchers assembled and found their places in the Bois. Some detachments camped before her house. Then others came—came with a rush of winds that fanned the torches about the cenotaph under the arch: winds that aroused them from their rendezvous with death, carried them from beyond and brought them to the Triumphal Way. In the hush of that misty blue dawn they hovered over Paris, over those others in the Bois; enveloped them, touched them, like shadows.

The morning—brilliant sunshine, music of bands—then silence. The cuirassiers appear from the Avenue de la Grande-Armée, riding straight for the Arc de Triomphe. Their horses' hoofs clang on the flagged stones and they enter the majestic shade. Rigid as their gleaming helmets, they ride with eyes front and swords raised in the grandeur of the French salute. Stirrup to stirrup, another line—misty, intangible—riding with muffled tread—the cuirassiers of the Old Guard. Beyond the sculptured scrolls of the arch, Wagram, Friedland, Jena—a hundred glorious fields of honor—and all the history that is France looks down upon them.

"Why, mother, you're crying!"

Eve did not answer, but held the boy tightly in her arms.

The glory of the summer day. On and on they come and pass, down that great, flashing, sparkling Triumphal Way. Now the Avenue de la Grande-Armée is filled with the familiar horizon-blue of the regiments of the line. The living heroes are marching through the arch and France salutes her own. Paul rides to the monument alone, carrying both sword and bridle in the one good hand. He halts his horse, the sword rises and sweeps back in the most splendid salute ever seen. He rides at a walk past the monument and tribunes, holding the same salute.

This living army is surrounded by a mighty host. She can see them as through a misty veil—can almost hear them speak

(Continued on Page 148)

A new triumph in electric cleaning—

"POSITIVE AGITATION"

as accomplished in the new Hoover is *beating*—the time-tested requirement of thorough rug-cleaning—reduced to an exact scientific process. Such beating, instead of being concentrated in a few violent strokes as with the carpet-beater or broom, is modified by The Hoover into a series of swiftly repeated air-cushioned taps. This is achieved by means of a totally new appliance—the exclusive and patented Hoover Agitator illustrated here. Suction lifts the rug from the floor and floats it on a cushion of air while the Agitator gently flutters out all of the embedded grit as the strong suction draws all the dirt into the dust-tight bag

THIS IS THE DIFFERENCE

VACUUM cleaning, assuredly, was a far step ahead of the broom.

Now a new and even more impressive advance is accomplished—the doubly-efficient cleaning principle called "Positive Agitation"!

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It is so saving of time and effort, so superlatively effective, it enables the new Hoover to surpass even the celebrated standard-design Hoover in such important particulars as these:

1 For the first time, it makes possible "Positive Agitation" of floor coverings.

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4 It is virtually service-proof, every part, including the new motor, requiring no oiling.

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If you want to clean your rugs and carpetings *easier, faster, more thoroughly*, certainly you want "Positive Agitation." It is easy to have. Your Authorized Hoover Dealer will put a new and greater Hoover in your home today complete with dusting tools, for only $6.25 down, with the balance in easy monthly payments.

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Is your hair naturally unruly?

Hair in place—

but never sticky or greasy-looking. Try this remarkable dressing—FREE

Yes, you *can* keep your hair in place today.

One trial will convince you. That is why we are offering, *free*, a generous sample of this remarkable dressing.

Don't take chances with your hair—you can do it irreparable injury by improper care! The dressing which more people rely on than any other is—*Stacomb*.

A mere touch of Stacomb and your hair will stay smoothly in place *all day*.

You may prefer Stacomb in cream form—in the attractive jar or the handy tube. Or you may prefer the delightful, new Liquid Stacomb.

But in either form Stacomb *really keeps your hair in place*—smooth, smart, but never sticky or greasy looking. And never dry and brittle, as daily wetting with water makes it.

Stacomb also counteracts dandruff. All drug and department stores.

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Send me free sample of Stacomb as checked.—
Original, cream form ☐ New liquid form ☐

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(Continued from Page 146)

and tell whence they came—called back from No Man's Land, from Vosges peaks and Belgian sands, from flaming town and midnight barricade.

A flash of crimson as the men of Charleroi and Mons pass along. Hear again the thunder of the guns at the Marne—see Foch driving the Prussian Guard into the marshes of St.-Gond—the iron curtain clanging down in the trenches of the Labyrinth and Artois—the lightning of flares—stench of gas, smoke—listen to the rat-a-tat-tat of machine guns in Champagne. Now that gigantic semicircle of fire across the plateau of Santerre—the barrage of the Somme, beating trench, fort, village, city into rubble and dust. The snow-covered hills of Verdun, colored crimson; the long night has come—the night in shell pits, the mud, the hell of Douaumont and the Chemin des Dames.

Pierre kissed her tears. He must not worry. There was nothing the matter with her, nothing nothing really. He might come back and take her to tea at the Château de Madrid if he returned in time from Joinville. That would be so nice. They would dance. She was just tired now, and so glad to see him.

For a long time after the boy went away her eyes remained closed. One hand still clutched the diary. She was mentally humming Paul's dismal tune over and over. Maddening! She must not do that. She turned on one side, toward the window. Then on the other side. She must think of something else—another tune—and drive this thing away. No word yet from Brunnelle. The happy relief of the telephone bell.

The Duchesse Betty was giving a party that night—a crowd just arrived on the Aquitania. They wanted to see the new revue at the Folies, and they would dance afterward. Betty knew that to suggest a Montmartre resort was useless; but the Acacias was very gay now, and on the way home. It had just reopened for the season, with that famous pair of American dancers. And it was all made to look like a Japanese garden. What a pity that Eve had already seen the new revue—yes, with Paul and some friends only a few nights ago.

The Folies show—like the others of the sort. Overdone, underdressed, vulgar, naturally—one expected that. Some girls, though, sang a new song from America. They whistled it too. Now if Paul would only get hold of that—a real whistling song, gay, bright. How did it go? Those girls sang it in such funny English, for the benefit of the foreigners in the house. How did that song go? Tra-la-la-tum-tum. She closed her eyes, frowning, searching. Whistle away your blues—whistle away. That's it—whistle away. She hummed it several times, her hand beating time with the rolled manuscript. She laughed.

Again the telephone, but Eve switched the connection. The servants could take the message, whatever it was. A moment later Jeanne told her that Doctor Brunnelle, in person, was on the wire.

"Tell him to send the message, please, as I asked." She turned again toward the window. Jeanne informed the specialist that Madame la Marquise had gone out, but had left word requesting the doctor to send the report over.

That word from Brunnelle would be important—very—Eve knew. She paled. Her *petit* Pierre, her *cher* Paul—life, of course. Ah, whistle away those blues—whistle away—she must teach Paul that tune. That other one was really too much. Whatever the doctor said or ordered, whistle away—— Her glance fell on the diary, always in her hand.

"Fortunately the moon made it easy to see, for now, literally, we were wallowing in mud. Previously some parts of me remained dry. Now I was caked with mud to my waist. I was wet to my neck. Mud was plastered on my face and in my hair. . . . On all that blasted slope of Douaumont there is not a remnant of a trench in which to seek safety; there is not a road, not a path, not a single tree, not a single stump—nothing, in fact, but a succession of mudholes, deep shell craters, the edges of which average about six inches apart.

"We climbed along these edges, slipping frequently, floundering down, gasping, choking on mud and water. We sank to our hips in oozy slime, and sometimes we almost drowned because the craters joined, forming little lakes. . . . Many of the men reported missing probably were drowned."

Paul's music might have been a fit dirge at Verdun—that scene of epic desolation that he described so simply, so horribly. . . . That waltz again, low, tragic. Oh, whistle away ——

"The lights, instead of mysterious, beautiful, were ghastly, terrifying. I wanted the moon to go out and leave us in the dark. A cloud floated lazily across, dimming it for a moment. Douaumont steep was green and horrible. Several times the moon went and came, so that everything danced grotesquely —— Stumbled over a body, a German soldier. Head lay in a pool of water. His glassy eyes stared through it, up at the moon. One hand stuck up, rigid, pointing. Two other dead men huddled over the edge of a crater. From now on it was a chaos of bodies, dozens, hundreds, French, German, but negligible—nothing—on this battlefield of a million dead. Sometimes only fragments of bodies, hands, feet, faces, sticking out of the mud. I kicked aside a helmet—head rolled out of it.

"Heavier barrage now. Struggled on to underground shelter, a yawning black hole fifty yards ahead. In this cavern, where the roar of battle was silenced, we threw ourselves down. Men of all ranks were strewn about—colonels, captains, privates, sleeping the dead sleep of utter fatigue. Propped myself against what I thought was a blanket roll, but what turned out to be one of my own majors. I remained two hours, but he did not stir or even know that I was there. Several men awoke and made coffee.

"Conversation took strange turns. A captain of engineers explained that the Germans were only a hundred yards from us, out on the left. No trenches there for either side. The lines are defended from shell holes. The men remain for hours in mud and water, waist deep. . . . The talk wandered to Paris and the fairly normal life there. Everyone was interested in the American elections. We all gave our views on Hughes and Wilson. Finally we got back to the battlefield of Douaumont. We considered what might be done with it after the war. Think of talking there about 'after the war,' the war that may so quickly be ended for any of us—or never ended.

"Our final decision was that the Verdun sector should be turned into a national park, where tourists might come and try to imagine the past. . . . At four o'clock we made the final effort to reach the fort. We were stiff and chilled to the bone from our soaked clothing. I wrote my name on a paper and left it for my sleeping major. The moon had gone and the night was pitch black except for the flares. We fell, got up and fell again all the way to Douaumont."

Eve held the manuscript away and shut her eyes. She could see Paul, his blond hair clinging damp to his forehead. The deep lines of fatigue, the mud glued to the ends of his mustache. Paul the officer, but also the sportsman. Never would he give up the great adventure when the goal, however perilous, seemed so near.

"We kept our faces toward Douaumont." Eve was reading the last page. "Our troubles were doubled, for in the dark we could not see the edges of the shell craters. Often we slipped into them. The bombardment had lulled. A moment, sometimes arranged, when both sides tried to get back their wounded and dead. Then, without warning, hell arose and engulfed us and dragged us down into its depths. I do not know what happened. I cannot tell how close the shells exploded. I remember saying as each shell passed, 'It is not for me.' I repeated, over and over, 'It is not for me—this one is not for me.'

"I could see you, Eve dear, in your own room at Paris, four hours away with the car. Your pretty room, with the beautiful etchings, and everything in your exquisite taste. You were smiling at me. Pierre was there. He was playing with that boche helmet that I sent back from the Arras front last year. I wondered—oh, but I can't tell you. You know. At every step I dragged my entire weight out of clinging mud. The suction almost dragged the boots from my feet. A mound of mud—Douaumont—a hundred feet ahead. I walked while the others crawled. I walked because I knew that if I got down on the earth I could not rise again. How they cheered us ——"

Eve folded the manuscript slowly, then got up and placed it in the desk. She rang for Jeanne, went back to the divan and stared out of the window, over the tops of the trees in the Bois de Boulogne. She asked the maid to telephone the Ritz that she was indisposed and would not lunch there. She closed her eyes and tried to sleep. Paul's cloying, engulfing music. The destiny of humanity in play.

Uniforms, parades, bands, mud, hell. The national park at Verdun—the trench of bayonets—tourist sight-seeing cars from the Place de l'Opera—guides—the fields red with poppies. Pierre had gone out with his class. He had been disappointed—the wheat and poppies perhaps, covering the scars of war so quickly. And it was Sunday, and the church bells rang in Verdun and in new little villages, risen from ashes.

War to end war—then peace. No more war talk—too horrible. But Pierre had to join a military school. He was a d'Arenville. Other boys, other schools—no bands, uniforms. Bastille Day, bands playing for all the world. Armies passing through the Arc de Triomphe—passing and repassing throughout time, with the exaltation of gods. Civilization giving salute—civilization of all the ages—civilization. Pierre—so adoring. Paul—so really loving, so thoughtful. Splendid, all the d'Arenvilles.

But whistle away your blues—whistle. That was such a pretty little girl at the Folies—the smallest one. Eve had pointed her out to Paul, that one in the center. Funny how she always picked out a certain one. This little girl seemed like a child in her next-to-nothing costume, so slim, graceful. Her legs were almost thin—no, not too thin, because so thoroughbred. Her small mouth, when she whistled—whistled away her blues. So light, dainty, when she danced. Eve was quite taken, and Paul interested. Her eyes too—dark eyes, merry and dancing, but big enough to hold tragedy as well. Kisses, blown from both small palms, and a smile inclusive from gallery to the boxes. Vanished—where? To joy, sorrow, what? To a cabaret, to dance again till dawn? Home to trouble or to hope and dream—big things or little things that didn't matter? She couldn't have been very old at the beginning of the war—six or seven, perhaps. Did her father go to be killed, and her older brother, and had she danced that she might live, since she was a child? But she blew away caressing kisses, and whistled.

Jeanne brought in a letter—that doctor's report. Eve looked at the envelope. She turned it over, then looked at her hands to see if they shook. They were quite steady. She asked Jeanne to go, and pressed her head deeper into the pillows. She held the letter up to open it. What would it be—joy, pain, happiness, sorrow, life, death? The sun shone in her eyes. She closed them, holding the envelope tight.

Wagram, Friendland, Jena—and Douaumont—the hundred and one glorious fields of honor. She smiled. The poor Unknown Soldier and Little Madge and the photographers. Civilization the heroes marching through the arch—little Pierre out in front. Tears glistened on her closed lashes. . . . "How they cheered us"—the doctor's verdict—the sun rises in the east—it sets in the west. It rises again, and it sets. Predestined. . . . Whistle away —— The unopened letter fell from her listless fingers.

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THE JOY GIRL

(Continued from Page 31)

"We talk about it together."

"What does she say?"

"She's always urged me to make the best of myself. She told me, ever since I was a tiny child, that one day I'd have everything."

"I would like to suggest something. Perhaps you have never thought that possibly a woman can get some of these things she craves for by working for herself."

"What can I do? I have only my looks. I am a pretty girl, aren't I?"

"You are a remarkably pretty girl."

"I can design hats. I do it at home. That's all I can do. I've thought of the films, but I saw an agent once and they tried me, and I haven't a film face. I'm no use."

"It is a problem," said John Jeffrey presently, as if to himself.

"A problem? I believe you! Have you been about the world much?"

"Yes, I've traveled a good deal."

"As a chauffeur I suppose you would, if your people were the traveling sort. Have you been a chauffeur always?"

"I've always been a driver," said John Jeffrey, trying to be truthful and hoping she would not notice the amendment.

But she was exploring the bag of chocolates now. "I hope it's a good mixture. I like the nutty ones."

"Let me pick them out for you."

"Thanks. . . . No doubt, it is traveling that has helped you. You could pass almost for an educated man."

"I'm very glad to hear you say so, miss."

"Yes, traveling accounts for your being so superior. I enjoy talking to you. I'm able to be quite frank, say everything I mean."

"Because I'm just a chauffeur? You don't have to play up to me?"

"That's what I mean. There's nothing to play up to you for."

"I dare say that's sometimes a relief to a girl?"

"Oh, it is. One has to play up to men a good deal, even the boys I know, if one is to get anything at all out of life."

"You are giving me a new angle on things. Of course a man knows all this in his bones, but he—er—kind of glosses it over. Nearly every man thinks he's a lovable sort of fellow, you know, miss, in his own way, and he refuses to allow himself to believe that it's mostly his side car or his theater tickets or his little dinners that a girl loves, and not himself alone. . . . Another chocolate?"

"Thanks." She ate it dreamily. "But to return to this question of traveling: You've been about the world and I expect you've noticed a lot."

"We chauffeurs see life."

"Tell me then"—she was tensely earnest—"do you think I would do better for myself on the Continent?"

"No, I do not think so," John Jeffrey almost shouted.

"Why not?"

"Well," said John Jeffrey more mildly, "after all, Englishmen are pretty easy-going, and a lot of 'em are quite rich. You'll do as well in London as anywhere."

"Thanks." She took another chocolate from the row of selected ones on his outspread palm.

"There's America ——"

"Stay where you are!" said John Jeffrey, again in a violent tone, though he did not know why.

"Perhaps you know," she submitted.

"I do. But we'll talk about it all again, miss, if you're willing. Wouldn't you like some drives before the weather gets colder?"

"If it got colder I could go inside."

"She wants the inside of that car, rugs and cushions, and the servant outside," said John Jeffrey grimly to himself.

"But, miss," he protested, "the idea is that I'm to have the pleasure of talking to you."

"Ah, yes," she agreed. "I had forgotten your point of view."

"You will see it before I'm through with you," said John Jeffrey, but only to himself. "The car," he added pleasantly, "can be completely closed up in front, and so is very cozy in any weather, you know, miss."

"How nice! I expect," she said with a vexed, wistful little laugh, "that people seeing me sit in front with you think I'm a servant like you—a lady's maid or something."

"Possibly they do," John Jeffrey answered dryly. He placed the bag of sweets in her lap. "Put your hat on," he said softly, and he looked at her mad short hair, all tossed with the speed of their going, and the face beneath it. Feature by feature, he looked at her, and he knew that in spite of the incredible lightness and paltriness of the mind she had shown him, she yet had something fine and delicate and brave latent in her face. If her views were hard and small, her brow was broad and molded with some splendor; and her eyes, full of soft wonders, denied the sophistication of her creed.

"If she went into the fire," said John Jeffrey to himself, "I wonder how much gold would come out." She drew herself up and back, tremulous and dignified.

"How you stare!"

"Pardon me, miss," he apologized gravely.

She adjusted her hat, sat herself very straight. "If I hadn't said that and pulled him up," she thought, "he would have been getting cheeky." She thought also: "I couldn't have a chauffeur kissing me," and she wondered again over the question of the tip.

The tip would be a marvelous setback if he were thinking of some other kind of payment, but yet—one didn't tip a chauffeur in a limousine a mere half crown; perhaps five shillings would be too little. She had had a long drive. Ten shillings?

He spoke: "Please don't misunderstand me, miss. I was admiring you, that's all."

"Kindly don't say anything personal like that."

"If I were my own employer ——"

"You're not your employer. You're his chauffeur."

"You put me in my place, miss."

"I don't mean to be hard on you."

"You're very good, miss."

Was he trying to be sarcastic? She wasn't sure. She was a little fluttered and worried all the way to Wallflower Road, Dulwich, though outwardly her clear-cut careless calm was well maintained. At Wallflower Road she stopped him. "Don't come right to the house, please. My people wouldn't understand. . . . Thank you so much."

"Would you care for a drive the night after tomorrow if I can manage it, miss?"

She refused promptly, but as promptly took back the refusal and fell. She could not take her eyes from the gracious limousine any more than John Jeffrey could take his eyes from her.

"Then if you'll ring me, miss, asking for John Jeffrey, between the hours of five and six in the afternoon, I could tell you if I could take you out. The butler will let me answer a phone call if possible."

She was conscious that really she didn't wish to ring up a chauffeur and promise him her company. She was conscious, too, that drive in that limousine again—and again and again—she must!

He might be induced sometime to drive her in the West End—to the Langmore, to the Tree Top Club, whose manager had said to her, "Any time you want to look in here, Miss Courage, I'm delighted. I've given instructions. We shall find you some nice gentleman to dance with."

Suppose this manager or his menials saw her arrive in that giant car.

So she answered, "I will ring up."

"She'll ring up," he said to himself, watching her hurry down the road.

He observed the two rows of small uniform houses, all with paint shabby, windows closely curtained, efforts at horticulture in the patches of front garden. Out of such forlorn streets as this came girls like that—exotic, lovely, craving gifts of life; strange anomalies of girls who looked as if their feet should tread the halls of kings' mansions.

He turned the car and drove back west, thinking, "What strange flowers grow!"

So he came again to the portico of the Duchess Theater, just as Vicary issued forth, his almost albino fairness more striking than ever against the black of his dress overcoat and his glossy hat.

"Tree Top Club," said Vicary, getting in. John Jeffrey drove on. "Fetch me at three; I shall drive a lady home," Vicary added, getting out again. And he smiled furtively at John Jeffrey, the smile of one masquerader to another.

"He's getting quite a fellow—nearly human," said John Jeffrey to himself, when he had touched his cap and moved on.

He did not look for any more light adventure that night. He gave himself a huge supper of beef sandwiches and ale at a place where chauffeurs seemed to forgather in considerable numbers, played a game of poker round a beer-stained table and made some acquaintances.

When he picked Vicary up again there was, indeed, a lady with him; a lady who, coming out of the club, parted with one or two raffish friends and then curved herself toward the chocolate limousine, escorted by Vicary.

She was not a raffish lady, whatever her Tree Top friends might be. She had the air of one who up till quite lately had been extremely respectable, and who was breaking out a little rather late. As Vicary had surmised, she was undoubtedly stouter than she used to be; she was vivacious and a little uncertain and excited; she gesticulated with rather nice white fingers on which those diamonds sparkled. An ermine cloak draped her.

"I positively must go straight home," she was urging upon Vicary.

"If you must, you must," Vicary answered in a voice John Jeffrey had never imagined could come from his pale closed mouth. It was perhaps too familiar, too patronizing, as if he guessed he could make a conquest; perhaps too knowing. But still there was in it that note of accustomedness, that easy indulgence, slight banter, and something sufficiently protective—the note of a man who knew a little about women.

"He may be quite human after all," thought John Jeffrey as he spread the fur rug over her knees and the knees of Vicary.

It was a pity she wasn't a housemaid, young and giggling. He would have enjoyed driving her and Vicary home, imagining their hands clasped under the fur rug and wishing them joy. It seemed rather a shame that this quite nice, sadly stout woman, obviously newly emerged into this kind of world, should be, in such a way, ever so slightly, hoaxed.

John Jeffrey suffered feelings of doubt and compunction. He might not be doing exactly the decent thing. Supposing, now, some woman of his acquaintance found herself supping with the chauffeur of another acquaintance; and suppose this undesirable incident should have been brought about by the complicity of the chauffeur's master—what would he, himself, John Jeffrey Fleet, think and say about the thing?

But still, the lady was not of his acquaintance; she was a foolish lady; and he was in no wise accountable to her for what she chose to do. So he drove them to Bridge Mansions, and she asked Vicary in—greatly daring and knowing that she greatly dared—for a whisky and soda. Vicary went in and John Jeffrey sat at the wheel outside.

The stars were disappearing as the sky paled. "Soon be dawn," thought John Jeffrey. "This is what we do to our chauffeurs. Still ——"

He burned with sudden displeasure. There was little doubt but that Vicary was taking advantage of kindness—presuming upon the favors that had been granted. This dallying about was a liberty.

A night porter came out and looked at him. "Some car," said the night porter. "Whose is it?"

"Mr. Fleet's car."

"Was that Mr. Fleet who went in with Mrs. Heath just now?"

"No. Mr. Fleet's abroad, and the car and I are lent to a relation of his temporarily."

"She shouldn't bring gentlemen in at three in the morning, but she don't know."

"Indeed?"

"Indeed she don't. Left a widow about two years ago, and sold their place in the provinces, and come up to see life. Read about the night clubs in the paper, I dare say. Got a pot of money. Taken the best flat in the block. She'll fall a prey."

John Jeffrey moved uneasily in his seat. "The lady looks a woman of the world."

"Put 'em in ermine and diamonds, and who doesn't?"

"I don't suppose he'll be long."

"Don't he run a car of his own?"

"I can't tell you much about the gentleman," John Jeffrey answered.

"Where's he live?"

"He's got the house, too, while Mr. Fleet's away," John Jeffrey replied evasively.

"Yes, but where's that?"

Then through the open doors, from the lighted vestibule, sounded a click of gates, and the automatic lift came gliding down. Vicary fairly exuded from it in rays of light, so triumphant he was. He hurried out. The night porter opened the door of the car obsequiously, observing him with the eye of a hawk.

Putting his hand into his pocket, Vicary tipped the man one of John Jeffrey's half crowns. "Home," he said.

So, home. At five, clothed rightly in a suit of his own, John Jeffrey was letting himself noiselessly into his house.

Batters, who valeted him, awoke him at eight with his cup of tea and the newspapers.

"Of course," John Jeffrey thought drowsily, "it might be worse. I might have to be out by now, washing the car, ready to take a missus out shopping all morning."

"A fine day, sir," Batters observed, drawing aside the curtains.

John Jeffrey looked from his bed, beheld a pure blue sky and felt a thrill in the air. "Batters, it is likely that someone will ask for me by telephone as Mr. John Jeffrey."

"Very well, sir."

Laying out the clothes for the day, Batters did not cogitate within himself: "I wonder what he's up to!" John Jeffrey Fleet might be up to anything or nothing. Extraordinary episodes passed unnoticed in this household. Mr. Fleet was a nice master and a funny sort of man.

"But I expect the voice will be a lady's," Batters thought. For, all men being alike sinful, he, in his time and his degree, had practiced his deceptions too.

V

"IF A GIRL is always out," said Mrs. Courage propitiatingly, "she loses her freshness."

"What good'll her freshness do her if nobody sees it?" Jewel answered with an irritated little laugh. "And if she doesn't go out how is she ever to meet anyone?"

"I know," Mrs. Courage murmured; "but, as your father says, that isn't really properly meeting people."

"What on earth do you suppose father is afraid I shall do?"

(Continued on Page 155)

New Model Exide Power Unit. Consists of ample capacity Exide "A" Battery, charger and new Master Control Switch. Handsome metal cabinet. Plugs in socket or base plug and charges from lighting circuit. New Master Control Switch enables you to control both "A" and "B" Power supply, including "B" eliminator, and place unit in cellar, cabinet or closet. Unit in two sizes —6-volt at $38.00; 4-volt at $28.00. Master Control Switch $4.50 extra. Units of smaller capacity and with self-contained switches in 6- and 4-volt models. Prices: $36.00 and $27.00.

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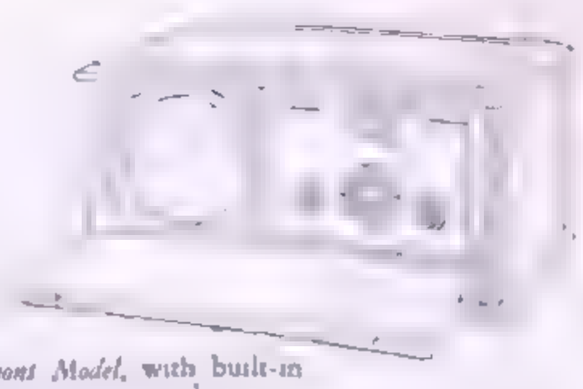
Eton Model [above], mahogany cabinet in two tones. Same 5-tube circuit as other models. Without accessories, $115.



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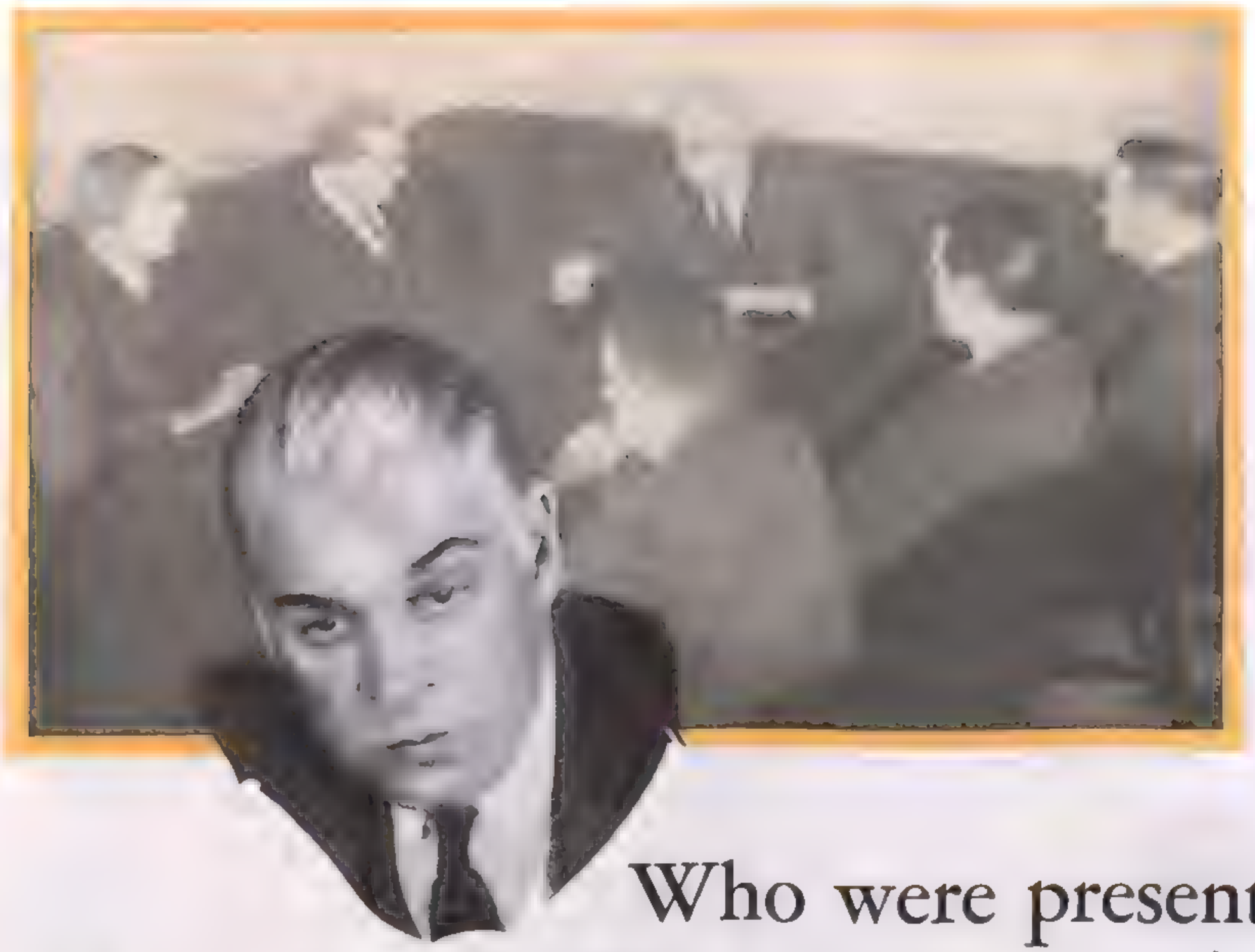

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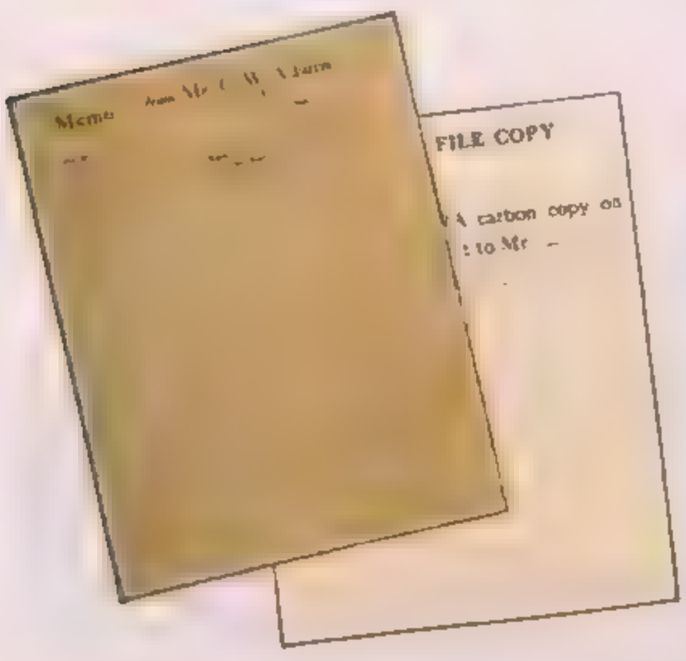

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(Continued from Page 150)

Mrs. Courage did not answer. She held in readiness the shoulder bouquet of orchids, which she had been smoothing out.

Jewel looked like gala this evening. She had on her evening frock—bunches and wisps of flame-colored tulle; the most effect for the least money. In places the wispy uneven hems of the skirt did not reach her knees; in places the skirt covered them. It was what was called a petal frock, Mrs. Courage understood. A faintly stiffened halo of black tulle was drawn low over her brows—her evening hat.

"It'll roll up in my bag when I get ——"

"Where, Jewel, where?"

"Where I'm going."

"Won't it spoil the hat?" asked Mrs. Courage humbly.

"I can run up another in ten minutes."

"Here's your shingle comb."

The only shortage suffered by the vast envelope bag was a shortage of cash. The bag possessed handkerchief, powder, rouge, lipstick, cigarettes, perfume; but in money its strength was under ten shillings.

"I shall be back late, I expect, mother."

"How late, dear?"

"Last Tube train, unless someone brings me home in a taxi. You never know."

"Mr. Sandman?"

"Well, I told you I was having a little dinner with him and Flora and another fellow."

Mrs. Courage's instinct told her that this reply was incomplete. "Say good night to father. He's in."

"I hoped I'd get away before he came back."

She kissed her mother—or rather, her mother kissed her. She walked lightly downstairs. For all her smallness and slimness, she had an amazingly gallant bearing; proud, with a high head. Her mother came down after her, adoring her beauty, thinking, "It must be wonderful to be a lovely young girl these days."

She pushed open the door of the small drawing-room, urging Jewel in. By the fire, in his worn armchair, sat Courage, the evening paper on his knee. From the door the radiant young girl looked at the elderly diminished man. "Night-night, father."

"Come here. Going out again? Your mother didn't tell me."

"I expect she knows it's my business."

"Much good you'll do yourself," said Courage in his quiet, weak, concentrated voice. "You'll never get where you want to get. Those cothes, that you spend every penny you make on, won't do it. It's something different that does it; something you don't know. I read here"—he lifted his paper with a tremulous sneer—"that the Duchess of Rollo is giving an informal dance tonight; and the Prime Minister was seen walking in the park with his wife this morning; and Miss Chloe Court, the famous actress, was in the stalls at the Prince's Theater last night, looking her best. Those are the people the public's interested in, my girl, though Lord knows why. You cut no ice."

"Night-night, father."

"Do you suppose anyone cares whether people like us live or die? Do you suppose anybody's interested if I treat myself to a gallery seat at the play, or if I take my wife and daughter out walking on Dulwich Common on Sunday afternoon after my wife's cooked the joint and potatoes? I'm sick of all this adulation of people who're no better, when all's said and done —— "

"Night-night, father."

Now she had really gone. She was drawing in long breaths of the sweet free outside air, jumping upon an omnibus whose conductor waited for her with an admiring smile when he saw her flying down the dusky road toward him. He could not mistake that fragile figure with the ineffable silk legs.

"Another night out, miss?" said he.

"Another night out."

"Somebody's lucky."

"Let's hope it'll be me," she replied.

On toward the massed stars of the lights of the West; on toward delight; on toward the unknown adventure, the fortunes of the evening. She tasted the thrill of life.

She was, indeed, dining with the devoted Sandman and Flora, and a friend of Sandman's, who, no doubt, had been detailed to keep Flora amused. But she had not told them that, directly after dinner, she had another engagement. She had, in fact, two engagements. One was with the chauffeur of the dark-brown limousine, who would pick her up at an appointed place at nine; the other, later, when—as he had told her over the telephone—he would be again driving his master, was at the Tree Top Club.

The manager of the club had sent her a note that morning. It had made her feel not a little worldly and sophisticated to have a manager of a night club writing familiarly to her, as to an intimate and habitué, inviting her presence. Whereas she was not an intimate or habitué at all; she had been to the club first with a commercial-traveler friend—now abroad—of Sandman's. She had been to it again with Flora, at the manager's encouragement, and they had picked up two dancing partners—men home from the East looking round the old town—who had given them supper and taxi drives back. Then she had ventured in one evening about cocktail time by herself; and she and the manager discussed life, of which subject he knew by far the more.

To-night—she had his letter in her hand bag. He had written:

My dear Miss Courage: We haven't seen you for weeks. About that honorary membership—I think I could put it through for you if you apply personally to the secretary. Come tonight if you can and I'll introduce you. I'm sure it will be O. K.

"I shall be a member of a night club," she thought.

There was not another young woman in Wallflower Road, Dulwich, who could boast a like distinction.

The route of the omnibus lay right past the door of the small restaurant where she was to meet the others. She saw Sandman at the portico, watchful, patient, smoking a cigarette, his velours hat a little to one side. He leaped forward to her as soon as he saw her alight. "Flora and my friend are inside."

"Have I met him?" she inquired languidly.

"No—a new pal—for Flora." He took her arm, squeezing it ardently as he hastened her across the pavement.

Flora had worn her best frock to the office that morning in anticipation of the festal evening, but it was not an evening gown, and her shoes were solid. The two young men wore lounge suits. All exclaimed at the apparition of Jewel, but she declared that her wearing of a hat brought her into line with them.

"Anyway, you look a dream," Sandman whispered, while the other young man could scarcely take his moonstruck eyes from her. The men ordered, consulting the wine list together carefully, red wine, and they had the table d'hôte dinner.

Sandman saw how everyone in the restaurant looked again and again at Jewel. The proprietor, perceiving her beauty and wishing it to brighten his restaurant often, made up two little nosegays of rather wilted red roses and presented them to the girls.

Flora was in ecstasy. "We are the only ladies he has singled out," she breathed.

"They think," said Jewel to herself of her companions, holding the red roses to her nose and finding they had no scent, "that this is paradise. This is all they ever want. Poor things!"

"What'll we do afterward?" cried Sandman, glorious with Chianti; "go along to the Hammersmith Palais de Danse, or what?"

"Dance! Dance!" dreamed Flora.

Jewel had to tell Sandman, which she did coaxingly, leaning against his shoulder—for after all he was a purveyor of things that were good, if not the best—that she could not come.

The suffering of Sandman passed unrealized by Jewel. Flora saw, and suffered with him, and tried to bring a tactful brightness about the table.

"I shall have two gentlemen all to myself," she remarked gayly.

"If Jewel can't come ——" desponded Sandman.

"I suppose," said his friend, bemused by this girl all flame color and orchids, "that you have so many friends wanting your company that you just can't satisfy them all, Miss Courage, let alone give 'em an evening apiece."

She explained that, as a matter of fact, she had two more engagements that evening

"Two!" Flora cried, round eyed.

Then Sandman said, with an effort, his suffering eased a little by the brush of Jewel's shoulder against his, that under these conditions he would not make a third; his friend should take Flora on to the Palais de Danse, while he would escort Miss Courage to her next engagement.

She thought, "Well, after all, I don't mind if he sees the car; and that chauffeur won't give me away."

She was walking down Oxford Street with Sandman. "If only you'd told me," he was saying. "After all, it isn't every night that fellows like us can afford a little binge, and to have it spoiled like this ——"

"I'm so sorry—so sorry."

"Yes, a girl thinks she gets away every time with 'so sorry, so sorry.' Make it up to me, won't you? Come for a walk if I call for you on Sunday; or shall we go out on the motor bike? Just which you like."

"I'll go for a walk on Sunday. Take me to Hyde Park—church parade."

"You worship fashion, don't you?"

So they came to Marble Arch, where, near the gates of the park, a long monster of a limousine rested.

"The car is there," said Jewel, indicating it.

"Car?"

"The car I'm going in."

"You?"

"I."

"Here," said Sandman quickly, "whose car is that? Where are you going in it?"

She had to say something: "To my friend's."

"What friend have you got with a car like that?"

She paused, facing him. "Really, Mr. Sandman, I may have many friends whom you don't know."

"Yes, you may," he muttered agitated, "but you shouldn't."

She commenced to walk across to the car. And the tall chauffeur, who must have been keenly on the lookout, leaped down and stood awaiting her.

Sandman hurried after. "Good night," he said thickly. "I know it is none of my business; only I know, too, that I love you, and ——"

"Good night," she answered inflexibly, turning and giving her hand.

They stood together for a moment, some few yards from the car, the chauffeur watching, immobile. And suddenly, to mark his defiance of that other, Sandman kissed Jewel's hand. She was not displeased. It did one man good, even if he were only a servant, to see another man kiss the hand of a girl who undoubtedly intrigued both. And when Sandman relinquished her hand he came no farther with her. He stood a little distance away, at the corner of Park Lane, watching her get into the car.

He did not hear her murmur to the chauffeur, "Inside—just for a while, please." The car glided away.

"She's not for me," thought Sandman despairingly; "she'll end in a damn palace, just as she wants. How could she help it?" He went walking slowly homeward, down the Bayswater Road.

She was lying back in the vast car, covered by the softness of the fur rug, watching the street lights flit by. The car was illumined inside, and when it pulled up in a traffic block now and again she saw people

(Continued on Page 187)

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(Continued from Page 155)

stare in at her covertly, women envying or men admiring. She took off her little halo, rolled it carefully and crushed it into her bag; she ran a comb through her hair and had it perfect again, as if no hat, ever so light, had even momentarily curbed its ripples. In the vase before her reared a spray of lilies, smelling sweet.

They were leaving the busy streets. She would have liked to stay merely driving about the West End, steeped in this opulence; but she knew faintly that this chauffeur man was romantic. Again it was a soft night of October, no frost, air like milk, stars like beacons. He was taking her for a short swift rush into open spaces.

She began to reckon time; there wasn't more than an hour or so to spare tonight for John Jeffrey, for she meant to avail herself of Mr. Silvio's invitation to the Tree Top Club.

She looked from the windows and saw open spaces, trees rush by. And in a few minutes, it seemed, from the time they started—though it must have been nearer half an hour—the car drew up, the chauffeur leaped down and opened the door.

He paused before he spoke, looking in. He paused because suddenly his breath went. She was lying back, looking almost bodilessly slender in the close-swathed coat, with a foam of flame tulle just escaping from it about her knees. She had about her pearls, orchids and perfume. Her white-rose cheeks were flushed like the cheeks of an ecstatic child in a toy bazaar, and her eyes brooded and shone and dreamed. John Jeffrey's face reddened swiftly, and he sighed.

"Where are we?" she asked.

"Hampstead Heath. . . . Will you sit beside me now?"

She murmured pathetically: "My hair ——"

"I—I love it wild."

"But I'm going out to supper."

"The devil you are!" She nodded, looking at him coaxingly, wistfully. "Then I'll come inside with you."

Doubts assailed her. "Please don't imagine," she began, "that because I drive with you—rather foolishly, I dare say——"

"I don't imagine anything, little lady. I know just why you drive with me. Only I've got a little hamper here with the most delectable supper, and I had thought you would eat it with me."

He was in, closing the door, and opening, indeed, the most perfectly fitted of miniature picnic hampers.

"Caviar sandwiches," he said, "*petits fours*, peaches and champagne, for a little lady who likes playing pretend. They seemed to me to be typical of all she longs for."

She cuddled back in her corner, watching him with surprise. Then speculatively: "Are you—are you—are you—in a way, a gentleman? I mean, of course, I know th after the war, ex-officers took all sorts of situations."

He exclaimed guardedly, "Oh, what makes you imagine that sort of thing?"

"Your voice partly; and then—how can you afford all this?"

"Well, I can afford it just as well if I am a plain chauffeur as if I were what you call a gentleman doing a chauffeur's job for his living."

"Yes. But if you were a plain chauffeur you'd save or spend the money on yourself; only if you were a gentleman would you spend your last farthing in some lovely way, like you're doing now."

"This is a subtle point," said John Jeffrey airily; "one which involves a lot of argument, so let us not discuss it now. Let us eat and drink, and tell each other stories."

"Of our lives?"

"Of anything we like."

She said, inspecting the hamper, "And I've just had dinner and am going to have supper in an hour at a club."

"Oh, you're young enough to eat anything all the time."

She told him that it was the first time she had ever tasted champagne. "A thing," she said, "that I wouldn't admit to everyone."

"But you can say anything to me. With me you needn't play pretend. I'm just a chauffeur. You know me for what I am. And," he said softly, looking at her, "I know you for what you are—a poor little girl who wants to be a fashionable queen; a little girl who ought to be attending the school of life, but she just can't come in from play."

"You are a funny boy."

"If," John Jeffrey adjured himself, "I now forgot my place and tried to kiss the most delicious scrap of girl I've ever met—as a heap of fellows would do—all would be over. She is only for millionaires; so keep your place, my lad."

But while they sat there, eating caviar sandwiches and sipping champagne, while she dug her teeth into a peach—unable to resist it—and then carefully made up her lips again, he began thinking how he would like to bring the little girl in from her tinsel play; that he would like to make her cry and laugh and kiss and love and live, and forget the miasmic fevers which poisoned her young blood. This feeling of John Jeffrey's grew to a yearning; from small dilettant beginnings—such as envisaging laughing kisses—began there and then to be a high passion, which made him look at her very seriously and in sorrow as she sat there beside him, getting the very most she could out of life, and craving for more and more and more.

She saw his seriousness and sorrow, but misread them. When men looked at her with that intensity in their eyes it usually meant one thing—they were longing to make love to her and shortly would begin to try. Wiping her fingers hastily on one of the fine napkins which the competent little hamper carried, she said in a quick, light, resolute voice, "And now I must go. You will hurry, please?"

"In a moment," said John Jeffrey, "and yes, I will hurry. But first, next Sunday is my Sunday off, and I have a very kind employer, who lets me have a car now and then; not this big car, you understand, but our little one, a two-seater sports model; and she can fly! May I not have the honor and pleasure of taking you for a whole day in the country, meeting where you like? I could even come to your parents' house to fetch you."

She seemed to revolve this in her mind, but he could not tell what she was thinking until her words came: "What a kind employer! Well, do you mean—that is to say, you actually drive the car as if you owned it—I mean to say, no livery or—or—or anything?"

"No livery," said John Jeffrey. But even as he reassured her, anger flashed from his heart to his eyes, and she saw the lightnings there. Or rather she would have recognized anger for what it was, only that his following smile belied it. He thought, "I've a darned good mind to say, 'Yes, livery and all! Take it or leave it.'"

Only, suppose she left it! John Jeffrey knew himself to have shown weakness. Only—suppose she left it!

Silently she debated the prospect.

"If she should refuse to go, turn me right down hard," he thought, "I'd respect her. But she's making the best of both worlds—taking all she can get."

However, she was considering Sandman. "I have a friend who —— But I can put him off. Another time will do for him."

"The other fellow must play his own hand," said John Jeffrey to himself, remembering the hesitant figure of a young man standing on the curb, watching the girl desert him for the limousine.

"Then shall I call for you at your home?"

"Please."

She thought: "No livery. No one'll know. If I have to say anything I'll say he's a new young man—just a friend of Hughie Sandman's."

"Now I'll hurry," said John Jeffrey. "By gosh, I must! I'm late!"

"Late?"

"I have to pick up my boss."

She had wanted to drive right up to the Tree Top Club in the limousine, but after all he couldn't manage it. He set her down at a Tube Station and went on to Knightsbridge to pick up Vicary, who was dining at Bridge Mansions that night. As he went he decided to call off this chauffeur masquerade as far as Vicary was concerned. Vicary could take himself about in taxicabs. He had the money; he had the clothes; the chauffeur he could dispense with. It was undignified; it was possibly mischievous to launch Vicary into a world that was not his with every appearance of possessing what he had not. "I'll take no further active part in it," John Jeffrey thought; "he shall have his evenings and go where he pleases, but I'll stand out.

"But," said John Jeffrey to himself, "as far as I'm concerned, I'll see more of the little girl."

Outside Bridge Mansions he had to wait. A commissionaire came out—not the one he had seen before. "That Mr Vicary's car, eh?"

"Yes"

"I say," said the commissionaire confidentially, "anything been happening to your gentleman today?"

"Not that I know of."

"You should know, shouldn't you?" said the commissionaire doubtfully.

And then Vicary came out in a hurry, and if so white and smooth a face could have been called black, it was black with some inward shadow and suffocation of rage. He had a stifled look as he came down the broad steps, attended smartly by the commissionaire.

"Tree Top Club," he said to John Jeffrey. And they rolled away, John Jeffrey confirming within himself: "The last time. He's been dining with the poor woman. The very last time I'll take a hand. Even for a joke, it can't be done."

VI

JEWEL went into the Tree Top Club, Mr. Silvio, ever on the lookout, meeting her.

"Miss Courage, this is charming of you. . . . Alone?"

"Alone," she confessed languidly.

"I shall find you a very nice table then. You are quite a stranger, Miss Courage."

"My people have a prejudice against this kind of thing, you know."

"But you give them the slip, Miss Courage? You give them the slip, eh?"

Jewel smiled merely. She accepted this attitude of Mr. Silvio's—which he professed always to have taken from the first time he saw her in the club—as satisfactory to vanity and generally convenient. She was a young lady of wild disposition, closely watched by rich parents of the Victorian persuasion, and now and again she escaped to the lesser-known night clubs with her own Bohemian friends. All young girls did it nowadays. All young girls gave all guardians of all kinds the slip. Mr. Silvio had, in a word or two, with a look and shrug or two, at a time or two, presented this conception of her case to her.

Now she settled herself behind the table in the corner which he had chosen for her, and he disposed reverentially of her coat, noting the texture meanwhile. It wasn't good; but if she were of the extraction which he thought probable, and which idea her attitude and behavior fostered, they probably kept her short of money with which to buy clothes of which they wouldn't approve. She was marvelously tended, her hairdressing and manicure perfect, her hands white and slender, and she looked as if she led a sheltered life. But most obviously it was the shelter of the nursery.

Mr. Silvio judged—and he knew fairly well—that she had the look of the young girl at home. Yes, she was a young girl, a child, with her mother's caress still upon her. She was just, Mr Silvio was constrained to judge, a young girl of nice life desiring to be naughtier.

"Will you wait a short while for supper, Miss Courage?"

"I'll wait a little."

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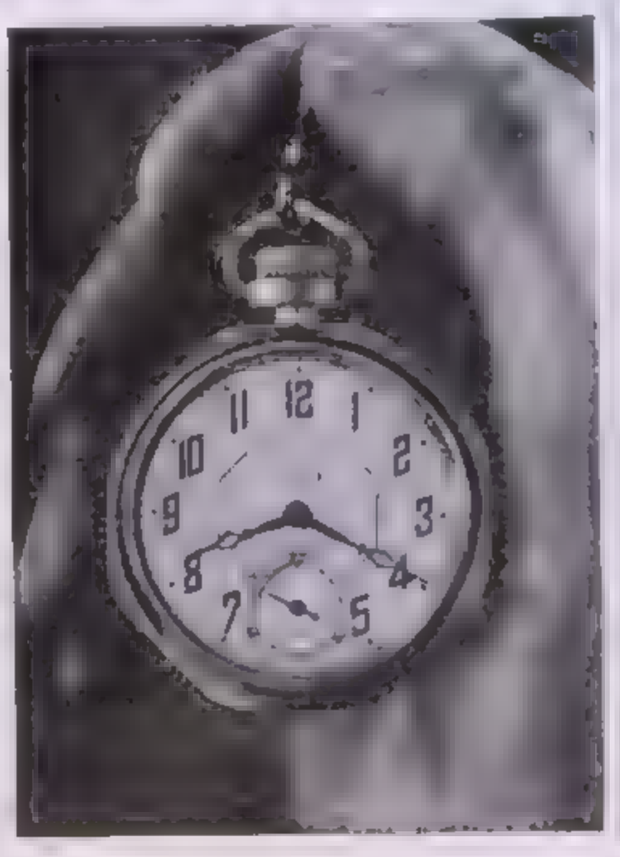

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Mr. Silvio was watching for regular clients. Dubious ones entered, from whom he looked away or to whom he barely nodded. Others entered on whom he beamed. He watched for Vicary and Mrs. Heath, who had ordered a table by telephone for that evening. But Vicary also came in uncompanioned.

Mr. Silvio hurried forward. "Good evening, sir. . . . Alone?" A regretful raised eyebrow intimated disappointment.

"Alone."

"Let me find you a very nice table, sir."

Vicary was placed just across the narrow room from where, over the shining dance floor, every time he lifted his eyes, he could see—also solitary—a girl in a flame dress, a miraculously slender girl with an aura of pearls, orchids and perfume, one of those girls presumably groomed and cared for by an expensive maid. And Jewel, lifting her eyes, saw Vicary.

Mr. Silvio busied himself with Vicary, on whom he had turned a very observant eye on previous occasions. He could not quite place this client, but his clothes were excellent, his general appearance and manner quite creditable to the club; he seemed to have money, and he had been in the company of Mrs. Heath, the widow, as Mr. Silvio had ascertained, of an exceedingly successful steel manufacturer in the Midlands. And tonight Mr. Silvio, that student of human nature at its unworthiest, remarked that this client looked a little sick with life; seemed to be suffocating with some repressed grief, anger or chagrin. He was in the very mood, in fact, for any amenities that the Tree Top Club could offer.

"Will you have supper at once, sir, or wait a little while?" And that halt in the question suggested: "I should wait a little while—and see."

"I'll wait," said Vicary morosely; for he was not hungry; Mrs. Heath's cook was an artist and the dinner had been a poem. Also, in that palatial flat of hers, Mrs. Heath kept selections from her fine cellar in the country. Never had he drunk such nectar or tasted of such ambrosial foods. Yet now it was not the dinner that lingered in his mind so much as the devastation that had happened after dinner, which had sent him forth beaten and shamed, telling himself that she had been too old after all, knew too much, had learned too deeply of hard wisdom from her deceased manufacturer husband.

"Miss Courage has just said the very same thing to me, sir," said Mr. Silvio, standing gracefully at ease beside the table; "she's waiting too. One sees a gentleman come in and sit alone and a lady come in and sit alone, and really it does seem a pity they can't make up a table for two."

Vicary smiled a little wearily. In fact, not for a long time had he felt so bruised, with his fall from the mountain peak of his expectations.

"She's a beautiful girl, sir, isn't she?" Mr. Silvio murmured on. "In my capacity I see a lot of this sort of thing, you know. Young girls slipping off from good homes and coming in here and elsewhere to see a bit of life. She's usually with a crowd of friends."

Thus Mr. Silvio described Jewel's one or two visits to his premises with Sandman or Flora or another.

"Who is she then?" said Vicary.

"Daughter of very old-fashioned wealthy people living just outside town, I understand, sir. Comes into a lot of money when she's twenty-one."

Scrutinizing Jewel, Vicary said, "I should put her at nineteen."

"Twenty, sir, I believe. A beautiful little thing, isn't she?"

"Yes," Vicary replied heavily.

Mr. Silvio moved away. He disappeared behind a screen and came out with a spray of roses in his hand. Going over to Jewel, he laid these with exaggerated humility before her.

"Oh, thanks," she said languidly.

"Aren't your friends coming, Miss Courage?" Mr. Silvio inquired.

"I don't think so."

"You'll be dull here with no partner, I am afraid, Miss Courage." Mr. Silvio stood at ease gracefully beside the table. "That gentleman I was talking to just now has been wondering if you haven't some mutual acquaintance here who could introduce him. He's crazy about you, if you don't mind my saying so."

"Really?"

And then she asked—for, after all, she had looked at Vicary and he had looked at her—"Who is he?"

"Well, Miss Courage," said Mr. Silvio, "he's a very wealthy man, I believe. In my position I have to be a good judge of people, and I judge him to be quite all right if you wish to allow him the privilege of dancing with you. He's a man with a great deal of money, very popular, a real cosmopolitan, and pretty well known, I believe, in motoring and racing circles."

All Mr. Silvio wished to do—all it was his business to do—was to see his clients happy. Having endowed Vicary with a few of the attributes that no doubt were considered desirable by all women—namely, experience, money and sport—he wandered back to Vicary's table.

"Do you wish for an introduction, sir? The young lady will allow it, and you really won't find a better dancing partner. But you must take care of her, sir. Her people don't know she's here. She's a handful, no doubt, sir, and goes where she likes when she likes. They all do nowadays. You never know who's who. But all the same, she's a young girl and I feel a little responsibility about any acquaintance she makes here, considering that she's a lady."

"If she'd dance with me I'd be very happy."

Jewel and Vicary, instead of continuing to sit each solitarily, made up a table for two and supper was served. The champagne seemed in her very soul. Oh, golden bubbles! Oh, elixir! Oh, joy! Oh, life!

She was telling Vicary a story. In the story she was a young heiress out in forbidden haunts for fun, without the knowledge of her parents; the little dull villa at Dulwich grew into a vast dull house; the little dull parents swelled into big dull pomposities; the financial and circumstantial narrowness of life etherealized into mental narrowness only. Her skill in story telling was naïve, but she was fired by wine and excitement, and all the childish things she said rang vehement and true. She was playing up, now, to the Crœsus of dreams, the man made of money, experienced, cosmopolitan and well known in sporting circles. His name was Vicary, and his first name was Arthur.

It was not like talking to that young chauffeur with his fine brown face, to whom a girl could tell the truth; but it was excitement, this play acting, far above the drives with John Jeffrey.

Then she learned things about Vicary. Mr. Silvio was right; he was a judge of men. This Mr. Vicary had but lately come from Deauville, during which holiday his car had been smashed up—wasn't it bad luck?—halfway between Paris and Deauville. His car was under repair—the limousine, that was; he had only his racing car in use just now. "That's all right for a bachelor man," said Mr. Vicary, cheered also by the champagne, "but it isn't quite so nice to drive a lady home in. May I drive you home in a taxi?"

He had traveled a great deal. He knew Japan, Russia, Italy, France, North Africa and Burma. He described his master's hunting feats as his own. He had hunted lions, tigers, bears and rhinoceri. He had raced at Brooklands and also for the Grand Prix. He didn't know for how long he was in England; he had opened up his stodgy old house in Westminster and was there with just a few servants; no entertaining. He entertained at restaurants. "Most bachelor men do, I think," said Vicary.

His phrases were often good; he had caught them from men who were the salt of the earth and the cream of aristocracies.

(Continued on Page 161)

THE diagram at the left shows, in black, the space left unfilled in ordinary shoes. At the right is the Walk-Over pear-shaped heel. It has room for your heel to settle down in comfort, yet it is shaped to fit the contour of your heel. It does not gape at the top.

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Aristocratic shoes *at a* democratic price

All Walk-Overs are smartly styled; yet that is not what makes a shoe a Walk-Over. A somewhat old-fashioned idea of building shoes better than they need be, as good as they can be, has made the Walk-Over the aristocrat of shoes.

Wear the style that fits you. See how Walk-Over personal fit leaves "elbow room" for your toes. Feel—actually feel—a firm, supporting comfort at the arch. Above all, notice that your shoes do not gape around the ankle, and do cling at the heel. That is the non-slip, no-gape custom-fit that the Walk-Over *pear-shaped heel* can give you.

It is because so many men prefer this aristocratic shoe that you may have the benefit of real volume production—a democratic price. For smart good looks and custom-fitted comfort, look in the shoes you choose for this trade-mark: *Walk-Over*.

Geo. E. Keith Company, Campello, Brockton, Mass., U. S. A.

Walk-Over Shoes *for men and women*

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FORGING ADDS STRENGTH

No other steel sheets can be quite like

Follansbee Forge

JUST a few months ago the manufacturer of Pines Winterfronts made a noteworthy experiment. Having used ordinary steel sheets for years, he decided to try Follansbee Forge Sheets—because they were made from genuine hammered forged steel.

He ran 8,500 Follansbee Forge Steel Sheets without the loss of a single sheet from defect of any kind and found that every one enameled perfectly. They are now using Follansbee Forge Steel Sheets 100% in their manufacturing operations and thus making a better product than ever before.

That is typical of the experiences of other manufacturers—it *proves* that forging adds strength.

Think what this means to you, the purchaser of such products. It means that you are getting better, stronger, finer products than ever before—products with the super-strength that forging alone can give. This is true whether you are buying an automobile or home or office furniture, vacuum cleaners, or dozens of other products made from steel sheets. These fine sheets, specially tinned, are also used for manufacture into hotel and kitchen utensils, lanterns, meters, etc.

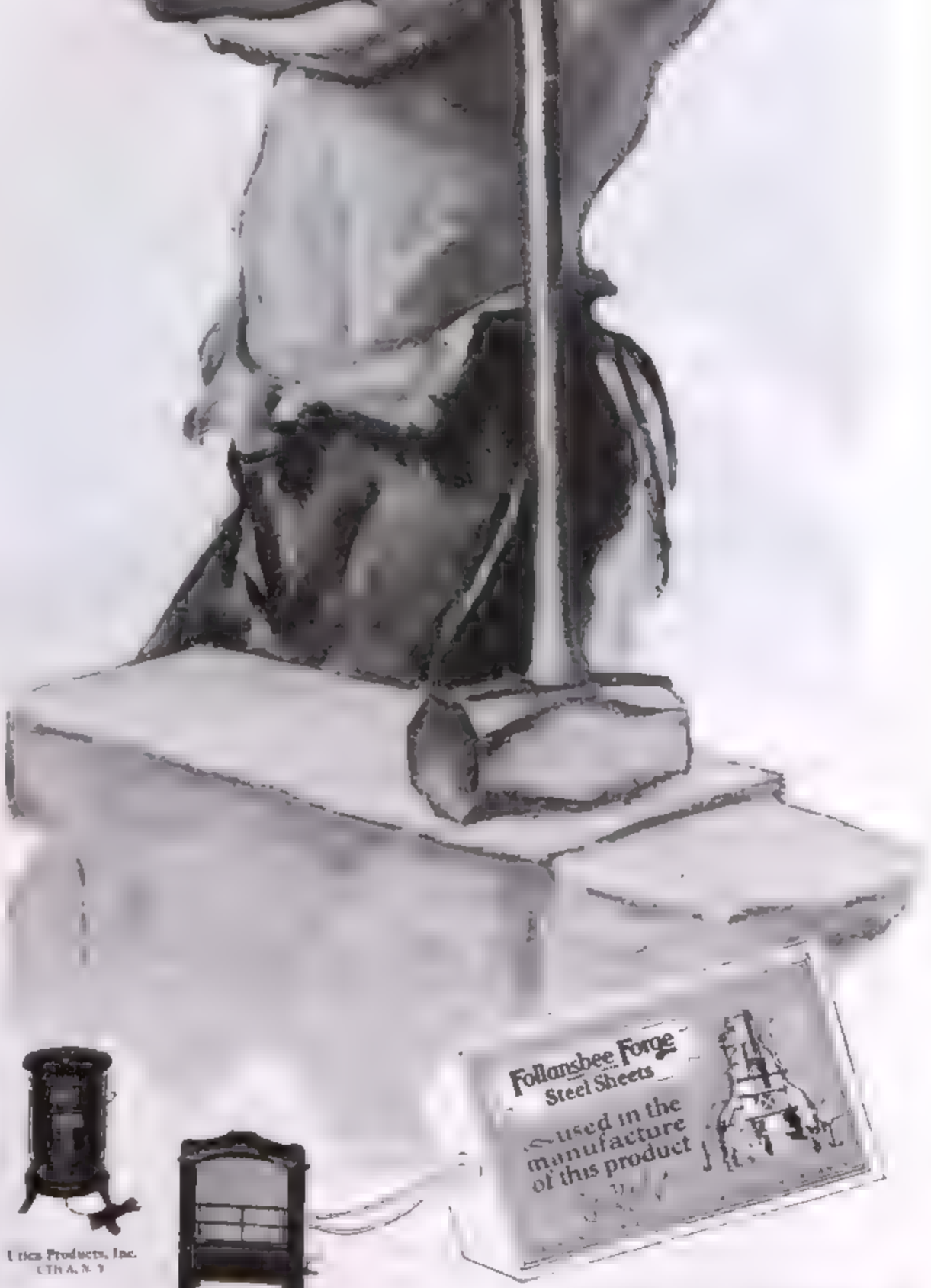
Certainly it is well worth your while to ask, when purchasing products made from steel sheets, "Is this made from Follansbee Forge Steel Sheets?" No other steel sheets can be quite like Follansbee Forge because they are the only ones made in this country, from genuine hammer forged steel.

Manufacturers: Write us for estimate on your requirements. Follansbee Forge Steel Sheets are available in all regular finishes and also in heavily tinned sheets.

FOLLANSBEE BROTHERS COMPANY, *Pittsburgh, Pa.*

Branch Offices and Warehouses, NEW YORK, CHICAGO, DETROIT, LOUISVILLE, INDIANAPOLIS, MILWAUKEE, ROCHESTER, BUFFALO, CLEVELAND, NASHVILLE, MEMPHIS, PHILADELPHIA

Also Manufacturers of
FOLLANSBEE FORGE BEST ROOFING
The Lifetime Roofing Sheets



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ERIE, PA.

Look for this "Mark of Quality" tag on auto bodies fenders lamps, radiators, home or office furniture, radio transformers, electric motors, kitchenware, roofing sheets, etc.—and remember, "Forging Adds Strength."

Follansbee Forge HAMMER PROCESS Steel Sheets

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

THE INSTINCT FOR QUALITY IS A PRICELESS INHERITANCE

(Continued from Page 158)

His manner pleased too. And she was a lovely little thing. Mr. Silvio lingered about, inscrutably smiling.

At last it was late; it was midnight; it was after midnight; it was one–two o'clock in the morning. And rising with elation still throbbing her heart, she declared she must go home.

"I'll take you," said Vicary.

She thought very swiftly; details were difficult. But having met one of the right men at last, the really right men from the upper world, she could not be daunted. "Not right home," she breathed; "just to the end of the road where I live. I never know if they've found out and who is waiting up and the explanations I'll have to give."

Vicary asked shrewdly—not that he wished to face her so watchful parents; he didn't—"But why mayn't they see me? They know you're out."

"They don't know I'm out," she answered in a flash. "I go in by the side door; one of the housemaids leaves it unbolted for me."

"Little devil!" said Vicary, smiling into her eyes. And he was thinking: "Here is one who doesn't know too much, who isn't too old, who hasn't a hard streak in her make-up. And what a peach!"

Reverentially he lifted the velveteen coat from the chair back, and like Mr. Silvio, he knew by the touch of the thing that it was poor. She put it on, and it borrowed beauty from her. Naïvely—he did not know that she had divined his thought—she said, "When I get my own money I'll have clothes and clothes—and clothes."

"Do they keep you short?"

"Of things like this. I manage these on my own."

"Shame!"

Then while Vicary received his hat and coat from an attendant she found Mr. Silvio by her for a moment. He was, after all, wondering just a little about her; he was looking into her gorgeous eyes and wondering. Still his job was to keep clients of both sexes happy. "When shall we see you again, Miss Courage?"

"I'm not a member yet," she reminded him.

Brushing this aside with an admiring gesture: "Miss Courage, a young and chic feminine membership is an asset to us here. The ladies here—it is not always their subscription that admits them. A beautiful face is more than a full purse, Miss Courage. Where the pretty girls go the men follow, and it is the men who pay."

She looked back at Mr. Silvio, her smile fading. Her childish eyes begged: "Oh, please! It isn't possible that you see through me!"

With a look from which all the astuteness was now veiled, Mr. Silvio soothed her private alarms.

She was in a taxicab with Vicary. There was an avenue of huge early Victorian houses, each standing in a vast garden, not far from Wallflower Road. "Drop me," she requested, "at the end of Prince's Avenue, Dulwich."

"That where you live?"

She nodded: "About halfway down."

When he had set her down at the end of the avenue, and, urging his reluctance to leave her thus, had driven away, she could run down the avenue, and emerging at the other end, find Wallflower Road.

They were going to meet again. Could he write to her? he asked in the taxicab. And her exact address?

Oh, no, please! They—those parental ogres—they watched her correspondence. She might tell him ——

What? It seemed absurd in these bright free days—or days which should be bright and free—but those ogres had a husband all picked out for her.

Had they, by gosh! Vicary held her hand. They were so afraid she'd get married for her money. No doubt they were. They knew she was rash.

"Well, you are very rash, my dear girl," said Vicary.

Personally she didn't think money mattered. Nothing mattered but love.

Now wasn't that so?

"Nothing matters but love," Vicary answered. "But how few girls think like you do!"

She supposed he had often been afraid of being married for his money.

"It's kept me single so far," stated Vicary.

She suggested that correspondence for her could go to the Tree Top Club. And her letters? To the Westminster house. That was safe enough. At the most Batters would say, "It's a bit 'ot you 'aving your letters sent to our address, Arthur."

And at last she was sitting on her bed in her small room that seemed actually to have dwindled since she left it; her poor room; her absurd room. Her eyes were shining; the champagne was in her very soul. He was good-looking. He was well dressed. He was a nice, kind, fine, attractive man of the world.

She meant to love him. He was made of money; well known in motoring and racing circles.

Vicary found himself the next morning again in the wine-red room, listening to John Jeffrey Fleet. "Look here, Vicary," said John Jeffrey, "I'm not very easy about all this. Of course, a joke is a joke, but this dining with a lady ——"

"Well, Mr. Fleet," said Vicary, all chauffeur, "I hope you won't take anything too seriously. Man to man now, sir, you understand I like my fun just as well as you like yours. Don't you, sir?"

"That's understood. Only, I'd rather not take a definite hand; it's not playing the game by other people perhaps."

"Come, Mr. Fleet; every man for himself."

"I know—I know. Of course, you wouldn't deceive the lady very badly, would you?"

"Trust me, sir."

"That's the devil of it," John Jeffrey thought. "I don't and can't trust the fellow. But still, his business is his business; what he does in the spare time I give him needn't be my business."

Thus John Jeffrey attempted and failed to stop the hare he had started, and thus he consoled himself.

"It's only, Vicary," he said, "that I'm not going to drive you any more. Take the car if you like—if it's free. I won't go back on our arrangement; only, I don't want to know too much. See?"

"I see, sir."

"So your chauffeur quits."

"Tired of night driving and hanging about, sir?" smiled Vicary.

"Put it like that," said John Jeffrey easily. Relief sat on the chauffeur's face. It had been growing difficult, already, the joint masquerade; he asked nothing better than that he should be left alone.

John Jeffrey thought of Jewel Courage and of Sunday that was nearly here.

"Is that all, sir?" Vicary asked.

"That's all I can think of."

"Thank you, sir." So Vicary went out, maturing plans.

VII

ALL on a Sunday morning John Jeffrey drove away gayly in the sports model that was his heart's delight, not too well dressed, he considered, to pass for a chauffeur on his Sunday out. And he drew up in Wallflower Road, Dulwich.

She was ready, and opened the front door immediately at the sound of his horn. Behind her he thought he descried, for a moment, a face peeping, a shadow of a face, with anxious eyes, crowned by gray hair; and he had an impression that behind the lace curtains of a downstairs window, another face looked out, also a shadow of a face, gray and watchful. But they were merely as shadows, these two faces. The October morning was full of sun, the air was clean, the skies blue; and the girl was in the car. The girl seemed mentally to be dancing, on the very tips of her toes.

Hair must be healthy—free from dandruff—to look well-groomed

Is your hair thick and strong-growing?

. . . *if not—it is SICK!*

DANDRUFF is an actual scalp infection. *Thinning* and *receding* hair are caused by the slowing down of circulation in the scalp.

If unchecked, either of these ills will finally lead to baldness.

Yet these ills can be entirely prevented and can, in most cases, be overcome even when long established.

And the method is *very simple!*

EVERY MORNING moisten hair and scalp generously with Ed. Pinaud's Eau de Quinine. Just shake the bottle with its convenient shaker top, over your head. Then with the fingers pressed down firmly, move the scalp vigorously in every direction, working the tonic thoroughly into every inch of the scalp. Comb and brush your hair while still moist. It will lie smoothly just the way you want it.

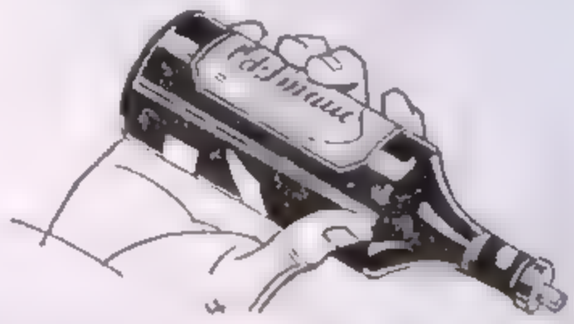
This simple daily care destroys dandruff infection and keeps the scalp circulation vigorously active, nourishing the hair at its very roots. Your hair will stop falling out and start to grow again with greater vitality than ever before.

The difference in appearance after even a few days of this treatment will astonish you.

Kept up regularly, this simple treatment will restore your hair to health and make it thick, strong and vigorous.

Make this care of your scalp as regular a part of your morning toilet as brushing your teeth.

You will find Ed. Pinaud's Eau de Quinine in all drug stores and department stores. Look for the large vertical signature of Ed. Pinaud in red on each bottle. Pinaud Incorporated, 90 Fifth Avenue, New York City—sole distributors for Parfumerie Ed. Pinaud, Paris.



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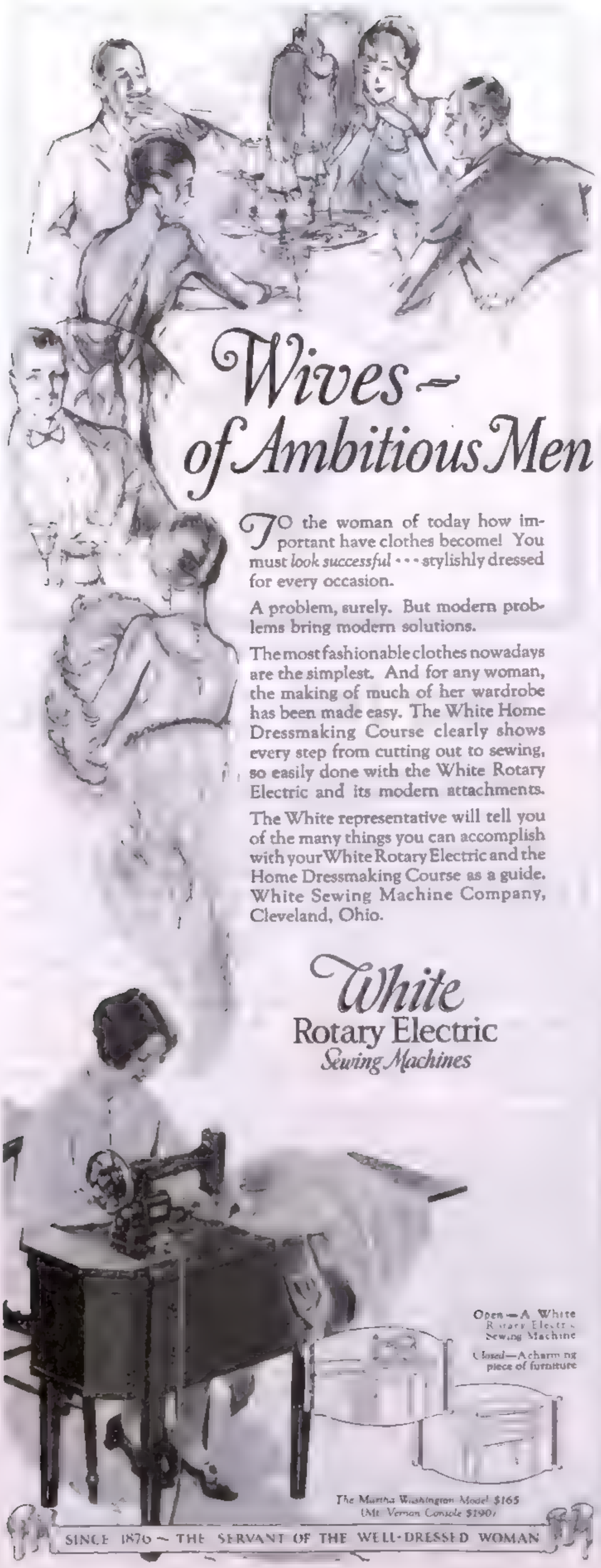

Wives of Ambitious Men

TO the woman of today how important have clothes become! You must *look successful* · · · stylishly dressed for every occasion.

A problem, surely. But modern problems bring modern solutions.

The most fashionable clothes nowadays are the simplest. And for any woman, the making of much of her wardrobe has been made easy. The White Home Dressmaking Course clearly shows every step from cutting out to sewing, so easily done with the White Rotary Electric and its modern attachments.

The White representative will tell you of the many things you can accomplish with your White Rotary Electric and the Home Dressmaking Course as a guide. White Sewing Machine Company, Cleveland, Ohio.

White
Rotary Electric
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Open—A White Rotary Electric Sewing Machine

Closed—A charming piece of furniture

The Martha Washington Model $165
Mt. Vernon Console $190

SINCE 1876 — THE SERVANT OF THE WELL-DRESSED WOMAN

His admiring eyes studied her as the sports car fled out countryward. "You seem to have clothes for all occasions."

"Do I look nice?"

"Perfect."

She was still not quite the real thing, of course; not quite pure gold; but her imitation, as ever, was marvelous.

That was a splendid Sunday. Right from the first moment to the last moment, when he set her down again, quiet, wistful, radiant, uncertain, before her garden gate, the day marched in ecstasy. There was the swift run out, out into the young morning, with that little classic profile, that perfume of girlhood, all that grace, beside him; there came a later time, when as they ran on, again she pulled off her hat that had been so provocatively adjusted, and let the wind lift her hair to madness, while, unconsciously it seemed, in a sweet voice she sang; it was only a snatch from the latest revue; but it was, all the same, a siren song to which a young man could have listened forever.

And there was the luncheon eaten on the outskirts of a small coppice, where the leaves had not fallen yet but made a roof of russet and gold—the luncheon that delighted her so.

"I don't see, really, how you can afford all these things."

"I'm friends with our cook, little lady, and she puts up the hamper."

"Wouldn't your boss mind?"

"Oh—er—he's easy. Some people think far too easy."

"It's lovely anyway. I love nice things, don't you?"

"I love 'em," said John Jeffrey, gazing at her.

"You know, one wouldn't take you for a chauffeur. Your clothes look so good."

"Well, as a matter of fact, I had these from my boss." That made her heavenly face cloud a little.

Her transparencies! With all the profession of worldliness and hard calculation, she wasn't so invulnerable as she thought she was—not nearly so! She regretted that he was just a servant; wished with a little pang of resentment—for him—that he could afford to buy for himself clothes such as he wore now.

He lighted her cigarette and touched her hand, and sat close to her under the canopy of rustling trees. It was a temptation to turn and put a firm arm about her, and say: "Look here, little silly girl, you see in me just the man you're looking for. I have everything you want, and I could be persuaded very easily to give you half."

But then he would lose her frankness; her truth that she told him. She would start playing because there was a prize to play for. No longer would she look straight into his eyes, confessing her immature, eager, acquisitive soul.

"If she can't love the chauffeur she can't love me," John Jeffrey thought romantically. And it came to him that rich men who wanted to be loved for themselves alone, who sailed in the seas of the sirens perpetually, could never be quite, quite sure.

This thought was like a canker in John Jeffrey's heart as he sat beside Jewel under the trees. But because they were both young and both beautiful, because it was a lovely afternoon, because of the way this girl had unveiled her heart to him so that perfect frankness, complete accord, reigned between them—the accord of those who know the best and the worst—it was inevitable that they should draw together. The day was drowsy—still.

"If I were truly a chauffeur and she were my young lady," said John Jeffrey to himself, recalling such glimpses as he had occasionally snatched of similar scenes of bliss, "this is where I should lie down and put my head on her lap." And he could conceive of no course more delightful.

So he surrendered himself full length along the ground, and with an appealing smile at her, laid his head where it longed to be. The thrill of it!

Jewel could think to herself, "Nobody knows; nobody can see if - - -" And her heart ached in her breast.

John Jeffrey felt soon her slim hand upon his head, stroking his hair, playing with his hair, smoothing it this way and that, and ruffling it up again with the fingers of love.

He looked up swiftly into her face and saw it incredibly soft, passionate. And all the little winds and the leaves were still.

"What is your name?" he asked, catching her hand and laying it upon his lips.

"Jewel—Jewel Courage."

"What a lovely name! Jewel, kiss me," he said.

She lifted his head up in her arms and leaned her mouth down and kissed him. John Jeffrey sprang up and took her in his arms.

A long, beautiful, drowsy afternoon. At the end of it, when even a young man making love had to realize that it was autumn and the light grew dim and the day grew chill, he asked her, "Jewel Courage, will you marry me?"

"I couldn't," she breathed desperately.

They talked very quietly and very keenly. There was a flush on her face and a glitter in her eyes, and her mouth was firm. "I couldn't marry you. I couldn't! I couldn't! All my life I've had one aim—escape from poverty and hardship, and to have beautiful things around me, see beautiful places, have—have money in my pocket."

"Don't you love me enough to take me as I am—just the chauffeur? Wouldn't you be happy without all these luxuries you want—if you loved me enough?"

She shook her head. "No! No! No!" She was adamant.

"Look," he whispered, "I'm offering you all I have. It may be more than you think. Isn't all a man has a good deal, however much or however little it is?"

"No! No! No!" She was crying.

"Don't cry," said John Jeffrey sorrowfully, and he would have taken her in his arms again for comfort, but that she refused him.

"I didn't mean to let you kiss me. I—forgot."

"You forgot?" said John Jeffrey softly; and he stood there, looking at her, digging his teeth into his under lip.

"But I shan't forget again."

They picked their way quite silently back to the car.

He heaved in the picnic basket and a stubborn bitterness seized him. He would not tell her who he was.

"Please," he said quietly, "you'll drive again, won't you? I'm going to have rather more time for myself now."

"I shall have to—to—consider it carefully."

"I'll drive you all round town one evening, wherever you want to go—in the limousine, if you like."

He watched her face and saw how the bribe appealed. She relented and said, troubled, "I don't know."

"I expect you'll find a use for me," said John Jeffrey gravely, tucking a rug about her.

Going back, she was very quiet; pale and bewildered. There were no little siren songs from a glad heart on the way home.

TO BE CONTINUED

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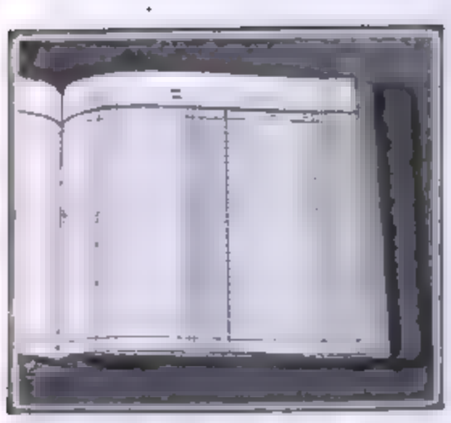
in BOOKS *everyone* wants . . .



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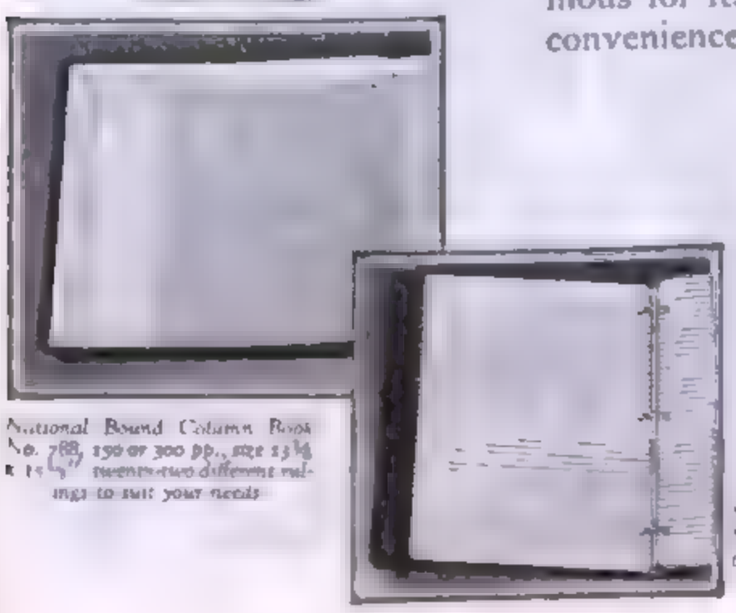

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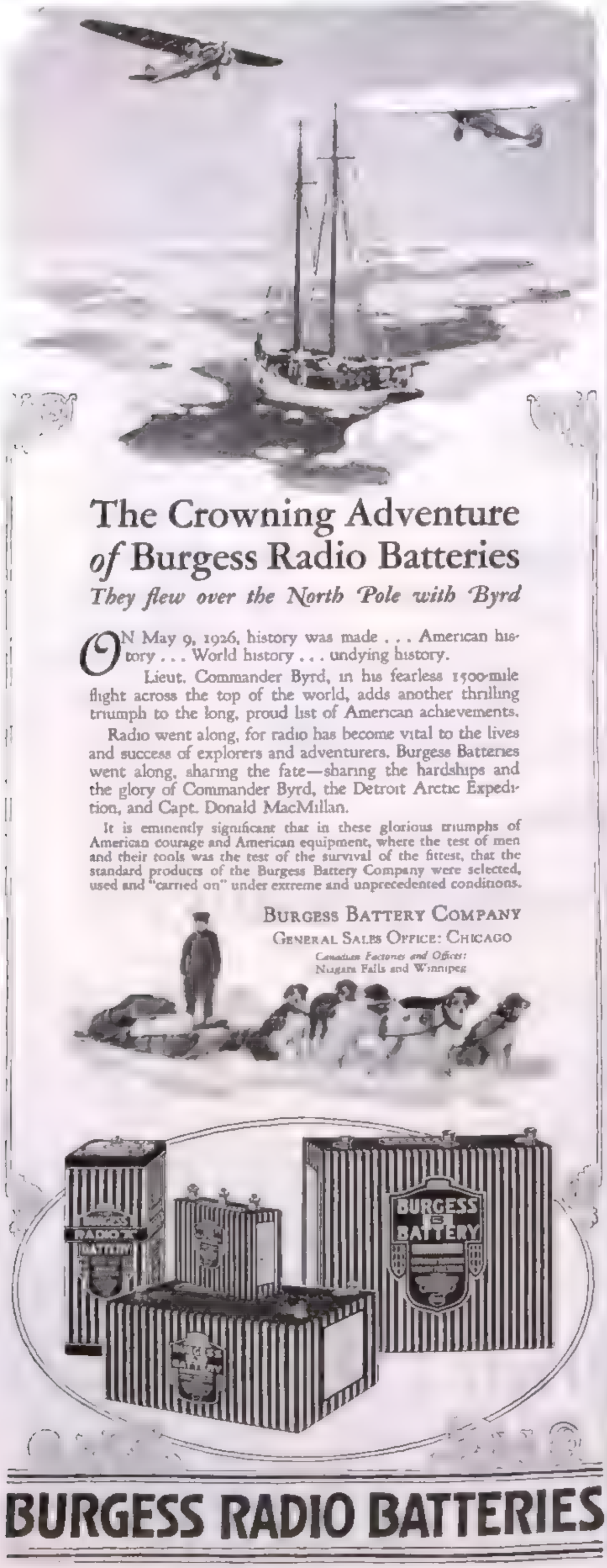

The Crowning Adventure *of* Burgess Radio Batteries

They flew over the North Pole with Byrd

ON May 9, 1926, history was made . . . American history . . . World history . . . undying history.

Lieut. Commander Byrd, in his fearless 1500-mile flight across the top of the world, adds another thrilling triumph to the long, proud list of American achievements.

Radio went along, for radio has become vital to the lives and success of explorers and adventurers. Burgess Batteries went along, sharing the fate—sharing the hardships and the glory of Commander Byrd, the Detroit Arctic Expedition, and Capt. Donald MacMillan.

It is eminently significant that in these glorious triumphs of American courage and American equipment, where the test of men and their tools was the test of the survival of the fittest, that the standard products of the Burgess Battery Company were selected, used and "carried on" under extreme and unprecedented conditions.

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BURGESS RADIO BATTERIES

PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGNS

(Continued from Page 21)

the old Whig Party two new and completely American parties were arisen. American politics had come into being.

But in the midst of the uproar the state ratifying conventions were meeting and putting the thing through, and, except in a few cases, without too much trouble. By the end of February, 1788, Delaware, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Georgia, Connecticut and Massachusetts had ratified. In Massachusetts a delegation of artisans headed by Paul Revere had been obliged to argue Samuel Adams out of his Antifederalism; in Pennsylvania the calls for a convention had been rushed through the assembly, with two recalcitrant Antifederalists hauled from their homes by a Federalist mob and held by force in their seats during the roll call, in order to provide a quorum. Here and there riots occurred, and a little local stone slinging, but when these alarms were over, the conventions ratified and the citizenry celebrated. Left to themselves, it seemed that the people approved of the Constitution and welcomed each additional state pillar set up to support the New Roof. It was only when the prominent Republican patriots, those nervous self-appointed guardians of the popular liberties, showed them how pernicious it was that the people became temporarily disturbed. It was difficult for "simple honesty and plain sense" not to be at first distressed by the influential lamentations of such worthies as Mr. Henry, for instance.

Death of the Unborn League

"The new Constitution," Mr. Hamilton wrote to General Washington from New York in October, "is as popular in this city as it is possible for anything to be, and the prospect thus far is favorable to it through the state. But there is no saying what turn things may take when the full flood of official influence is let loose against it. . . . The first impressions everywhere are in its favor, but the artillery of its opponents makes some impression."

Six states had ratified, and in April one more—Maryland. Then South Carolina in May. Only one more state was needed, but still the Federalists were extremely anxious. Rhode Island was completely out of it, North Carolina would probably not ratify, New Hampshire had already adjourned once and was meeting again, Virginia and New York were sitting in bitter argument. And no matter if nine states did ratify, if Virginia and New York failed to do so the New Breeches would be irreparably damaged. Mr. Hamilton saw the danger and brought every possible influence to bear in his own state.

"Permit me to request," he wrote to the president of New Hampshire, "that the instant you have taken a decisive vote in favor of the Constitution, you send me an express at Poughkeepsie. Let him take the shortest route to that place, change horses on the road, and use all possible diligence. I shall with pleasure defray all expenses and give a liberal reward to the person."

And when the news came in June that New Hampshire had finally ratified, putting the Constitution into effect in the nine States now on the list, New York began to talk of a league with Virginia and North Carolina which, regardless of the expense of separate diplomatic and consular officers involved—to say nothing of military and naval establishments—would effectively control the commerce of the United States. But the league was already doomed, for Virginia, too, had ratified, in spite of Mr. Henry and a turbulent campaign of bribery and hornswoggery. New York could then find consolation only in a reluctant act of ratification burdened with some thirty amendments.

A Female Political Rally

The thing was done, the New Roof was on, to the sound of jubilant Federalist Fourth of July guns and bells celebrating New Hampshire and Virginia. Bonfires, processions, banquets and toasts—many Federal toasts drunk in Federal punch by gentlemen in Federal hats, for there was a popular new word in the national vocabulary—with a little disgruntled stick shaking and burning in effigy by contrary-minded citizens, while the fair displayed their Federal enthusiasm in Federal spinning bees at the minister's house.

All but the ladies of Lansingburg, who, in order to "manifest their attachment to the Federal interest, formed as beautiful a procession as ever was beheld. They were sixty-four in number, dressed with the utmost neatness and simplicity, without the aid of foreign gewgaws to embellish their persons. . . . Preceded by two ladies supporting the Constitution ornamented with blue ribbon on the end of a flag staff, they walked, two by two, at a proper distance and in perfect order, through the different streets, while the countenances of the numerous and respectable beholders revealed the transporting joy which reigned triumphantly within their breast on viewing the amiable espousers of the Federal Cause. They then moved to the green . . . and beneath an elegant colonnade permitted a large number of gentlemen to partake with them of the bounties of the tea table." And "tea being over, a drum, fife and violin gave the signal for a country dance. . . . The dance ended, the ladies again formed into a procession . . . and . . . moved to a house prepared for their reception, safely deposited the Constitution, and were again accompanied by

(Continued on Page 167

The Ohio River at Louisville, Kentucky

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

ME FOR YOU AND YOU FOR ME

Youth's natural unjaded taste is the surest guide to Nature's purest and most wholesome drink

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Good candy never tastes better than in these crisp, bracing days when football rises to its grand climax and Nature, too, joins in to make this the most stimulating and colorful season of the year.

Exquisitely contrived in its effect for these high-spirited days, the Norris Variety Box is the eminently satisfying gift package. It has the beaury which makes a box of fine candy a gracious gift. And the assortment is unique—creamy chocolates with freshly cracked nuts for centers, with unusual fruit centers, Old Fashioned Creams, and the new crunchy Almond Croutons, latest of the candy creations exclusive with Norris.

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NORRIS

Variety Box OF EXQUISITE GIFT CANDIES

NORRIS, INC.
ATLANTA, GA.

(Continued from Page 164)

the gentlemen in the innocent and elegant amusement of dancing, from which the company retired at an early hour."

Undoubtedly the first female political rally in America.

There was a new Government for the United States and new officers to be elected. Congress finally remembered the fact, after some lusty debating concerning the location of the temporary Federal capital. New York, Philadelphia, Trenton, Baltimore, even Lancaster—they all wanted it, and begrudged the first decision in favor of New York. Suppose the building prepared at New York had cost £18,000 paper, the Pennsylvania Gazette remarked, "our new gaol alone cost the city and county of Philadelphia, before the war, £31,000 of Pennsylvania specie." But New York it was, and if the new House and Senate were to sit there they must be given a President and Vice President. And so, in September, 1788:

Resolved, That the first Wednesday in January next be the day for appointing Electors in the several States which before the said day shall have ratified the said Constitution; that the first Wednesday in February next be the day for the Electors to assemble in their respective States and vote for a President; and that the first Wednesday in March next be the time . . . for commencing proceedings under the said Constitution.

The resolution was printed in all the gazettes—not quite four months in which to choose these electors—and immediately the question presented itself to the public mind, not so much what men to choose, but how to choose them. No machinery had been provided, no laws had been passed; the states had been too dubious concerning the fate of the Constitution itself to prepare official ways and means arising from it. Now legislatures must be summoned, decisions arrived at regarding popular elections or legislative selections in several states there was time only for the latter—and the whole matter of tickets to be canvassed.

In one or two states there were terrific arguments. In New Hampshire, where the popular vote having failed to provide a majority for any elector, the general court was obliged to appoint them, thereby precipitating a dispute between the House and the Senate regarding joint ballots in which "the observations made by the members of the Senate . . . were pertinent, manly and firm, those of the House ingenious, deep and well digested." And in New York, where a similar fracas between the branches of the legislature resulted in a failure to select any electors, so that the state which was to be his first official domicile took no part in the election of the first President of the United States, and with no very great regret.

Elsewhere the selection passed off quietly enough, with popular elections only in Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia and Massachusetts in addition to the abortive one in New Hampshire. And the vote was very light; people did not go out of their way to express their political preference; there was not, apparently, any very great public interest in the affair.

An Unwilling Candidate

"It is hoped the Federalists will this day be active, and adhere firmly to their cause"—such election-day warnings were common in the gazettes. "It will be in vain that they have discussed and defended the Constitution, if they relinquish it at the important crisis of the elections. Let no man stay at home, but let each manfully do his own duty and exhort his neighbor to the same. . . . Let us take care we don't rue tomorrow the inactivity of today." The plea has a quite modern ring!

But a great many men did stay at home, and the importance of the election as a crisis was not so manifest. Everything was so cut and dried; a district was Federalist or Antifederalist, a county was well-born or anti; there was no local clash of parties, no sectional conflict of opinions. In many instances the minority did not trouble to appoint candidates. There was hardly any personal excitement; the opportunities for scurrilous ballyhoo residing in a national campaign—well appreciated in state politics—had not yet been discovered. It was all too novel to be engrossing, too remote, perhaps, to be anything but perfunctory.

So the first presidential electors were chosen.

And if the elections which chose them were perfunctory, the execution of the mission intrusted to them was even more so. It was in their hands to elect a President for the United States, there had been no official nominations, they were to meet unhampered by any mandate; but there was probably not a single person in the country who did not know in advance that they would agree unanimously, regardless of party affiliation, on General Washington. No other arrangement would have been tolerated. It was not a political matter, it was a debt of gratitude and respect. The American Fabius was doomed from the beginning to perform a task for which he had no heart. There was no campaigning, no propaganda, no opposition; and no desire for the place on the part of the only candidate permissible in the public mind.

"We cannot, sir, do without you," Governor Johnson of Maryland insisted, "and I and thousands more can explain to anybody but yourself why we cannot do without you."

Letters of this nature poured in to Mount Vernon, more significant than any formal balloting, impossible to ignore. The nation was not gratifying George Washington with an election, it was entreating from him the favor of his acceptance. A reluctant favor, there can be no doubt of that.

The Dreaded Dilemma

"The growing infirmities of age," he wrote Charles Pettit, in August, 1788, "and the increasing love of retirement daily confirm my decided predilection for domestic life; and the great Searcher of human hearts is my witness that I have no wish which aspires beyond the humble and happy lot of living and dying a private citizen on my own farm." Nothing short of a conviction of duty would induce him "again to take an active part in public affairs," he told Lafayette as late as January, 1789. And as for Alexander Hamilton: "You know me well enough, my good sir, to be persuaded that I am not guilty of affectation when I tell you that it is my great and sole desire to live and die in peace and retirement on my own farm." And later: "If I am not grossly deceived in myself, I should unfeignedly rejoice in case the electors, by giving their votes in favor of some other person, would save me from the dreaded dilemma of being forced to accept or refuse. . . . If I should receive the appointment, and if I should be prevailed upon to accept it, the acceptance would be attended with more diffidence and reluctance than I ever experienced before in my life."

But they kept pestering him about it, and none more earnestly perhaps than Mr. Hamilton. "I take it for granted, sir," he began as early as August, 1788, "you have concluded to comply with what will no doubt be the general call of your country in relation to the new Government. You will permit me to say that it is indispensable you should lend yourself to its first operations. It is of little purpose to have introduced a system if the weightiest influence is not given to its firm establishment in the outset." And when General Washington hesitated and preferred not to commit himself: "I should be deeply pained, my dear sir, if your scruples . . . should be matured into a resolution to decline. . . . I have . . . come to a conclusion . . . that every public and personal consideration will demand from you an acquiescence in what will certainly be the unanimous wish of your country."

(Continued on Page 169)

For Maine frost - - for California sun

Union suits so comfortable you'll never know you have one on

INDOOR MEN
For the office man, living in a world of steam heat, Carter Union Suits of the lightest cotton, cotton-and-wool, rayon-and-wool

All styles from the knit shirt with nainsook drawers to the full ankle and wrist length suits

More than fifty fabrics to choose from.

Some as sheer as fine hosiery—some warm and soft as a duck's breast—others of all weights in between.

Athletic styles, half-length arms and legs, full ankle and wrist lengths—any type any man prefers.

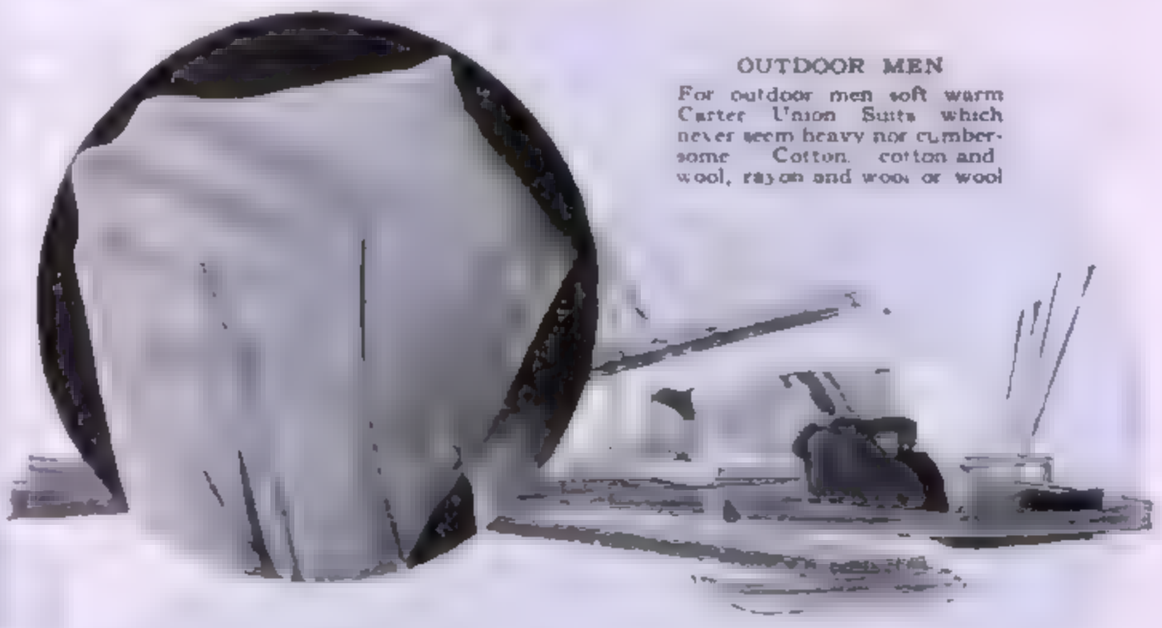
All Carter quality which means—

—that the fabric is knit by a special Carter process which keeps the union suit as elastic and snug-fitting after the fiftieth washing as it was the day you first put it on.

—that every suit and size is made after a model tested on real men, altered and fitted, and finally tailored to fit a certain physique.

—that seams are flat, cuffs snug-fitting, shoulders the military "sag-proof" model, seats have specially comfortable and convenient flap, buttons will stay on.

Good stores for men in most cities will show you these new Carter Union Suits. The William Carter Company, Needham Heights (Boston District), Mass.



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ARVIN HEAT! It keeps you warm and comfortable as you drive. Tames the wintry blasts that sweep about your car. Gives you a "sheltered feeling" that makes cold weather driving a pleasure instead of an ordeal. And the cost is trifling.

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There's an Arvin Heater for your car—for every car, regardless of make or model. Prices are as low as $1.75 for Fords and only $7.50 for the most expensive cars. All accessory dealers sell Arvins—under a direct from factory to user guarantee of satisfaction. Your dealer will tell you which Arvin Heater is best for your car. You or your garage man can install it. Get your Arvin today and you'll never have another cold drive.

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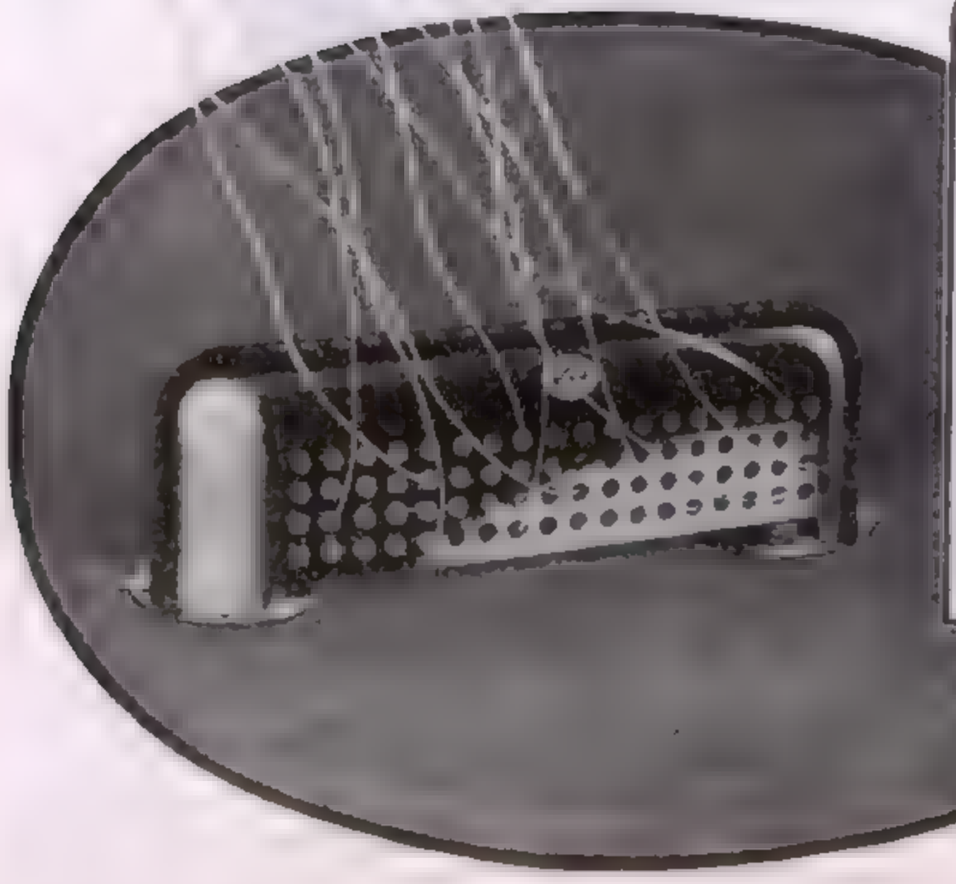
KEEPS YOU WARM IN YOUR CAR



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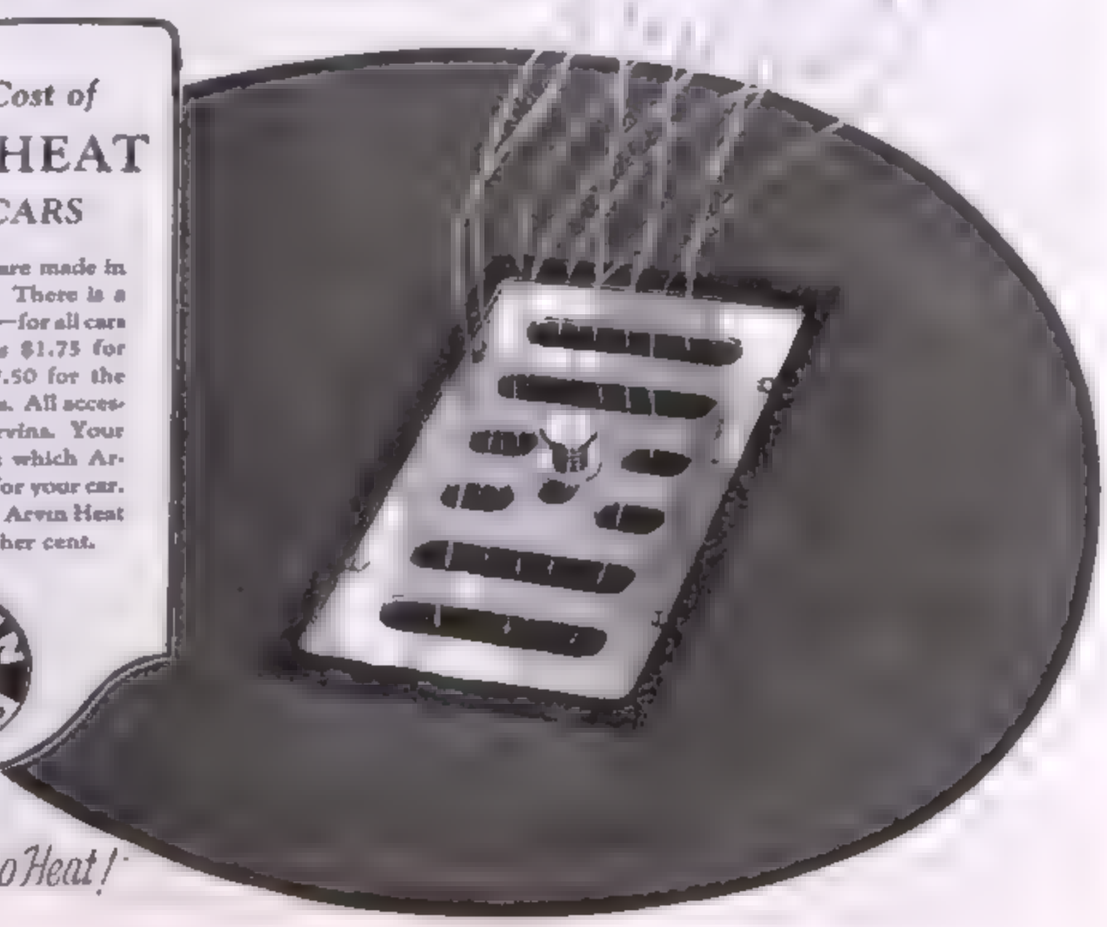

They Sure Do Heat!

(Continued from Page 167)

The thing seemed unavoidable; and as for the risk of being accused of ambition if he decided to accept in advance: "Whensoever I shall be convinced," General Washington informed Henry Lee, "the good of my country requires my reputation to be put in risk, regard for my own fame will not come in competition with an object of so much magnitude. If I decline the task it would lie upon quite another principle . . . a belief that some other person who had less pretense and less inclination to be excused could execute all the duties as satisfactorily as myself. To say more would be indiscreet; as a disclosure of a refusal beforehand might incur the application of the fable in which the fox is represented as undervaluing the grapes he could not reach."

And in conclusion: "You will perceive . . . that my inclinations will dispose and decide me to remain as I am, unless a clear and insurmountable conviction should be impressed on my mind that some very disagreeable consequences must, in all human probability, result from the indulgence of my wishes."

The time for the electoral vote approached and General Washington had not said no.

Over the Vice Presidency there was more argument, and some play of conflicting claims; but after it had been decided that the Vice President ought to come from New England, and the pretensions of certain local favorite sons had been canvassed, the public choice fell naturally on John Adams—the patriot of the Continental Congress and America's first Minister to Great Britain. "Honest old John Adams who never failed his country in her hour of need"

"It is with singular pleasure that we discover that the Hon. John Adams Esq. is generally spoken of in the Eastern States for Vice President," the Pennsylvania Gazette announced. "To the Constitution . . . he has erected a monument in the conclusion of his essays, in an encomium which places it among the first productions of human wisdom and benevolence. With our American Romulus in the President's, and a John Adams in the Vice President's chairs, the United States cannot fail of becoming respectable abroad, and of bearing down ignorance, selfishness and faction at home."

Romulus and Remus

Of course he had invented the term "well-born"; he was accused by the Republicans of being a monarchist and a lover of nobility; he was a New Englander, and according to Senator Maclay of Pennsylvania, "no people in the Union dwell more on trivial distinctions and matters of mere form." He was "full of small attentions," a perfect tailor in his ability "to adjust the etiquette of loops and buttons." He was certainly to make a terrific fuss over ceremonies and titles during the first months of the new administration, until they began calling him His Rotundity. He was frightfully vain, and Senator Maclay was not to conceal the fact that in his state they had "puffed John Adams in the papers" for the Vice Presidency simply because "we knew his vanity, and hoped by laying hold of it to render him useful among the New England men in our scheme of bringing Congress to Pennsylvania." But still, old John Adams!

It might almost be said that the first presidential election in America was in reality a public honoring of two national favorite sons.

But in certain Federalist circles there was also considerable doubt concerning the eligibility of Mr. Adams. It was remembered that during the Revolutionary War he had strongly criticized General Washington; it was understood that he was jealous of the great man—the belief was apparently quite well founded, confirmed subsequently in such petty ways as a refusal to attend a Washington's birthday ball—it was feared that he would not be an acceptable Remus to the American Romulus.

On the other hand, Benjamin Lincoln was assuring General Washington that with Mr. Adams "Your Excellency will be perfectly happy. . . . There is not a virtue in your character . . . but it seems to be known and acknowledged by him." And General Washington, granting his own election "for argument's sake," was quite willing. Assuming the Vice President to be "a true Federalist," whosoever "shall be found to enjoy the confidence of the States . . . cannot be disagreeable to me in that office." Mr. Adams would doubtless make a very good Vice President, "and let whoever may occupy the first seat, I shall be entirely satisfied with that arrangement for filling the second office."

As for Alexander Hamilton—and one must begin to pay a great deal of attention to Mr. Hamilton—he, too, had his doubts concerning Mr. Adams. There was a "hesitation" in his mind because a "particular gentleman" had suggested to him that Mr. Adams was "unfriendly in his sentiments to General Washington." However, after mature consideration, Mr. Hamilton "relinquished" his "scruple." Mr. Adams "to a sound understanding has always appeared to me to add an ardent love for the public good, and as his further knowledge of the world seems to have corrected those jealousies which he is represented to have once been influenced by, I trust nothing . . . will disturb the harmony of the administration." And so: "I have, upon the whole, concluded that [Mr. Adams] ought to be supported. My measures will be taken accordingly."

The Federalist Oracle

The boss of the Federalist Party, the young gentleman who had "no objections to a trial being made of this thing of a republic," America's first campaign manager, had spoken.

He was to speak without intermission, to lay down the party law, through the medium principally of prudently private letters and briefs—one of which, however, was accidentally to become uncomfortably public—on every election until his death. It was, in fact, for having thus spoken once too often that he died, challenged and shot by Colonel Burr after the infamous New York election of 1804. Never himself a candidate for either the presidential or the vice-presidential office—he was too young in 1789, too unpopular thereafter with the masses, whom he scorned, and with countless men of influence, whom he offended by his arbitrary temperament—Alexander Hamilton nevertheless held the Federalist Party under his thumb. He was the oracle, the power behind the throne—the presidential chair was scarcely less in his mind—the dictator of political destinies. He was the American Warwick, this originally obscure young man from the West Indies: Hamilton the President maker.

He decided, he arranged and he instructed. He concluded and he took measures. And continually he wrote many, many private, prudent letters, insinuating, suggesting, demanding. His fingers were in every pie. He did not have to be consulted, for he was always anticipating, managing, ordering. To some who suffered from his ordering it seemed that frequently he merely interfered, brazenly, and not always without duplicity.

Throughout the presidential elections of 1789, 1792, 1796 and 1800—and throughout the administrations which intervened—there is perhaps no more absorbing and startling a spectacle than that of Alexander Hamilton managing the affairs of the Federalist Party, of the cabinet, of the Vice President and of the President with a self-assurance which leaves one breathless, an assumption of omniscient authority which is one of the marvels of that era, a dictatorial impatience equaled only by the sublime egotism of genius with which it was nourished. That in the end, as a result of

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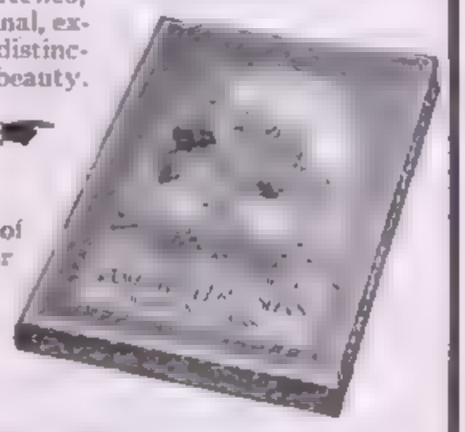

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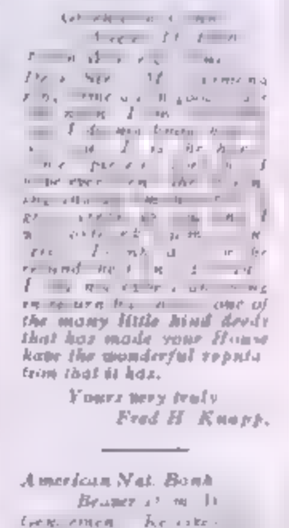

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The Kingston Universal Car Heater fits (and heats) every car. May be easily installed on vertical dashboard, front of front seat, rear of front seat or front of rear seat. Complete, with eight feet of flexible tubing— $8.50

and fits ANY car

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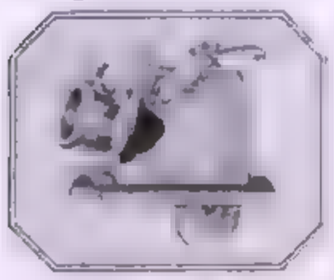

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Here's the popular Manifold Heater

Keep your Ford warm as toast at zero with a Kingston, the heater with hundreds of thousands of satisfied users. Two Ford models, standard for 1926 and earlier cars, and the new 1927 model, which fits Fords with hot-spot manifolds without cutting the exhaust pipe. Price, either model, complete and ready to install, $3.75.

for Fords $3.75

Insist that your dealer sell you the Kingston. If he won't we will see that you are supplied

Kokomo Electric Company
Kokomo, Indiana

The New Chevrolet

An exceptionally fine heater for this popular car, handsome, a heater, and priced right also for Dodge and Overland. $5.00

Kingston

his managing, he ruined his own party, suffered the humiliation of political defeat at the hands of the opponent whom he chiefly despised, and witnessed the simultaneous elevation to the Presidency and Vice Presidency respectively of the two individuals whom he most feared—Thomas Jefferson and Aaron Burr—remains the principal tragedy of his career.

There was no cause whatever to worry about the Bishop of Osnaburgh. He would have amounted to nothing at all, with Alexander Hamilton, the uncrowned king of America, at his elbow.

Racing With Washington

And in 1788 Mr. Hamilton was alarmed. "If it should be thought expedient," he wrote Mr. Madison, "to endeavor to unite on a particular character, there is a danger . . . to which we must not be inattentive—the possibility of rendering it doubtful who is appointed President. You know the Constitution has not provided the means of distinguishing in certain cases, and it would be disagreeable to have a man treading close upon the heels of the person we wish as President."

Mr. Hamilton was certain that General Washington would be unanimously desired, and told him so, but at the same time Mr. Hamilton was leaving nothing to chance. The general's reputation, the affection and respect in which he was held throughout the country were not sufficient, it seemed, to assure his election unless Mr. Hamilton gave him the protection of his safeguarding intrigue. Mr. Hamilton must manage things. Votes must be turned away from Mr. Adams, lest he tread too close.

And so Mr. Hamilton let it be known that there was a possibility that Mr. Adams might outrun General Washington; there were hostile schemes under way, and Mr. Adams might be elected President—a regrettable eventuality of course, if true. In Virginia Mr. Hamilton intimated that New England would not be unanimous for General Washington. In New England Mr. Hamilton spread the news of desertion in Virginia. In Connecticut a post rider sent by Mr. Hamilton threw the electors into a panic and caused a scattering of Adams' votes.

"Many of your friends were duped on this occasion," Mr. Trumbull confided to Mr. Adams later. "I will inform you how it was managed in Connecticut. On the day before the election Colonel Webb came on express to Hartford, sent, as he said, by Colonel Hamilton . . . who, he assured us, had made an exact calculation. . . . I exclaimed against the measure, and insisted that it was all a deception, but what could my single opinion avail against an express armed with intelligence and calculations."

A Pretended Peril

Granted the actuality of the peril, the wisdom of Mr. Hamilton's precautionary course was self-evident; assuming the genuineness of his calculations, the sincerity of his alarm was unquestionable, but his calculations were not genuine. Virginia had no intention of deserting General Washington, New England was solidly for him, the electoral vote was unanimous. Mr. Hamilton was pretending the peril. As for the Vice Presidency, Mr. Hamilton knew that the electors were not all Federal men; there would inevitably be votes cast for other persons besides Mr. Adams. Georgia alone, Mr. Stanwood points out "distinguished itself by discovering four of its own citizens worthy to be placed second to Washington." There were no votes at all given to Mr. Adams in three other states. It was not necessary to deduct so assiduously from his poll; it was not necessary to alarm Virginia about New England; it was not necessary to send expresses into Connecticut; it was not necessary to campaign among his friends against Mr. Adams behind his back. Perhaps these circumstances were not evident at the time to Mr. Hamilton, burdened as he professed himself to be with the precarious responsibility of insuring General Washington's election. His subsequent explanations in a pamphlet attacking Mr. Adams—admitting certain premises, are unimpeachable.

"It was deemed," he stated, "an essential point of caution to take care that accident, or an intrigue of the opposers of government, should not raise Mr. Adams instead of General Washington to the first place. This every friend of the government would have considered a disastrous event. . . . It was therefore agreed that a few votes should be diverted from Mr. Adams to other persons, so as to insure to General Washington a plurality. Great was my astonishment, and equally great my regret, when afterwards I learned . . . that Mr. Adams had complained of unfair treatment, in not having been permitted to take an equal chance with General Washington by leaving the votes to an uninfluenced current. The extreme egotism of the temper which could blind a man to considerations so obvious as those that had recommended the course pursued cannot be enforced by my comment. It exceeded all that I had imagined, and showed, in too strong a light, that the vanity which I have ascribed to him existed to a degree that rendered it more than a harmless foible."

Felicitations From England

A perfect explanation, admitting certain premises. That Mr. Adams was vain is undeniable, that he would just as soon have seen himself President is probably true, but that he should be mortally offended by Mr. Hamilton's interference was, in any event, inevitable. What Mr. Hamilton never understood was the meaning of the word "tact"; what consistently surprised him was that people should resent his underhanded efforts, no matter in how valid a cause. It surprised him in the case of Mr. Adams, and resulted eventually in the disruption of the Federalist Party; it surprised him in the case of Colonel Burr, and resulted finally in his own destruction.

The electors met very quietly in their ten states and the thing was done. General Washington was unanimously elected with sixty-nine votes, Mr. Adams was second with only thirty-four. He had not trodden too close. Ten other gentlemen shared the distinction of having been mentioned.

"It appears that illustrious soldier and venerated citizen George Washington Esq. is unanimously elected first President of the United States," the Pennsylvania Gazette remarked. "Ye little great ones of the world! How might the man who floats upon the full tide of universal approbation look down upon hereditary right!"

Lord Cornwallis sent felicitations when he heard; and, Hark, the Honorable Artillery Company at banquet assembled sang—quite obviously to the tune of God Save the King:

"Hark! The loud trumps proclaim
Washington's glorious name
Charge! Fill again,
Fill the bowl—fill it high,
First-born Son of the Sky
May he never, never die,
Heaven shout Amen!"

Later on Mr. Adams came clattering down to New York from Braintree with his cavalry escorts; General Washington up from Mount Vernon, under the triumphal arches of Trenton where "virgins fair and matrons grave" strewed the hero's way with flowers; and the Boston Gazette announced that:

We hear much of the birthday of our Columbia. . . . Tomorrow is the day of her Espousals—when in the presence of the King of Kings the solemn Compact will be ratified between her and the darling object of her choice. May she date from that moment the brightest scenes of freedom and happiness under the auspices of the wise and glorious administration of the President of her Affections.

The Bishop of Osnaburgh was quite forgotten.

Cheap irons soon cost more than the Sunbeam—Yet the Sunbeam lasts for Life

—then I Bought the 30-Year Sunbeam and I'll Never Need Another

The Iron that damp clothes cannot cool because its All-Over Heating Unit covers the entire bottom—Point, Center, and even the EDGES!

HERE are the latest facts about electric irons that have opened the eyes of millions:

About 70% of the repairs made to irons are in the heating unit.

Most of this trouble is due to overheating—something that never harms the Sunbeam's heating capacity.

Engineers of Armour Institute of Technology left this iron on electric current day and night for about a year and a half. That's equal to as many hours of service as an iron receives in 30 years' average home use.

Two others burned out in less than three months. But the Sunbeam's All-Over Heating Unit was in good condition when the current was turned off at the end of 11,167 hours.

No other iron has ever equalled this record, for no other iron has this 30-year Heating Unit.

Because it covers the *entire* bottom, it keeps the EDGES hot—as well as the point and center.

That's why damp clothes don't cool it off, and women don't have to stop ironing from time to time to let it reheat.

Naturally they save from one to three hours a week (and some say more).

Each hour less means about 580 watt hours saved on their light bills. And counting the value of the woman's time, too, the Sunbeam will easily pay for itself in 6 months.

Buying cheaper irons, one after another, is sheer extravagance; they waste electricity, and drag out the ironing, too.

So let no one persuade you that some other iron is as good. Engineers now know better. And so do hosts of happy women who write us their gratitude for making such a perfect iron.

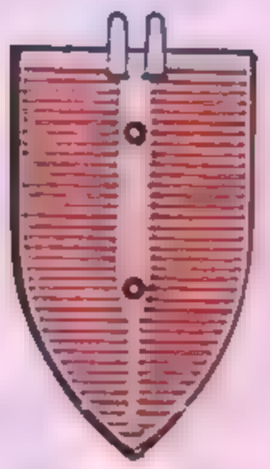
Ask your Public Service Company or your dealer to show you the 30-year Sunbeam today. Many sell Sunbeam on convenient terms.

Sunbeam $7.50

THE GUARANTEED ELECTRIC IRON

IN ART-STEEL FIRE-PROOF CASE $1 MORE

It lets you sit down to iron, if you like. Sunbeam's constant heat and balanced weight do beautiful ironing without the hard pressure.



Sunbeam All-Over Heating Unit comes to the very edges, and KEEPS them HOT when iron meets damp cloth

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Little Sunbeam
a $7.50 Iron in a $5 size
Art-Steel Travel Case, $1 more
Just half the size of the big 5" to 8" Sunbeam—otherwise an exact duplicate with All-Over Heating Unit.

Cook 49 Dishes and Make Toast, too!
on this Sunbeam Table Grill and Toaster
Turn-over Toaster above—Oven Pan below the Grill. $10.50 complete

***To Toast Bread Crisp and Tender, Toast it* Flat!**
Toasting bread upright makes it hard and dry. The new Sunbeam Turn-over Toaster toasts bread horizontally, so heat and moisture pass up through slice, leaving it crisp and tender. Turn-over feature avoids touching toast. $5 complete.

America's thrift iron for 16 years, 6-lb. Princess, $4.25
A full-sized, full-weight iron complete with plug, 6-ft. cord and nickeled stand. Was higher priced but popular demand reduced our costs. Now useless to pay $5, $6 or $6.50 for some other iron not so good. Only $4.25

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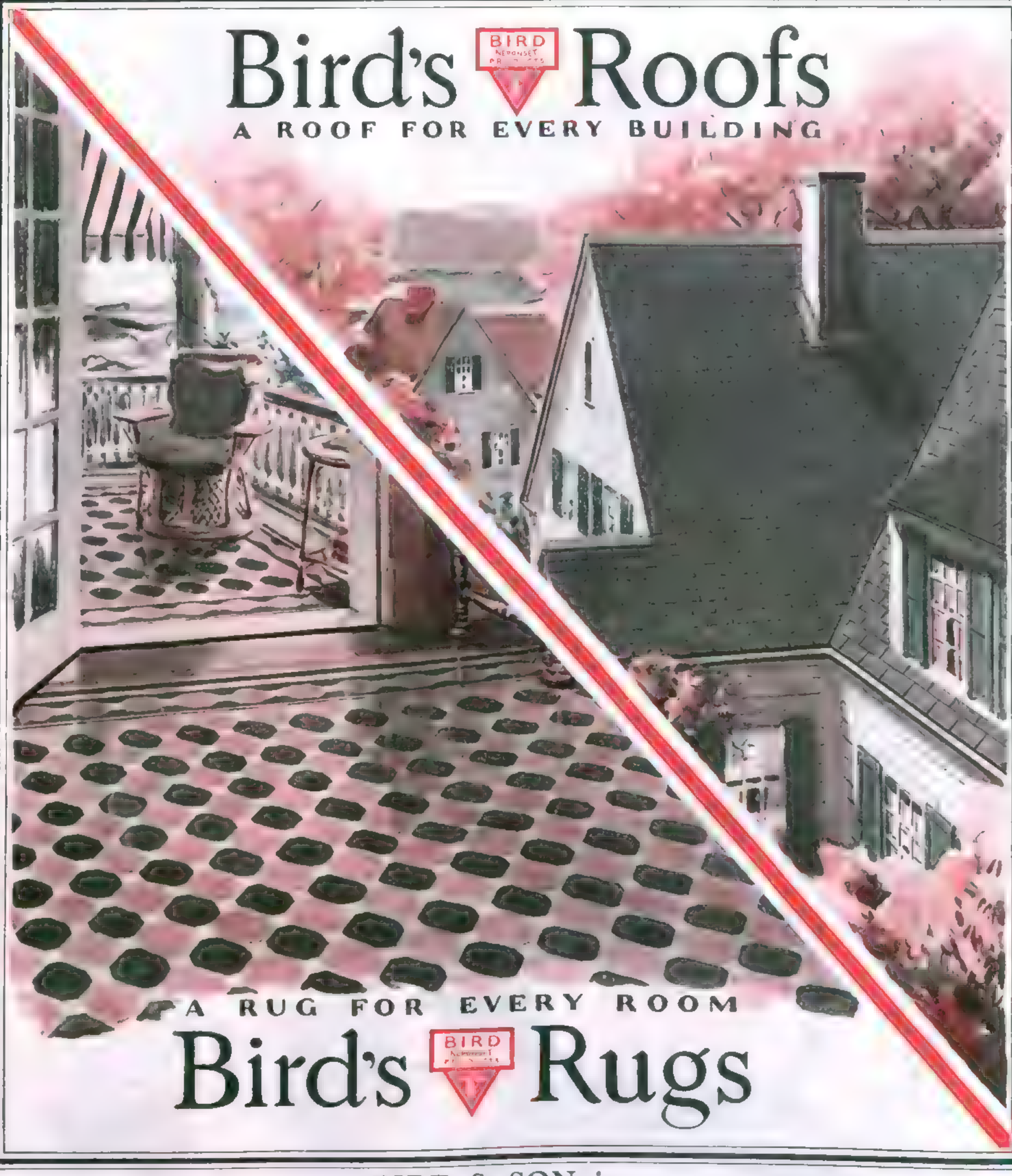

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BIRD'S roofings and floor coverings are made of wear- and water-resisting materials with 130 years of manufacturing experience behind them.

DEFY WATER AND WEAR

THE LAST LAUGH

(Continued from Page 27)

"But you want something. Everybody wants something."

"Not now."

"Now look here, young man, you've had a lot of luck and success. But don't let it go to your head. Don't get cocky."

"You've no idea how humble I am."

"Well, if there's nothing we can do for you, where are you going to stand with us? Can we depend on you or not?"

"Well," said Caleb sadly, "when I come to look at it from all angles, I should say not—yes, quite decidedly not."

"You're going to buck the machine?" Mr. Dower said incredulously.

"Why, no. I'm going along peacefully in the prosecution of my several affairs. It would seem the machine is going to buck me."

"Is that final?"

"You can't imagine how final it is. 'Jack Sprat could eat no fat, his wife could eat no lean.' That covers it, don't you think? I just can't bring myself to eat fat, and you gentlemen have a prejudice against lean. I can't even eat off a platter that's greasy. Therefore, even if it inconveniences you, I've got to have my own individual dish."

"I don't see how you did it," said Mr. Dower. "I don't see how you grabbed off this town and county from Marty Rooney. Here I come with a simple open-and-shut proposition, and you haven't talked a word of sense."

"I'm afraid I seldom do."

"But," said Mr. Dower, as if arguing with himself, "you can't be as flighty as you sound."

"Almost nobody could," said Caleb with deep regret.

"Then it's war?"

"I fear the Greeks, even bearing gifts."

"Aw, hell!" said Mr. Dower, reverting to type. Whereupon he leaped to his feet furiously and stamped to the door, where he paused and glowered. "You can't get away with this line—not with me. I didn't come here to be made a monkey of, not by any whippersnapper that was in didies when I was delivering my ward."

"Which is to say that you can't teach your grandmother to suck eggs. A remarkably silly aphorism, Mr. Dower, because whose grandmother wants to learn to suck eggs? And if she did, who would make a life work of teaching her the art? And besides ——"

Mr. Dower slammed the door after him, and Caleb allowed his voice to trail off into silence, leaving his final sentence unfinished. His expression was so doleful as to have won the sympathy even of the angry Mr. Dower.

II

SEENA ROONEY sat across the table from her uncle, and there is not a man in the world who would not have admitted Marty occupied a highly desirable viewpoint. Even though Seena's face was unusually grave and thoughtful, and though there was the hint of a wrinkle between her brows, she was so well worth looking at that her uncle neglected his steak to watch her. Whatever may be said of Marty Rooney, whatever may be set down on the debit side of the ledger against him, he had been at pains to deal with her as though she was his own daughter. It may be that conscience never nettled him, but it is safe to say that one of the major motives of his life was to stand well in her eyes. Once or twice of late he had been given cause to wonder if he were succeeding.

Seena lifted her face and scrutinized him. "Uncle," she asked, "what's all this talk about money?"

"Money? It's a staple topic, isn't it? Prohibition, our neighbors' slips from the straight and narrow—and money. The three about exhaust the capabilities of the ordinary individual in the conversational line."

She shook her head. "I don't mean money money; I mean nasty money."

"Such as?" he asked in that debonair manner which was so characteristic of him.

"In this fight for the county convention," she said. "Everybody's talking it. Not to me. But I hear odds and ends. The town's fairly seething with it. Men being bought and sold."

"Just talk," said Marty. "It always goes around when there's a political row."

"It's not talk," she said. "Where does the money come from, and who is paying it?" Then, without waiting for an answer, her active mind flashed up another avenue. "Just why are you and Caleb Hope like a couple of strange dogs?"

"We're not. Aren't we always nice and polite to each other? I like the young man. In fact, as you know, I wanted to employ him when he first came."

"I know. And he refused and started right in to fight you. Why?"

"For Cæsar was an ambitious man," said Marty.

"But if he were only ambitious, wouldn't he find it easier to side with you and to have you help him climb?"

"That," said Marty, "would be exactly my idea. But Caleb couldn't agree."

"And now you and he are head over heels in this rumpus. And money is being used. Oh, I know it is! But I don't know by which side, or if it's by both sides."

"Probably neither."

Seena ignored that possibility. "Where would Caleb Hope get money to bribe people? He hasn't any money. . . . I dislike him—you can't conceive how I dislike him—but somehow I can't see him buying votes."

"Nor I," said Marty heartily.

She looked at him thoughtfully. "And I can't see you doing anything so rotten."

Marty smiled deprecatingly. "Did you ever think of this, my dear? Railroads and power companies and such are interested in this row. Might they not be spending money without either Caleb or myself knowing about it?"

"I don't see how," Seena said; "not if you two are the generals of the armies. You'd have to know. . . . I don't like it."

"Then," Marty said, "don't think about it. Think about something pleasant."

"I can't. It worries me. If Caleb Hope is doing anything so rotten he ought to be exposed and driven out of town."

"And ——" said Marty Rooney rather anxiously.

"If—if you have anything to do with it you've got to stop it. I shan't stand for it."

"Would you expose me and drive me out of town?"

"You're my uncle," she said, "and you've been both father and mother to me, and I love you. You've done everything for me. But ——"

"Yes, Seena?"

"—— if I were actually to find out you did such things I couldn't stay here—not in this house. I couldn't take any more of your money or anything that money buys. Because people give bribes to make money—rotten money. Oh, don't you see?"

Marty Rooney began to perceive that there can be other punishments in this world than incarceration behind prison bars.

"You're just in a state of mind. Better forget it, Seena. Women shouldn't monkey with politics, anyhow."

She shook her head. "I couldn't stay with you," she said. She was building up her courage to ask a direct question, but it was not easy to do. She feared the answer, whatever it might be. But she was not one to shirk a peril.

"Uncle," she asked, "are you doing anything crooked in this fight?"

"Of course not," he answered promptly.

It was only then that she regretted the question. If he had admitted the wrong she would have known how to conduct herself—and would have retained a certain respect for him and for his courage. He had denied, but she was not satisfied with his denial. The possibility remained that he had lied to her. If he had confessed and, as she put it, turned over a fresh leaf, she might have carried on. There might have been some way. But if this denial was a lie, there was no way out. And she knew she could not rest until the truth was made plain to her.

"I'm so glad," she said in answer to his plea of not guilty, but her voice was not happy. Nor was Marty happy, for he knew he had but mired himself the more deeply. He pushed back his chair and laughed jovially. "Just 'tend to your own knitting," he said playfully, "and you won't be getting your apple cart upset." With which mixture of metaphor he stepped across, kissed her lightly and went out of the dining room.

But once in the hall, his face became heavy, his eyes worried. This was the pass to which he had always apprehended his affairs might come.

As for Seena, she sat for some minutes over her untouched dessert; then she got up, snatched her soft little blue hat from the hall tree and flung out to her car. From now on there would be no dodging of the issue.

She must know, and finding out must be the sole business of her life.

There was nothing devious about any method employed by Seena Rooney. Quite the contrary, in fact. She was disturbingly direct—overbearingly direct, people sometimes said. She was going to put to Caleb Hope the same question she had put to Uncle Marty!

Caleb, as usual, was sitting on his shoulder blades, with his long legs stretched far under his desk and a look of deep dejection on his angular face. When Seena entered he did not jerk himself erect, as many young men would have done, and straighten out his wrinkles. Rather, he undulated out of his undignified posture, a joint at a time, until he stood upon his feet.

"Miss Rooney," he said with a courtesy slightly tinged with irony.

"I came to ask a question," Seena said, at no pains to conceal the antagonism in her voice.

"Do I have to answer it? Or may I rest upon my constitutional right?"

"If you're not afraid you'll answer," she said.

"Um—afraid! There are questions and questions, and fears and fears, and cabbages and kings, and so on and sundry. Suppose you ask your question. I will then scrutinize it from various angles. After which, undoubtedly, I shall be compelled to point out to you that people who go around asking questions must eventually arrive at a day when they are told it is none of their business."

Seena compressed her lips. "Men are being bribed," she said.

"They started it in Eden with an apple," said Caleb.

"I'm interested in Luxor."

"Ah!" Under his lashes he studied her face, saw how grave it was, perceived that here was no idle curiosity, but a crisis. However, his manner did not change.

"Money is being spent like water in this political fight," she said.

"You interest me. I wouldn't say you annoy me—you intrigue me."

"Who is spending it?"

"That," he said, "is a question. Who, indeed, is spending it, and to what nefarious end?"

"It is my uncle or it is you, or it is both of you."

"Sweeping—very sweeping. And the evidence?"

"You can know a thing without having any evidence to prove it."

(Continued on Page 175)

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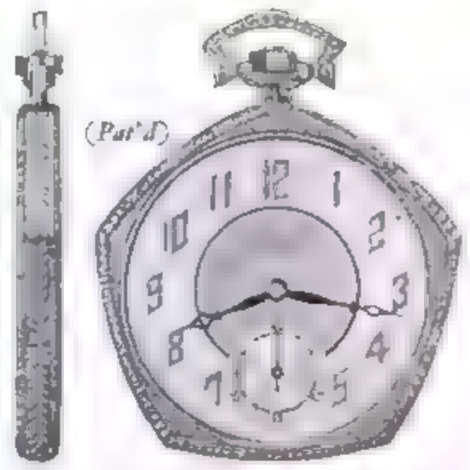

Gruen Pentagon VeriThin,
PRECISION *movement, $75*
Other Pentagons, $500 to $100

The latest Gruen strap (Pat'd),
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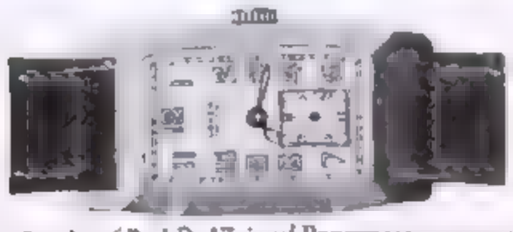
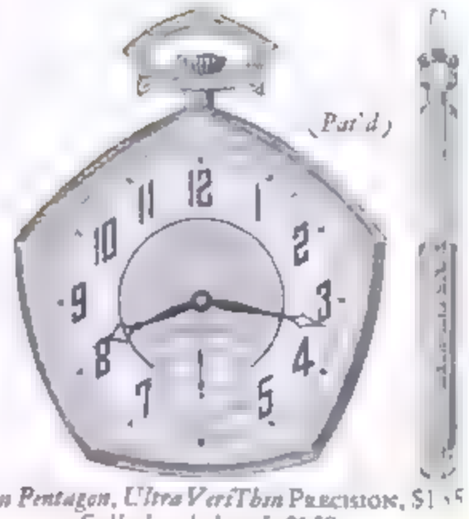


Gruen Quadron (Pat'd), 17-jewel PRECISION *movement, $75*
Other Quadrons, $125 to $50



Gruen Pentagon, UltraVeriThin PRECISION, $1[illegible]
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Everything a gift should be!

TO give a Gruen Watch at Christmas is to do more than to "remember" a beloved person.

At once an article of daily use and a lasting possession, such a gift will serve for many years as an ever-present reminder of the spirit that prompted its giving.

From the beauty of its case, from the prestige of the Gruen name upon its dial, from the admiration accorded it wherever it is worn, the person who receives it will derive increasing pride.

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Why not, therefore, while you are planning your Christmas gifts, include among them at least one of the Gruen Guild Watches pictured here? The better jewelers near you can show them to you.

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PRECISION
This GRUEN pledge mark is placed only upon watches of finer quality accuracy and finish Made only in the Precision workshop
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GRUEN GUILD WATCHES

Copr 1926, G. W. M. G.

(Continued from Page 173)

"True, doubtless, but impractical. Grand juries, for instance, require proofs. When the matter involved is one of politics, they sometimes require proofs reënforced with dynamite. You have no idea how hard a grand jury is to convince of the turpitude of the party to which its members belong."

"I've got to know," said Seena.

"I would suggest detectives and that sort of persons. They'll go about peering at things."

"Are you bribing men in this campaign?"

"I'll admit you came to ask a question. That is about as questionable a question as I've ever been asked. And—do you expect an answer?"

"I want an answer."

"Why? One wonders how it concerns you."

Her lips trembled. "I—I've got to know if Uncle Marty does that sort of thing—if his money is honest."

"But I am not Uncle Marty, and the honesty of my money can be of little interest to you."

He understood. It was a thing he had apprehended, and more than once he had been at pains and trouble to keep from her the knowledge of her uncle's methods in business and politics. He did not like her, he told himself, but somehow he admired her. Something within him arose and demanded of him that she should suffer no hurt at his hands—or at other hands if he could avert it. It was bound to come. Knowledge could not always be withheld from her.

"Are you bribing voters?" she demanded.

He could deny, and he knew she would believe him. Something told him his word would suffice for her. But that word would convict her uncle. If Caleb Hope were not spending money, then Marty Rooney must be spending it. . . . He told himself he did not set the value of a thin dime upon her opinion of him. What did it matter if she believed him to be a crooked politician, a giver of bribes? Yet, curiously, he found this not to be true. It annoyed him, and frightened him. He did not want to care for her opinion, nor for that of any woman. He wanted nothing to do with women.

"Are you bribing voters?" she repeated.

She watched his face sharply, and mingled with other thoughts was this: That never had she seen him look so weary and discouraged and downcast as he did at this moment.

"The world is so full of a number of things," he said, "that I think we should all be as happy as kings."

"Well?" she asked.

"The answer is not in the back of the book. The class will have to work out the problem for itself."

"You mean you refuse to answer?"

"One might draw some such conclusion. If pressed I would admit such to be my meaning—roughly."

She stood for a moment, hands clutched together, and there was an expression in her eyes which he had never seen there before, which troubled him, which he would remember in the darkness. It was a mingling of disbelief, pain, reproach.

"I ——" She halted and bit her lips. "I thought," she said at last, "that you were at least honest. I—I didn't think you—you—would ——"

He was conscious of inward disturbance, of being for the instant out of control.

"Does it matter?" he asked in a voice not at all like his own.

Seena lifted her head and her glance was level and cold. "Not in the least—to me personally," she said, and turning, left him standing, one hand outstretched as if in protest. So he remained for minutes before he turned, groped for his chair and sat down. But his eyes, somber, dark, perhaps a little bitter, did not waver from the door through which she had passed.

III

THE results of the county convention—or more properly, caucus—were inconclusive, except as they showed that Caleb Hope's hold upon the people of his neighborhood had not weakened; that it was so strong that even the state machine and the lavish expenditures of railroads and power companies could not upset it. But Caleb had foreseen this, as he had prophesied its result to Squire Briggs and Jinks Baker.

"We'll sway the populace here," he said, "but to what end? Rooney and his handy men will bolt. They'll go through the forms and elect a second set of delegates with absolutely first-class credentials."

"But that hain't legal."

"Anything," said Caleb, "is legal that can be done. So the real Ethiopian will be found under the woodpile of the credentials committee of the state convention."

"As how?" asked Squire Briggs.

"They'll pick out and seat the set of delegates they fancy," said Caleb. "And they won't fancy ours. Our delegates are going to have the wrong-colored hair."

"Then we're licked? All this rumpus has been for nothin'?"

"It certainly is the time for all good men and true to come to the aid of their party," observed Caleb.

"Squire Briggs and me'll do just that thing," said Jinks. "We're goin' to rally all around the flag thicker 'n flies on a drop of molasses."

"Then," said Caleb, "go and rally. You might even rendezvous, if you feel moved that way, while I consider this and that and arrive at futile conclusions."

They went away from there discouraged. "It looks like they got the best of us," said Jinks.

"Never recall seein' Caleb so hopeless."

"You can't tell if he's hopeless or not," Jinks said with some acumen. "His features jest naturally droop that way."

"Wa-al," said the squire, "he done consid'able fer me, electin' me justice and all. I cal'late I better stir around some."

"Let's both stir," said Jinks.

Now this was an eventuality not contemplated by Caleb Hope. He liked to plan his own plans and issue such orders as were calculated to see them carried to success. Hitherto his subordinates had trusted to him and had not been guilty of that chief vice in a subordinate—initiative. A subordinate with initiative is likely to do one of two things distasteful to his superior. One is to cease to be a subordinate and to become a superior; the other is to spill the beans and break the dish.

"If we could prove money was used improper," suggested the justice.

"And that Marty Rooney used it," said Jinks.

"Mebby," said the squire, "we kin. It was used free and public."

"I've had four fellers git me to change hundred-dollar bills," said Jinks.

"Got 'em yit?"

"Kind of saved 'em."

"Um—now, bein' justice of the peace, I got powers. You go'n' set on them bills till I tell you they're hatchin'."

Whereupon the squire went to the bank, and in his capacity as a judicial officer asked certain indirect questions which brought him direct answers. They had to do with a hundred-dollar bill, which, it seemed, had got itself into legal difficulties.

"What I got to discover," said the squire, "is jest who drawed out bills of that air denomination since a week ago Friday."

"Scarcely nobody," said the cashier. "We got some. Package of fifty new ones. Lemme see, it was of a Thursday that Marty Rooney come in and got twenty of 'em."

"It might be one of them," said the justice. "Happen to have the numbers?"

"Got the rest of the package," said the cashier, "and the numbers 'll run in order."

"Git 'em," said Mr. Briggs.

The bills remaining ran in number from K49314821 to K49314850. It was, therefore, certain the bills drawn by Mr. Rooney carried the same letter and first six figures, and that the last two figures carried from fifty-one to seventy.

"Much obleeged," said the justice, and went away well satisfied.

Jinks' four bills were identifiable, belonging to the missing twenty. Thereupon, surreptitiously, Justice Briggs constituted himself a grand jury. It was absurdly simple, as such investigations must be if prosecuted with sincerity of purpose—especially among those not used to devious political ways. Mr. Briggs extorted four confessions, which were duly written out in detail, signed, witnessed and sworn to.

"And I kin git more if we need 'em," said Mr. Briggs to Jinks. "I bet Caleb'll be tickled to death."

They laid the matter before him gleefully, documents, evidence and all.

"There," said the squire, "I cal'late we done a job of work, eh?"

Caleb waggled the affidavits in his hand and said nothing. He was surprised—in fact, he was loosened from his foundations. It was not for him to tell these faithful friends that he himself could have done what they had done if he so desired, but that the one thing in the world he desired least was exactly that. He sat on a dilemma and the horns of it were nettles. . . . Now that the evidence was in hand, he might be compelled to use it. It might not seat his delegates, but it would go a long way toward doing so; and as leader of an army, he could not in loyalty to his followers throw away such a weapon—if its use became necessary. But there was Seena Rooney! He owed no loyalty to her—owed nothing to her—but there she was. He sighed.

There was one way out—one way by which he could escape honorably from his dilemma and compound a felony. That was to hit upon some adroitness by which he could compel the seating of his delegates without the need of wielding those affidavits. From that instant he fought two fights, and each of them tended to bind his hands in the prosecution of the other—one fight to seat his delegates, the other to avert the exposure of Marty Rooney.

"You certainly have done a job of work. Without fear of successful contradiction, I'll say you have," he said. "Did you ever sit on a petard?"

"I've sat on most everythin' some time or another," said the squire. "Why?"

"I sat on one once," Jinks hastened to affirm. "It was on a merry-go-round at the state fair."

"It wasn't comfortable, was it?" asked Caleb dolefully.

"Why, I dunno. What makes you ask?"

"It didn't hoist you, did it?"

"It was nailed down."

"And it wasn't your own petard, was it?"

"'Course not."

"That makes a difference," said Caleb. "Do you want to leave these with me?"

"That's why we fetched 'em."

"Thank you," said Caleb.

As they went down the street the squire offered an opinion. "I dunno's I ever see him so tickled with anythin'," he said. "I bet he felt a sight of relief."

"If that's how he looks when he's tickled to death," said Jinks, "I dunno's I could bear to look at him if he lost his wallet."

Caleb sat at his desk and continued to show the same degree of pleasure as had impressed the squire. He showed it for a long time, indeed, until it was time to go to supper; and even then his pleasure was so profound that he could not eat.

IV

MARTY ROONEY and Tom Dower were in private conversation. The state convention opened in two days and the Luxor situation was under discussion.

"We might as well have saved our money in your town, seems as though," said Mr. Dower.

"No," said Mr. Rooney; "it made a fight of it. Now it's up to your credentials committee."

"We hate to have to use 'em. The folks are looking cockeyed at steam-roller conventions."

"You'll have to use 'em," said Marty.

(Continued on Page 177)

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Continued from Page 175

"Maybe not. People will stand for anything in politics so long as it's funny. Make it look like a good joke on somebody and you can pull 'em when they smell pretty high. It wouldn't do that young man Hope any good to have the state rear back and give him the laugh."

"What you got in mind?" asked Marty.

"The hotels are jammed."

"Yes."

"Delegates'll have a hard time to find places to sleep."

"Sure."

"So Brigham has set four-five Pullmans in the yards and is inviting the delegates to sleep there—quite a lot of 'em. Makes it look regular. Now our idea is to assign your regular Luxor delegates to a car, see? And somehow there'll be a mistake and they'll get on the wrong one and it'll pull out during the night."

"Um ——"

"And in the morning it'll be so far away the boys can't send back a telegram for less than four dollars. And we won't have to get out the steam roller, because there won't be any delegates there to contest."

"And Caleb Hope'll have to go home and explain to the folks why he fell for it," Marty said with a chuckle.

"We'll give Hope a car ride too."

Marty chuckled again.

So it was that when the delegates to the convention poured into the little city they found its meager hotel accommodations exhausted, and Mr. Brigham, president of the state's greatest railroad, came in for much favorable comment.

Some forty men who might have had to sleep on doorsteps found themselves most comfortably ensconced in Pullmans, to their manifest satisfaction.

Caleb, with his five delegates and their alternates, arrived in the afternoon; the rival delegation would put in an appearance later, for they were being driven up from Luxor in a big motorbus hired for the occasion, and they were herded under the watchful eye of Marty Rooney's friend and henchman, Phidias Plumm.

Caleb's state of mind was not enviable. In his inside pocket were the documents offering proof of money illegally spent in the campaign—those documents which it seemed he must make use of or betray the trust of his constituents. They rested heavily there. If only his own plans were at stake he would destroy them and abandon this battle; but that course was impossible.

He turned abruptly to Jinks Baker. "Jinks," he asked, "have you, being a married man, ever reached a satisfactory answer to why women are omnipresent?"

"They can't help it," said Jinks. "They're born with it, and the more they do it, the more they got to."

"There is something in that point of view. But how do they manage it? Show me an affair in which a woman is not concerned. Show me one! Jinks, you can't do it."

"Well," said Jinks, "they ain't never gone in extensive for growin' whiskers."

"It'll come," Caleb said dolefully. "But this is the point. A woman, simply by being, can complicate simplicity. A woman passes along the street, and that which was smooth becomes rumpled; that which was straight and clear becomes a maze with the Minotaur in the middle of it."

"You can sure git amazed with suthin' or other in the middle of it," Jinks admitted. "The best way is to put on your hat and go out, slammin' the door."

"If," said Caleb, "you can find the door and she hasn't put a peacock feather in your hat."

After that he said nothing, but cogitated deeply and with apprehension, for in the world, as he had planned it for his uses, women were to play no part. And now a woman was playing a part—and one to whom he did not give even his grudging approval.

Nothing was more certain than that he disapproved heartily of Seena Rooney in all her several phases. He assured himself of this at intervals so frequent as to cast some doubt upon the soundness of his conviction.

A gentleman with a red badge met the train with political right hand extended and glad welcome in his eye.

"Hotels full up," he said, "so we're takin' care of the boys. We kind of put it up to Brigham, and he set Pullmans in the yard. Luxor delegation, ain't you? Well, here's tickets entitlin' each of you to a lower berth, and no charge a-tall."

"Hasn't Mr. Brigham got the wrong Luxor delegation?" Caleb asked.

"Oh, he don't take sich matters into consideration. He knows you're agin him, but he's a good fellow, Brigham is. The other Luxor delegation's in the car right ahead of you boys."

"Will you say to him," said Caleb, "that he is kindness itself. He is the very ultima Thule of beneficence. He is a heaper of coals of fire. And shall we be less magnanimous? No, my friend; rather than sleep in a lumber yard, we would accept the hospitality of a more malignant enemy than he."

"Gosh!" said the reception committee.

"If you will give us the tickets, we will make use of them—after first inspecting your fair city. . . . I thank you; we all thank you."

And so, checking their bags, they set forth toward the center of that metropolis. Caleb walked in silence. Presently he touched Jinks Baker upon the elbow. "*Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes*," he said.

"Mebby," said Jinks; "but I hain't jest clear about it."

"Which is to say," continued Caleb, "I mildly suspect the railroads, even bearing lower berths."

v

AT 12:30 the following morning Marty Rooney and Tom Dower were eased in their minds by the receipt of a telephone message saying that Pullman car Cloudland, with eleven lowers filled, had pulled out of the yards heading northeast, and was leaving distance behind her at the rate of some fifty miles an hour. The gentlemen shook hands and retired to untroubled sleep. No contesting delegation remained in the city.

At half-past nine the convention hall was filling; at ten the invocation was pronounced and the business of the day set in motion.

"Where's your boys?" Dower asked Marty Rooney.

"Don't you worry about them. Phidias Plumm's got them under his wing, and it's a mighty capable wing. He's keeping them under cover."

"Don't believe in taking chances, do you?"

"Not at this stage of the performance," said Marty, with some satisfaction in his astuteness. "Boys'll be boys."

Twenty minutes later Mr. Dower searched for Mr. Rooney. "The credentials committee is sitting on contests," he said. "Get your lads in. You're the only contest."

"And nobody to contest with. I guess all we have to do is present our credentials. Come along, we'll lead them in."

Together they walked down to the lobby where Phidias and his flock were to have awaited Marty's summons, but they were not there.

Marty frowned, but felt no unease. "Maybe they walked up," he said, and then he stopped suddenly, with his mouth slightly ajar. He stared and made a sound in his throat which was not a cry of joy, and he clutched Dower's arm.

"Do you see what I see?" he whispered.

"Hope! How'd he get here?"

"And his delegates! What's slipped? That car pulled out. They ought to be some place up in Maine by now."

"But they're not," Dower said practically. He shook his head. "The committee'll act, after all, dog-gone it. We wanted to avoid that."

Caleb would pass within half a dozen feet, his delegates at his heels, and seeing Marty and Dower, bowed wearily, no sign of elation in his tired eyes. But he paused.

"Just a word, Mr. Rooney," he said. "A private word."

"Make it snappy then," said Marty.

"I have some documents in my pocket," said Caleb, "which I will turn over to you as soon as this delegation is seated."

"What documents?"

"You will find them pleasant but light summer reading. I didn't gather them myself. They were brought to me. For reasons which you might misconstrue if I stated them, I did not want to use them. So—as soon as the boys are all legal so far as credentials are concerned, they are yours."

"Then," said Marty, "I fear they will never be mine."

"Why not?" Caleb asked with lifted brows.

"You don't think we're going to let you seat your delegates, do you? The credentials committee ——"

"—— will not function," said Caleb. "There can be no contest with the contestants—without rival credentials."

"Eh?" He was beginning to experience a certain trepidation. "But you'll find a contest, all right. Don't worry about that."

"Not," said Caleb, "unless the Cloudland gets back."

"What? What Cloudland?"

"That was the pretty name of the sleeping car," said Caleb, "upon which we did not sleep last night. No, we were magnanimous. We gave up our beds to the enemy."

Dower drew near. "What's this?" he demanded. "What are you talking about?"

"Why," said Caleb, "it was a matter of insurance. You never can tell what will happen to sleeping cars. But I figured you would take extra pains to let nothing unpleasant come to the one where your delegates slept, so we swapped places with them. It was with mingled feelings I watched the Cloudland quietly fade away into the night. . . . By the way, where was she going? I trust through pleasant country"

Dower narrowed his eyes as he scrutinized Caleb.

"Do you mean," he said, "you bamboozled Rooney's delegates into sleeping on your car?"

"Bamboozled? A not pretty word. No; we merely effected a change of tickets. A simple expedient, but making for safety. You see, we had no itching foot. The place we wished to be was here, and not in some distant bourne from which delegates cannot return in time."

Mr. Dower was a politician, and a politician has an eye to rising stars. "Mr. Hope," he said, "if you will notice my hat you will see it is off—to you. But how did you do it?"

"You will read it in the papers, I fancy. The reporters seemed to think it was a good story. But if you can't wait ——"

"I can't."

"Well, Jinks Baker went down to meet your motorbus. He was solicitous. Your messenger was there and Jinks conversed with him. 'Where,' asked Jinks, 'do the other boys from Luxor sleep?' 'In a sleeper,' said your messenger. 'I want to visit them tonight and kind of talk things over. What car?' asked Jinks. Your messenger didn't remember, but he had the tickets and showed them to Jinks, who turned his back to read the numbers under the electric light. The tickets he returned were not the tickets he received. Oh, no, indeed—they were the tickets calling for berths on the Cloudland. Which, as you must perceive, was simple and expedient."

"And you've given the yarn to the newspaper boys?"

"I figured it would amuse the state."

"It will," said Mr. Dower earnestly. "It will." He turned to Marty. "Rooney," he said, "you might as well go back to Luxor. You won't be popular here. . . . Suffering cats, how we'll get laughed at!" He paused to consider. "You ought to pick something fat out of this, Hope. It means

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a new governor, and you've done it. What do you get?"

"He didn't seem," said Caleb, "to have anything I wanted."

"I," said Mr. Dower, "will be doggoned."

Caleb passed on. Mr. Dower looked after him. "Rooney," he said, "I'm going to be the first rat off the ship. I know one when I see him, and this man Hope is it. In a year he'll boss the state. I'm on my way."

As Caleb entered the convention hall an extra made its appearance; delegates on every side were reading it. He walked up to the gallery, and for a moment his tall, stooping, weary figure was distinct in the front row. As one man, the convention turned and stared, threw back its heads and roared with laughter.

Caleb did not smile. He sank into his seat and became as inconspicuous as possible; nor was his mind upon the scene before him. It was in Luxor, and he was thinking:

"What a sight of trouble a man will go to just for the sake of some girl he doesn't like."

The victory in which he took satisfaction was not in outwitting Marty Rooney, but in averting the necessity for exposing Seena Rooney's uncle as a buyer of votes. Nor did he stop to consider that she would never know.

THE PUBLIC LIFE

(Continued from Page 13)

colorless down to the mouth's glitter of unhealthy bright lips, appeared in piled collar of gray furs.

"I'm rather vague about Byng," I said.

"Well, I'm not! He was on the Lido—middle of August—with a bloody Russian prince named something like Saltanikov and his wife. And Lady Cammerford brought them up and presented them to Marcella, and this Banga—Byng, I mean—acted as though he'd never seen me before!"

"Perhaps," I said, "he'd forgotten you."

I said this not because I make a habit of snubbing millionaires—I'm as big a snob as you are—but because I could never stand Philip Ten Broeck Harvey at college and wanted to hurt his feelings. This is nasty, but humanly nasty. He never cared whose feelings he hurt, and the constant flaring of his vanity excused us who didn't like him for returning evil for evil.

"Score for you. . . . No," Harvey said, shivering inside his coat, "he hadn't forgotten me. He was just being snortish. . . . Ho! This Saltanikov introduced him as *un ingénieur célèbre de votre race*. When did Byng get to be a celebrated engineer, for the love of heaven?"

"I naturally don't know," I said, and sneezed.

Harvey stood for a moment longer, shuffling his maimed foot on the slimy pavement. This scene on the Lido had somehow gored him. They say that his mother, after a horse had crushed the red-haired child's foot, made a point of adoring his face in public, and the eventual disaster of that kindness was that Harvey adored it too. He had nobody in particular, and no endurance.

The trip from Italy had just ground purple crescents under his black eyes and his mouth kept twitching while he sulked. His honeymoon's excitements hadn't been good for him, and having tried to insult him, I was now sorry about it.

"You'll take cold."

"I've got a cold," he snapped. "All right. So long."

His slender wife, or bride, put her hand out of the taxicab to help him in. This was the only time I ever saw Mrs. Harvey. She was his second cousin and had been reared in his mother's house. They say that she adored him. He made her magnificently unhappy and she died in 1921. Byng thought that she looked a nice child on the Lido. . . . I found Lex stowing his luggage in my stateroom when I got aboard the old Berlin at Boulogne. The impressed little steward was calling him excellency and Lex was serenely enjoying it. He'd never been on a liner before, and the thrill of being a first-cabin passenger had exalted him into a positive sublimity of mood.

"Saw your name on the list in Paris, so I put myself down for this berth," he said, as the steward bowed himself out.

"Thanks. . . . Just what," I asked, "did you do to Philip T. B. Harvey at Venice, Lex?"

"That red-headed runt? Told him I didn't remember him at college. It was not exactly true," Lex admitted, kicking off his shoes, "but he ain't the kind of person I want to be mixed up with."

I didn't laugh. The tinker's nephew said this sincerely and without reservation, wrinkling up his insufficient nose.

"Usually," I remarked, "people are glad to cultivate Phil Harvey."

"Humph! I suppose so, but then," Lex said, shedding his coat of chaste blue serge, "I ain't got any money yet. I was head electrician in a big smelter in Russia and they paid me pretty well. But six-hundred-fifty ain't much. That's what I've got left. I can't afford to get mixed up with the New York *haut monde*. They look pretty expensive to cultivate, and then," he stated, "they ain't important—politically. Their bankers may influence politics, but they don't know a congressman from a cockroach. If you're going in for public life, you have to cultivate people who can be generally useful."

"I see," I mumbled. "But what were you doing knocking around Venice with Prince Saltanikov?"

"Givin' his kids English lessons. Only," Lex said with composure, pulling his shirt over his head, "his wife started makin' love to me. Women are an awful nuisance, aren't they?"

"Intensely," I gulped; and, gulping, got myself out of the room.

But, like many great men, Lex was simple. He very candidly presumed a career for himself and was willing to mention all its little awkwardnesses. He hadn't any money, to begin with, and he wasn't anybody, so far. He proposed not to be cumbered with wives or awkward social alliances, or even with friends, until he soared across the headlines of newspapers. His granite eyes glowed curiously when he spoke of his career. He would sit on his trunk, doing his handsome nails with an ancient thin pocketknife—he had no nail scissors—and explain his rise into fame. He merely meant to alter the Constitution of the United States by abolishing the presidency.

"It's superfluous," he said, "and expensive. The whole cabinet ought to be in Congress. If you had the secretaries on the floor of Congress to answer questions from the opposition an' defend policies, then public life in the United States would amount to somethin' again. Educated men would go in for politics. You'd intensify public life. Where you've got one educated man in Washington today, you'd have ten under my system."

"You're nothing if not systematic, Lex," I yawned.

He was sitting on two felt-covered boards which sandwiched his evening trousers. In twenty minutes the other diners in the half-empty saloon would be admiring Mr. Byng's nightly appearance; but just here, in our privacy, Lex was reduced to the core of his public life. He had on a pair of running pants that dated from a fire sale of athletic goods in New Haven in April of 1907, when he bought forty pairs for ten dollars. His socks were superb examples of darning below the ankle, and for undershirts he had no use at all.

His brocaded bath robe awed other bathers with its gold flowers, in the corridor of a morning; but it was a theatrical costume of a sixteenth-century boyar, bought for two rubles in a Moscow pawnshop, although fumigated; and his slippers were imposing blackwood Japanese clogs which can be buried with him, still useful, if he dies at his century.

"What a man needs," he said, "is the stuff that shows. What's the good of pajamas? Never had any night clothes in my life! You need some good suits an' plenty of socks and neckties. . . . What's the best hotel in San Francisco?"

"Where are you headed for now, Lex?"

"Japan," he said tranquilly, rubbing his pared nails briskly on his hard calves. "People always gas about Japanese art an' all that. . . . Ship my trunk on the same freighter I get on at San Francisco and look around some at Nagasaki. I might collect a good job out there and stay a while."

He did, as it happened. I have a photograph post card of Jerome Alexis Byng looking with condescension at the great Buddha of Kamakura. An electrician of parts, able to give instruction in a government school, who has arranged his public manner as that of a prince, can live suitably in Tokio. Japan contained Lex until some time in 1915, and then I lost track of him on the face of a misbehaving universe.

It occurred to me, on a terrace of Versailles in January of 1919, watching innumerable men in black coats carrying brief cases and expressions of supernatural importance, that this was rather the place for J. Alexis Byng. Public life was manifest; human society was to be changed and solidified. Generals, statesmen, British novelists, American reporters and French dramatists clogged the view. Only, in a kind of revolt from grandeurs, I was able just to see men in various kinds of coats, with faces disheartened or fatuous, or sometimes very cruel in tight lines around mouths and guarded eyes. Human society, I suspected, was not going to be wholly redeemed at Versailles, and I wasn't altogether unique in that suspicion. Perhaps the preliminaries of our redemption came into cloudy shape inside the banal white palace and perhaps more trouble was arranged. Time, as thirty-five thousand people have been observing ever since, will show. But I missed Byng, and missed him again on Nantucket in the summer of 1922. He had already sold his dead uncle's ground beside the bay, and a willowy young gentleman from New York was changing the old cottage into a tea house. Lex got eleven thousand dollars down for the place and the promise of three thousand dollars more.

"Which," he said, dusting his white fingers on a yellow handkerchief, "I hope I get. Not many signs of it yet, though."

Light came through the smeared window of the bookshop far out on Sutter Street. I considered a motor labeled in red chalk on one side "Dayton to San Francisco or Bust," and wondered why Lex was buying old volumes of poetry in this den. He naturally wouldn't be spending more money than he could help on things people wouldn't look at. Meanwhile three other idlers in this den of cheap books were surveying the great man across volcanoes of dusty magazines and craters of extinct novels. Something immensely patrician had dropped in from his house in Burlingame to look for first editions. San Francisco was being honored. Byng, dispensing one silver dollar and three dimes, conveyed the full force of a prince giving largess.

"Come out and stay over Sunday," he ordered me.

"All right. My family's doing the Yosemite. Can we stop in my humble suburban cot and get my dinner jacket and pajamas?"

"We'd better," said Lex, "because you've got to do some dirty work for me after dinner and it'll take a dinner jacket."

(Continued on Page 181)

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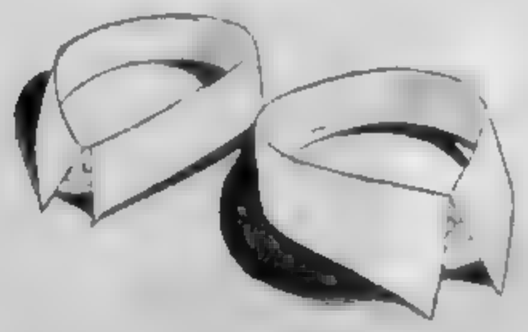
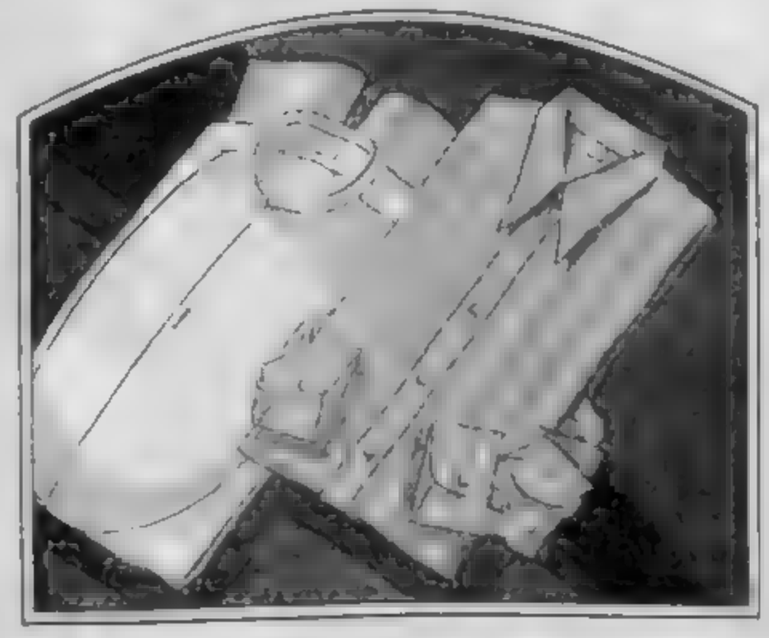
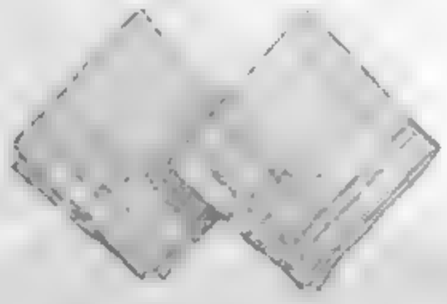


Consistent with quiet good taste, this Yale man's choice of Ide starched collars fell upon Glengair, with widespread points, and, for variety, a companion collar, the Hoylake, slightly lower in shape



This representative Yale graduate considers that Ide's patterns solve the problem of finding colored shirts in irreproachable taste—and that Monocourt is genuinely a gentleman's evening shirt.



Only fine imported linen satisfies the Yale tradition of correctness in handkerchiefs. These Ide patterns were selected by Mr. McClelland as examples of good taste

(Continued from Page 178)

His low motor was arranged for ostentation. It had but one seat and the paint was sapphire. We rolled imperially out of San Francisco, and several policemen automatically bowed to us on Mission Street. A fog wavering on the dun hills rose respectfully and blew out into the Pacific.

"It's a good car, Lex."

"Rather. It hit a train just outside of my place and the owner sold me the remains for thirty dollars. Took me a couple of weeks to get it straightened out. Had to have a mechanic in too. Cost about fifty to get it all set up. I painted it myself, of course."

But the dazed plebeians did not know all that, and I became slightly exalted, whirling under the eucalyptus trees and flashing past the real-estate dealers of the highway. If his public life had not flowered into headlines yet, Lex was plainly in possession of every external. In my quiet street of Palo Alto he had the effect of a bombshell. Children collected to admire the long man and his car while I packed a suitcase, and Yung Fai, the cook, took him out a glass of iced tea in token of respect.

"And how," I asked, as we hurtled through Los Altos, "is your career?"

"I can chuck you out of this machine," he said, "and let you walk home. . . . Shut up! I'm thirty-six!"

We plunged among hills which were like mighty pillows of tarnished golden silk under the sun, and plumes drying in frames on the yellow grass made embroideries. So the career and the inherited racial force of islanders had got tired of waiting? His flat face, a little tanned by California air, was not so much older after eighteen years of its public mask. I became suddenly very fond of Jerome Alexis Byng when he said, "I can't stand egotists who go to pieces when they see that they ain't so damned much after all. . . . You're still yourself. And I'm all right. All that slop about your head being bloody but unbowed is sentimental swill, isn't it? Bloody nothin'! And we all bow our heads if we've got any sense of humor."

"So we do, Lex. . . . Just what are you doing, by the way?"

"I'm a darned good strawberry farmer. One acre of raspberries and some plums. And I'm a landed proprietor. Guess who my tenant is, right now."

"I never try to guess riddles. It uses up the poor remnant of my intelligence too rapidly. Tell me."

"Philip Ten Broeck Harvey," Lex drawled, "of New York, London, Paris, Newport and other fashionable centers."

"Nonsense!"

"Doctor's orders," he told me. "His Jap communicated it unofficially to my helper over the fence. His lungs are all right still, but he's used up. . . . Behold," Lex declaimed, "the ancestral halls! The humble home to the right is what we bunk in. Yonder dome of pleasure on the hill is what P. T. B. Harvey, Esquire, rents off me for four-hundred-fifty a month. And if you say it ain't fairly grand, you don't get any dinner."

Two driveways met at the roadside between white gateposts. The hill to the left rose in a gentle run to the flourish of a courtyard and to piles of scarlet roofing. Some appropriate doves circled the chimneys of the Spanish country house and a woman in green was watching their pale fluttering from the watered lawn.

"Has Harvey married again?"

"No, not yet. Governess. English girl. He has two kids, you know."

"Strawberry farming," I said, "must be pretty profitable, Lex."

He stopped the car at the door of the white cottage which made a lodge at the gates of his published grandeur and told me acidly, "You idiots that never think what you can do with your hands make me sick! Did all the wiring and dug the cellar myself, and did most of the plumbing. I had four men for a couple of months. Took me hopping, because I had to get my berries in all the same. Used to work on the place nights. You can smooth plaster by moonlight, you know, and that tilin' ain't hard to do if you put your mind on it. I'm out of debt on it. P. T. B. Harvey goes back to New York day after tomorrow."

"How have you got along with the best-dressed man in America, Lex?"

Lex lifted my bag out of the car and shoved open the dark oak door of his cottage with the other hand. His eyes were dissolving granite. He said, "How does a rat in a barrel with two dogs get along? Only, if she takes him, I—I'll be a long time gettin' over it."

He did not say that he would never get over it. We get over nearly everything that happens to us except some illusions and beliefs born so early in our lives that they cannot be destroyed. The tall nobody looked up the hillside and the woman's green frock, slowly drifting, moved as a cloud through heaven.

"Who is she?"

"Just a busted English girl. Clergyman's daughter. One of six. Came out here to earn her living. . . . She dresses," he said, "as if the cat had helped her."

Then he stalked into the cottage with my bag, and I stood looking at the old white figurehead from his uncle's yard, where it rose from the lagoon of the flat strawberry meadow, a huge pool of flat vines on flat earth. Lex isn't without sentiment, and his great-grandfather had carved the thing for a ship that put out from Nantucket first in 1829. I walked among the vines to look at the cracked wood of the carved robe decorously mantling the mythical woman's seven feet of body, and a freckled young person picking strawberries into their final thin boxes on a tray inspected me truculently.

"I'm staying with Mr. Byng," I apologized.

"Yeh? The captain," said the freckled person, very positively, "is a great man."

"You're right."

"Of course I'm right," the strawberry picker snapped. He sat on his heels, ate ten berries at a blow and said, "When he come here he hadn't got nothin' but some trunks an' stuff. And now look how he's fixed up! That's three years. And quit standin' on those berries. It ain't good for 'em."

I retired into the cottage. The green frock had drifted from sight under white arches of a gallery into the splendid house on the hill. Lex, shedding his public life, told me through the door of a bedroom, "Some women fool with you until they've found out what you're like inside, and then they give you permission to go fall in the creek. . . . She ain't ever asked me anything about anything. . . . I don't know where I am, y'see?"

"Where's Harvey, Lex?"

"He," said Lex, coming out in a pair of horrid trousers and a sleeveless blue shirt, "has his face and about five million dollars, and his aunt's a bally duchess."

"He's got a horrible disposition," I mentioned, sitting on a chair that had ancestors in Nantucket; "and his reputation, even in a liberal age, is not inviting. You shouldn't throw glasses at chorus girls in a fit of temper, even if you can pay the freight."

Lex stalked up and down the red tiles of the perfect floor. His enduring Japanese clogs made a terrible noise, until he kicked them off and went stamping his white feet on the red glazed mud. We were now in his private life and he openly chewed his lips. Then he grunted and slammed into the kitchen.

"How many mutton chops can you eat?"

"Four," I said.

"You can have three. I've got to have three myself. Don't be such a hog," he commanded. "You get dressed after dinner and go call on Harvey. That'll give me an excuse for drivin' up to get you."

"It's only five or six hundred yards, Lex."

"Oh, shut your face," said Lex, and banged the gridiron on the stove.

Somehow I had expected to dine by candlelight in the white-beamed living room,

As staunch as the doorway . . . as lasting as the home

To friends the door should smile a welcome. But to others—who would threaten your peace or possessions—it must stoutly close the way. Beauty—security . . . these meet when entrance doors are equipped with Sargent locks and hardware of solid, time-defying brass or bronze.

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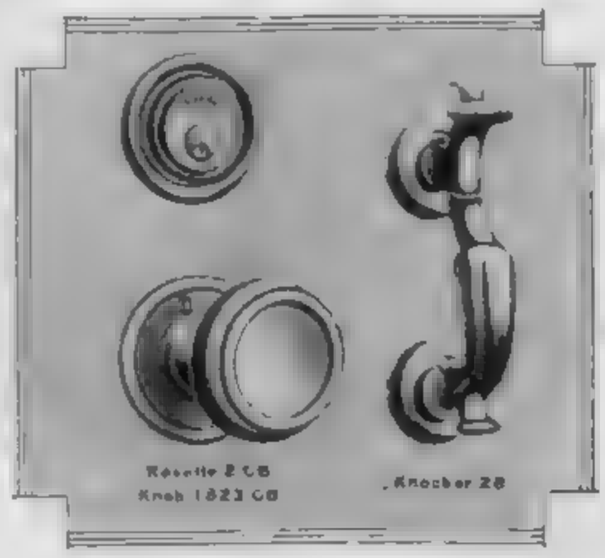
LOCKS AND HARDWARE



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The Clyde

Fashioned by Master Craftsmen

attended by a Chinese steward in blue silk. We ate on the kitchen table, and Lex furiously mentioned the number of cultural weeklies and magazines which had refused his essays on the alteration of the American Government while he gnawed chops and slung patches of creamed spinach into my plate.

"But she ain't much interested in politics either. . . . If Harvey leaves early enough in the morning, he can get the noon train east . . . There's some gingerbread in the cupboard. . . . He is handsome, ain't he?"

"There are too many ain'ts," I said, advancing on the cupboard, "in your private grammar. English peers can afford them, Lex, but Americans can't."

"He has dinner," Lex rambled, "at seven. You can go up there at eight."

At eight, then, I walked up the left-hand driveway to the dreaming palace which extended and became mysterious under the moon that printed stains of blue shadow from the oaks on white walls. The hills were rumpled masses of silver cloth above the sea of strawberries, and an engine howled wearily, dragging some toy cars across the landscape a mile away. I didn't want to go into Harvey's rented house, and when I was facing his famous head, tossed back into the black velvet of a chair, I had a sense of his knowing just why I was there.

"We're leaving in the morning," he said hoarsely. "Miss Wildon and the nurse are getting the children to sleep. . . . What'll you drink?"

"I'm on a diet," I drawled, defending my nerves by a public manner; "nothing, thanks."

He limped down the hall to a cabinet and came back with a blue glass in his fingers, passing two monstrous candlesticks of dully gilded wood. Lex is an adequate carver, and the towers of heavy eucalyptus trunk cost him two days' work and the paint. As for the faded brocade which pulsed a little on the blank wall above the fireplace, shimmering high with golden flowers and tracing snakes of metal thread, it was the back of Lex's Russian bath robe come to a final use. And if you know how to do such things at all, you can have a deal of fun turning ordinary wooden boxes into lacquered Japanese chests.

"Fine old things he's picked up," said Philip Harvey. "Where in blazes is the man from?"

"New England," I admitted.

"Told me he designed the house himself. That's swank, of course," Harvey snarled. "He had to have an architect. There are some old New England pieces upstairs—spool beds and a good maple chest of drawers, and some Nantucket rush-bottom chairs—really, honest-to-heaven old too. Ever been on Nantucket?"

"Yes, we've had a cottage there ever since I was a kid," I said.

What we were saying didn't matter in the least. He lay in his black velvet chair and beautifully hated me for being in his way. The superb, dim room inclosed our dislike of each other, but we were public to the chairs and to the moon which ogled us through a tall window. Harvey dangled his maimed foot over the other ankle and once glanced down at it. Meanwhile we were rudely polite, exchanging slops. Such a pity that Carmel was getting built up, wasn't it? And was the food in the San Francisco restaurants as good as it used to be? We had both been in California many times before, and we could chatter in this tense air about the usual things. He watched the plaster of the white staircase rising to a doorway high in the wall. I don't remember that his face changed much when the girl in black came down the treads.

"Miss Wildon," he said.

She entered our publicity with her mussed frock, more or less torn from one shoulder, and publicly pinned it together as she drifted past us to a settle beside the fireplace, having nodded to me. Her hair was badly done and hung over one ear in a slump of black meshes. The children had possibly been romping with her. Her gown was so awful that I knew it was. But she was made of strawberries and cream and black eyes. The public life of the room was enriched by her arms, slowly moving as she picked up a French novel and began to watch the door over its yellow cover.

"And where are you fleeing to from here?"

"Sicily. My mother bought a house outside Palermo in 1910," Harvey said, rattling a ring on his vacant glass. Then he told Miss Wildon sidelong, "You'll like Sicily. Take the kids walking up Mont Pellegrino. Then there's Taormina. Beautiful country, all of it. You'll like it."

The English governess murmured and turned a page. She was having the world available to Philip Ten Brœck Harvey slung at her feet, or head, and it was plain that Harvey hung to the world. His nostrils fluttered and his mouth stirred. His voice begged. His eyes were supplications. The fabulous man had tumbled off his peak of celebrity and wallowed at her toes. But meanwhile we were living publicly, and it was twenty minutes after eight. Lex would come at a quarter to nine.

"How did you happen to find this house, Harvey?"

"Real-estate office in San Francisco. . . . Look here! You know Paris, don't you? What's that little jewel shop around the corner from the Madeleine where they have such awfully good antique jewels? Been torturing myself to think of the name for a week."

"Serrano," I said. "He's Spanish. Whenever some old family in Spain has to sell its jewels, they send them to Serrano and he sticks fool Americans with them."

Miss Wildon turned a page, having been offered ancient Spanish jewels. I must say that her public manner was incomparable. She turned another page while Russian furs and the famous shops in Copenhagen were tendered to her avarice. At twenty-five minutes of nine she yawned, as the use of a palace in Venice for the summer of 1927 floated in the smoke of Harvey's cigarette. The pallid man in his nest of black velvet was making a catalogue of Europe. He published the advantages of being his, and his hands twitched.

"Been stuck out here for six months," he told me, "and I'm ready to move."

"You move too much," I said. "Time to settle down. Thirty-seven, aren't you?"

"I've got to have something to settle down for," he declared, and for a moment was pathetic as a lost child howling for its mother on a street corner. Miss Wildon turned a page.

"Well," I said, "there's Byng driving up for me."

Miss Wildon turned two pages at once and began to read fearfully. Her hair had slid all down on one shoulder and she looked half drunk with private life under the cover of restraint. Her face was approaching raspberry. The car stopped just beyond the moony window.

"So you're leaving in the morning?" Jerome Alexis Byng drawled, stalking to stand at the fireplace.

"We start at six o'clock. Ought to get to San Francisco by noon at the latest," Harvey drawled, even more slowly and grandly.

Some Europeans begin to chatter very lightly and gayly to cover hideous emotions. Americans who pride themselves on their public manners talk so slowly that tense scenes take the tone of a dramatic burial service.

"We'll probably stay all night in San Francisco," the gilded man went on, sitting stiff in his chair. "Miss Wildon and the kids'll need some rest."

"I dare say," said Lex, fingering a lapel of his dinner jacket. "Just have one of your men chuck the keys on the steps at my cottage, will you?"

"Of course," said Harvey.

Miss Wildon turned a page.

"It's really a very comfortable house," Harvey said, remembering that he was the

(Continued on Page 185)

When Words Falter and Fail

HALF a million words between the bulging covers of the dictionary. Yet how often we fail to find the *right* one. So many things that stumbling words can never quite express.

Then comes your florist to the rescue. Flowers always are in perfect taste. You can count on them to say just the right thing, in the right way, at the right time. Take the florist into your confidence. Ask his counsel in your selection. You'll find that he is a wonderful problem solver.

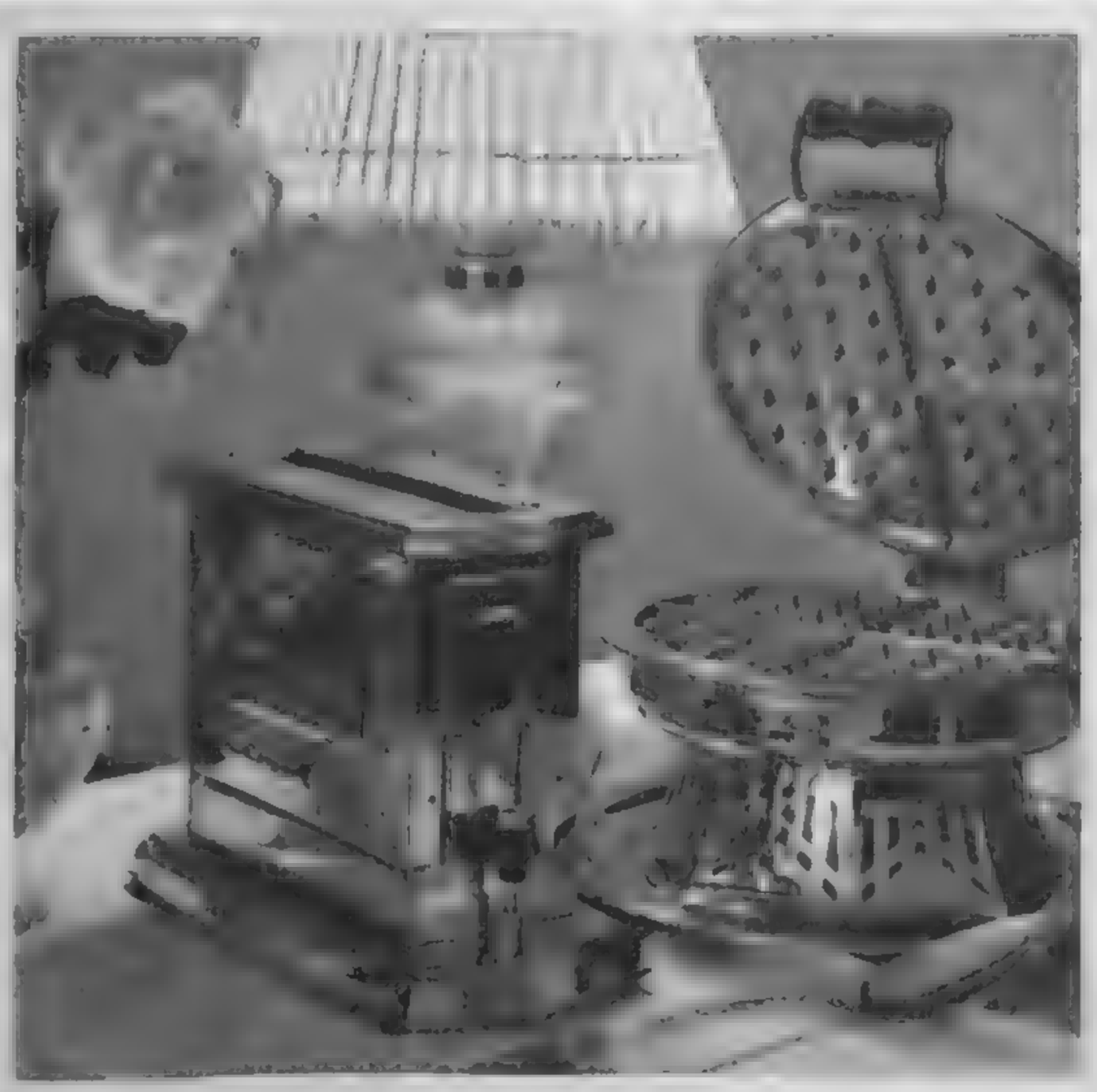
PERHAPS you do not realize how simple it really is to "say it with flowers" by telegraph. Cut flowers and potted plants now may be telegraphed anywhere in America, or to a distant land. Your florist transmits your exact order, by telegraph, to a corresponding florist in the vicinity of the recipient.

ON your birthday, send flowers to Mother. Let their fragrant loveliness tell her that you treasure her memory, on this day that means so much to you both.

Saying It With Flowers—a custom centuries old when the first Pilgrims came to Plymouth Rock; yet as fresh today as the dew-dipped flowers themselves. What could be more fitting than to deck the festive board with Nature's *own* gift of fragrant loveliness?

Say it with Flowers this Thanksgiving

Why not live life pleasantly?



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Do you live in your house without really living there at all? Eating because you have to, sleeping because it's wise to, entertaining because you have relatives? Why . . . with only a lifetime ahead . . . live life like that? Why not have the little niceties, the good things, the smart things that decorate every-day living? Why not have a home that you enjoy . . . where your friends come because they like to . . . where you work out your own pleasant art of happy living?

BREAKFAST, dinner, Sunday supper—taken-for-granted meals in so many homes—can easily have their own delicious menus with the help of Manning-Bowman Electrical Appliances. Successful dishes can be prepared *right at the table*, and you can have the little niceties of cooking and serving that mean so much in the pleasant atmosphere of a home.

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Manning-Bowman Table Stove No. 1410. So cleverly is this table stove designed, so well does it hold the heat—a whole dinner can be cooked on it Price $12.50, or with Waffle form included, price $16.50

Manning-Bowman After-dinner Coffee Set with beautiful pot, delicately chased, tray, sugar bowl and cream pitcher to match. No. 3120/7. Price $41.00

Manning-Bowman

Electric Appliances

Send for "From Breakfast to Midnight Bridge," a free booklet on electrical cookery with recommended recipes and menus

(Continued from Page 182)

grandson of a vice president, the nephew of a duchess and much else. He made a staggering effort at civility and quite contrived to smile at the tall man, who was tacitly showing off his height and his fine waist by leaning backward against the fireplace's top. "Very comfortable and well built. This floor's a beauty, really."

"Thanks," Lex said. Then there was a simmering moment. He went on: "I laid most of the floors myself."

"The deuce you did!"

"And it's the deuce of a job. Carpenters hate it. But," said Jerome Alexis Byng, "I used to work with carpenters when I was a kid, up on Nantucket, and if you get used to that sort of thing when you're a kid, you pick it up again easily."

In a silence, Miss Wildon turned a page.

"Really?" Harvey murmured.

Lex took a cigarette from his pocket and lighted it, letting the match flicker a long while. His hands, he chose to say silently, were steady as white wood.

"I had," he drawled, in his most princely manner, "an interesting childhood. Mother was a school-teacher. My father was a sailor most of the time. Got washed off a tramp in 1893, and mother died. Lived with my uncle. He was a sort of handy man—carpenter, tinker, plasterer and all that. Then I ran off to sea. That's 1905."

"I used to have an idea," Harvey said, "that you were English."

"Really? How odd!" said Lex, in English undiluted. "Curious. No, I tramped down into Devonshire from Liverpool in 1905 and went to work—gardener and page and so on—for a clergyman. He swapped Latin lessons and all that for my time. This was Holton Regis, in Devon. Nice little town. Stayed there eighteen months. Then I worked in London a couple of months. Page at Claridge's Hotel. Awf'ly interesting, you know, to see the smart world from that angle. . . . I could blackmail some people. . . . Then I came home on a freighter and worked in Boston for an electrician and went to night school. You see, I used to be ambitious for a career. I was going to be something simply tremendous in public life. That's why I started in college."

I suddenly wished that Lex would stop his recitation. Harvey was bending forward to stare at the girl, who'd dropped the yellow novel on her lap and sat looking up at Lex.

"But college used me up," Lex said. "I had to work four nights a week in a laundry to pay my way, and it was dull anyhow. All those kids who'd never done anything for themselves and thought thirty minutes in a shell on the river, with a shower and an alcohol rub afterward, was a terrible strain—I got bored. Then I was in the Navy a couple of years, and then I went abroad again and got a job as an electrician in Russia. That was awf'ly interesting. And then I worked out to Japan. Japan's rather disappointing after you get over the idea that people with yellow faces are frightfully mysterious. . . . And then there was the war."

Harvey lay back in his chair. It struck me that he looked beaten—beaten badly. His scapegrace angel's face had begun to glisten with sweat and he passed a hand up to the red curls.

"My uncle died in 1921," Lex resumed, never glancing down at the girl, "and left me enough money to invest out here. I've never really had money. Tried to write some political essays and all that, but they don't sell. Dare say I shan't ever be a celebrity. But you get philosophical about not being anybody, and I've had an interesting life. Mostly work. If I wasn't made out of bricks, I'd probably not have enjoyed it so much. But I can do pretty nearly everything, you see, and not feel it much. . . . Well, you'll want to get to bed. . . . Good-by."

He bowed to Miss Wildon and stalked out of the room. His pumps made a shuffling on the gravel. Harvey gave me a quick look and then looked at the governess. But there was nothing to say. We were in public. Miss Wildon picked up her novel and turned a page.

"I'll be running along," I said. "Well—good-by."

The car slid downhill, leaving my mind between the false Italian candlesticks in the great room behind us. I wanted to know what Philip Harvey would say to his children's governess, and what she would say.

"The bids are in," Lex said.

"Huh?"

"The bids are in. She knows what she's getting," he drawled, "either way. If she ain't a fool, she'll take him. . . . Oh, you needn't say anything nasty! Of course I rubbed it in! But I'm crazy—mad—smeared all over the floor. . . . If she wants everything on earth, she's got it. . . . I had to tell her I'm nobody, didn't I?"

"Lex, have you ever proposed to the girl?"

"No; I don't know how. Women usually do it themselves. She—she just sat and didn't do anything. . . . Only, I can work for her, and that runt couldn't even build a hencoop!"

I had to sleep on a couch in the living room, and the moonlight wandered on the tiles in the least convenient places. It picked out shoes and the buckles of garters and made them silver or creepy jewels. Their daily public life was lost to my trousers, draped on the back of a chair, and I had a kind of nightmare of clothes and manners. It appeared that there were too many clothes, and the rest of the false apparatus in the world, and that nobody was what he seemed. I got thirsty, thinking all these platitudes and upset a metal cup in the kitchen.

"Was that the telephone?"

"Don't yell so! No! Go back to bed!"

Lex retreated into his room, out of the moonlight, and said drearily, "I —— She might want to say a—say something. I—I never told her I'm anybody. But I suppose she thought I was."

"Perhaps she won't mind," I suggested.

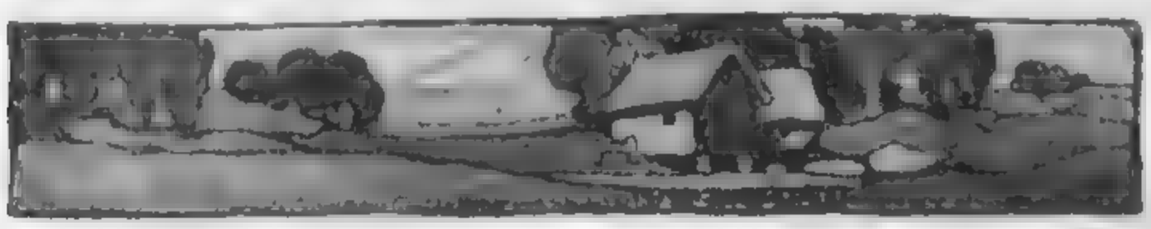
"Yes; but—dammit! I went an' trained myself to look like—like somebody, and—and I can't stop it! I'm—I'm a kind of hypocrite. I'm nothin' but an artisan that owns a strawberry farm and a house."

I cleared my throat. "It's a fine house, Lex. . . . You aren't nobody."

He slung himself into bed and I managed to go to sleep, imperfectly, and once roused to see him, gray and tall in the dawn, patting the telephone nervously. But he went back into his room again and did not come out when three cars rolled past the cottage. A bunch of keys clattered on the step. I sat up and watched twenty thousand dollars' worth of big vehicles take the road to San Francisco. The hills were morose lavender under a mist, and everything was most depressing. Lex, visible in his old Nantucket bedstead as the bare curve of a shoulder between a quilt and the pillow hiding his head, had gone and ruined his case. All this saddened me fearfully, and I went to sleep again.

When Miss Wildon began to poke me with her cane, I suppose that I snorted out something profane before sitting up. People never admire me early in the morning, and the girl recoiled. She was wearing an atrocious tweed walking suit and her felt hat was over an ear.

"You certainly look like nothing at all," I said viciously, buttoning the top of my



"The Pal Idea"

How it works out in Boy Training

THE most farseeing father is sometimes blind to the fellowship of his son. For no apparent reason, a rift comes gradually.

Where has that "pal idea" gone? They were such good friends a few years back!

Doesn't this gap usually begin with a failure to keep contact in play? Men who play—who mingle constantly with the upcoming generation—know the secret of "eternal youth." Their sons and they are pals forever.

Here is a useful medium of contact—the Daisy method of boy-training. A Daisy rifle unfailingly provides "the common touch" between boy and man. Millions of sons have received their first lessons in marksmanship with the Daisy—and of these, many thousands were made pals to their fathers by its friendly influence.

Incidentally boy-training the Daisy way is just as much fun for the man as for the boy. Character expands with target practice. It breeds a clean-cut spirit of rivalry. It is a real incentive to good sportsmanship.

Try it! Get a Daisy Air Rifle for your boy. Teach him to use it—teach him to be a "straight-shooter" in everything he does! Ask your dealer to show you the model illustrated—the popular Daisy Pump Gun—a 50-shot repeater for $5. Other models from $1 to $5. Name of nearest dealer upon request—or any model sent on receipt of price.

BOYS!

Get Your Free Copy of the Daisy Manual

Go to your nearest hardware or sporting goods dealer and ask him for a free copy of the Daisy Manual—a book written just for boys. It tells how to become a crack shot, how to have a world of fun with your Daisy.

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Plymouth, Michigan, U. S. A.

DAISY AIR RIFLES

Let your Alliance Agent prescribe your protection

THE exigencies of modern conditions are being met with forms of protective indemnity unknown to our forefathers.

Possibly you are carrying risks of which you could be relieved by some of the newer forms of insurance.

Your Alliance Agent will be glad to consult with you and to suggest the forms of protection most applicable to your individual case.

You will place yourself under no obligation whatever by writing or telephoning him to call upon you.

ALLIANCE
Insurance

THE ALLIANCE INSURANCE COMPANY OF PHILADELPHIA
Sixteenth Street at the Parkway

jacket. "Why didn't you telephone him last night?"

"My good sir," the governess said, "the telephone was—is just outside Mr. Harvey's door. How could I without making a scene? It was quite bad enough this morning when I refused to leave. And there's not a spoonful of tea even up there, and I'm utterly ravenous."

"Are you really?" I mumbled.

Her voice was something lazy and jeweled, sliding down into my ears. It excused her hat and her hair. She sat down on a chair against my trousers and examined me placidly.

"I think Jerome was rather a swine last night," she said; "because Harvey's such a wisp of a wreck, and there Jerome stood, looking the Life Guardsman, and the contrast was so peculiarly vile. . . . But what about breakfast?"

I cleared my throat twice and yelled "Lex! Lex!"

But he was not in his bedroom. On my third howl he came flopping his Japanese clogs through the kitchen, with a pail of strawberries in one hand, looking as though he'd been gathering wild grapes on the Nantucket moors in his worst blue shirt. His manner lasted just until he got inside the room.

Then the berries cascaded as rolling rubies on the floor and he came down on his knees in the mess with an awful sob.

"Silly ass," said Miss Wildon. Her nose flickered. She got both hands into his hair and shook his head vehemently, saying, "Don't be such an utter child!"

I got up and went into the kitchen and shut the door. Scenes in the private lives of great men should be left to their biographers.

WHAT EVERY BUTLER KNOWS

(Continued from Page 42)

sizes, for morning, afternoon and after dinner; for the open air, for hunting. Englishmen who can afford it won't smoke a cigar until it has been aged, and they must have a dry cigar. This in the English climate involves a lot of trouble and paraphernalia. My Lord would hold a cigar to his ear, rolling it between his thumb and forefinger, and if it didn't emit a sufficiently dry and brittle sound I would get a talking to. I had also to learn what cigars and cigarettes our guests preferred.

Servants see and hear more than they are meant to. One evening while passing among the card tables with whisky and siphons, I noticed one player making a recurrent and peculiar motion with his forefinger. I have sat in a good many games myself and I made up my mind this player was marking the cards. This is a favorite trick of card sharpers, who make a small indentation in as many of the court cards as possible while playing their hands. His Lordship was seated at the same table and I was afraid of creating a scandal if I spoke to him directly. I withdrew and returned with a bottle of champagne. Standing near the fireplace, I made as if to draw the cork, and let the bottle slip through my fingers so that it fell with a crash on the hearthstone. At the same time I hastily began binding up my finger as if the bottle had burst in my hands, as the neck of a bottle with a stubborn cork sometimes will. His Lordship half rose and found me looking at him intently.

"Are you hurt, Wennyss?" he said.

"I am afraid I did that intentionally, sir," I said in a low tone. "May I suggest to Your Lordship fresh decks of cards would be desirable at your table?" He looked hard at me, bent down as if to examine my hand, straightened up and went back to his table.

Stepping Up the Scale

I heard him say, "You must forgive me, but the sight of blood makes me ill and I must stop playing for a little while." What happened after that I did not hear, but we never saw the gentleman at the house again.

My new duties brought about a change for the better in my position below stairs. The upper servants in an English household have their meals in considerable state. The butler, the master's valet, the chef, the housekeeper have a course dinner served by the underservants. I was now considered sufficiently important to be included in this number.

Not long after this I took another step up the social scale which was destined to exercise considerable influence upon my future. I was invited to join a servants' club. This was a great honor, as the membership was drawn almost exclusively from the ranks of gentlemen's gentlemen, coachmen and people of real importance in my world. The club was not very different from other clubs, I imagine. It had two pleasant rooms on Wardour Street. Two nights in the week a cold supper was served and once a month we had a club night. On these occasions we were somewhat formal. We seated ourselves around a long table, with our chairman, or president, as he was called, at the head; then there would be a program of songs and recitations, ending with a discussion in the nature of a debate. The company would then adjourn to the other room for cards, leaving a small but select group around the supper table to interminable discussions on politics or cricket. Most of us attended for the opportunity to gamble. The stakes in the card room, considering our wages, were high. At that time I was getting only four pounds a month, but my tips were about that much again. We played whist—later to become bridge—and twenty-one. My friends put on a good deal of side when they played, dealing to slow music, mimicking their betters and observing with great care all the etiquette of the whist table.

A Gentleman's Banker

The standard of play was not high. I read what books on whist I could find in the house, and was careful to listen to the discussion of their games among the gentlemen. It was just as well I did, for I am a born gambler and at times needed all the skill I could muster to save me from disaster. It was not a healthful life. Servants' rooms, even in the best houses in England and on the Continent, are incredibly mean and poorly ventilated. Some of the menservants played cricket on Saturday afternoons, but I seldom joined them.

At the end of my second season in London His Lordship asked me whether I could take the position of valet to his younger brother. I accepted gladly, as a small household is always pleasanter than a large one and promotion is faster.

My new master was a handsome man of about eight-and-twenty; a bachelor, and, I always thought, one of the best-dressed men in London. His tailor had special materials—no more than a bolt of each—for a few of his customers, so that those gentlemen were practically assured they would never meet anyone wearing clothes like those they stood in. My master had the most beautiful leg in a hunting boot I ever saw, though I can never look at a pair of riding boots or a silk hat to this day without a slight feeling of distaste. I've spent too many hours working on both—soap and two creams for the boots, and a special steam kettle, hot iron and a paste for the hats. My young man occupied a minor position in the Foreign Office, where, I must say, he worked hard all day. He was eccentric, like most Englishmen. This trait he inherited from his grandfather, for the old man was not only very rich but full of foibles. Among his other peculiarities was his habit of never carrying money of any

(Continued on Page 189)

Real Information About Insurance

Facts Everyone Should Know Regarding the New Types of Life, Accident, Health and Group Insurance

By M. E. SINGLETON,
President Missouri State Life Insurance Company

Everybody, today, is interested in insurance. Millions now enjoy its security and protection. Those who have insurance want more. Other millions who have none know its unmatched investment value and are anxious to buy when the family budget permits. Purchased largely by the wealthy in the past, the biggest part of the billions of insurance in force today will inure to the benefit of families of limited incomes. The more insurance a man has the wealthier he is.

M. E. SINGLETON
President

The greatest growth in the insurance business has come within the past five years. And yet as stupendous as this expansion seems, the amount in force represents but a fraction of what it will be a few years hence.

Why this sudden realization by the public of the value of insurance? I maintain it is the result of the activities of new and more progressive types of companies—their economies in management and operation, permitting better insurance and investment values that meet the insurance needs of the man of average means. The life insurance companies that have offered the most attractive policies, commensurate with sound insurance practice and the ample reserves required by law, have made the greatest strides in growth.

Insurance, like all other investments, is guided by facts and figures—a true comparison of values.

Fundamental statistics on American companies is an open book, available to all. From 1920 to 1925 the records credit the Missouri State Life Insurance Company with an increase of 94.35 per cent in actual insurance in force—the largest percentage of increase shown by any insurance company in the world during this period—an increase that has caused a real sensation in insurance circles.

The Missouri State Life Insurance Company's rapid rise to leadership can be attributed to its new and more attractive forms of insurance investments. Merchants ordinarily call this "sensing consumer demand."

Because the public's needs are many, and because value is a varying quantity according to those needs, the Missouri State Life Insurance Company today ***writes more than fifty different types of policy contracts.*** These include Ordinary Life, Twenty-Year Payment Life, Ten, Fifteen and Twenty-Year Endowment policies—all the regular and popular forms of Life, Accident, Health and Group protection — and several unusual types which have filled a long-felt want.

In presenting these facts my purpose is not only to prove the substantiality of the Missouri State Life Insurance Company, but to support my strong belief that it is a real public benefactor.

The Company's Board of Directors

Sound, successful management of the modern insurance organization of today, with the interests of many thousands of policyholders to be safely guarded, requires that the administration of its affairs be entrusted only to men of broad experience and the highest standing in business, financial and investment matters. The growth of the Missouri State Life Insurance Company may be attributed to the active interest of its strong Board of Directors, who in reality act as trustees for the policyholders, and regard themselves as such. It is this confidence of policyholders in our Board of Directors that has been a major factor in the phenomenal progress and growth of the Missouri State Life Insurance Company.

The Board of Directors includes: I. W. Baldwin, St. Louis, president Missouri Pacific Railroad; W. S. Bratnober, Nashville, Tenn., capitalist; James E. Caldwell, Nashville, Tenn., president Fourth and First National Bank, chairman of board Southern Bell Telephone Co.; Rogers Caldwell, Nashville, Tenn., president Caldwell & Co., president Bank of Tennessee; W. Frank Carter, St. Louis, Carter, Nortoni & Jones, attorneys, director National Bank of Commerce in St. Louis; Whiteford R. Cole, Nashville, Tenn., president Louisville & Nashville R. R., president board of trustees Vanderbilt University; Paul M. Davis, Nashville, Tenn., vice-president American National Bank, chairman board of directors Tennessee Central R. R.; Theobald Felss, Cincinnati, Ohio, president Felss Flour Milling Co., E. D. Nims, St. Louis, president Southwestern Bell Telephone Company; M. E. Singleton, St. Louis, president Missouri State Life Insurance Company; J. Sheppard Smith, St. Louis, president Mississippi Valley Trust Company; Hillsman Taylor, St. Louis, vice-president Missouri State Life Insurance Company; E. O. Watts, St. Louis, president First National Bank.

More Than $125,000,000 in Group Insurance

The New Industrial Movement

Big industrial institutions, among which are the largest concerns in the world, have not only recognized the necessity of group insurance for their employes, but have recognized the stability and economics of the Missouri State Life Insurance Company, by favoring it with more than $125,000,000 worth of this business.

Here is a form of insurance that is growing literally by leaps and bounds. Less than a year ago there was in force with this company over $70,000,000 in this type of insurance. This figure has almost doubled since.

Many large employers have told me personally that this form of protection for their employes indirectly increases "Accounts Receivable"—through lessening the turnover of help and thereby increasing their loyalty and productivenese. Certainly this represents income, potentially.

More than 10,000 employers in America now carry this type of insurance. Space does not permit telling all its splendid features, but if you are an employer of ten persons—or ten thousand—you should be interested wholeheartedly in obtaining the complete facts, including endorsements from representative concerns now carrying group insurance in our company.

Three Unusual Insurance Policies

Few men—or women—realize the true possibilities of their own earning power. In fact, thousands of the most conservative and far-seeing investors entirely overlook the wealth-building power of newly created types of insurance. There is only one reason for it they do not know of its existence.

The Missouri State Life Insurance Company has inaugurated policies that are absolutely never-failing. They differ almost totally from ordinary forms of investment. There are no hazards—no uncertainties. They establish estates that share in the substantial profits of this gigantic enterprise. In all the 35 years' experience of this company, no opportunities offered the public have ever met with such enthusiastic response as these unique policies:

(1) *Ordinary Life, at guaranteed lowest cost, with privilege of participating, after 20 years, on policy dividend basis.*

(2) *Modified Life Policy, with very low rates for first five years, and slight rate advance thereafter.*

(3) *The Home Owner's Policy, providing for decreased insurance as debt on home is paid off.*

I have prepared some unusual facts and figures that every man and woman will find interesting, if not positively fascinating. They open a wonderful vista to happiness and security. The coupon will bring you this information without cost or obligation. Clip and mail it now!

WANTED—Good Men!

Wonderful Opportunity for Many More Live Representatives

Literally, there is no limit to your income in this fascinating work. Its development is just now beginning. The field is wide open—and growing broader every day.

You can succeed with us far beyond your fondest expectations if you but possess average intelligence, integrity and a natural liking for dignified saleswork. The unusually broad scope of policies written by this company offers tremendous possibilities.

We want ambitious, industrious men. We are anxious to train them—to start them in a profession that should quickly lead to independence and actual prosperity.

Today—clip the coupon and send for interesting booklet giving actual facts and figures that show what the average Missouri State Life Insurance Company representative earns. Don't put it off. This should be the real golden opportunity of your life. Act!

M. E. SINGLETON, President
Missouri State Life Insurance Company,
Missouri State Life Bldg., St. Louis, U. S. A.

Send me your booklet, giving full information about earning possibilities of representatives of your company.

Name.....

Address.....

City ..... State.....

M. E. SINGLETON, President
Missouri State Life Insurance Company,
Missouri State Life Bldg., St. Louis, U. S. A.

Send me full details of your wonderful new policies. This request carries no obligation on my part.

Name.....

Address.....

City ..... State.....

Missouri State Life Insurance Company

$635,000,000 Now in Force. Assets: $67,000,000

Home Office—Missouri State Life Building, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Branch Offices in All Leading Cities

BUSCH PALE DRY

Scarlet label

THE DAY OF DAYS FOR FROLIC AND FUN . . . AND GOOD THINGS TO EAT AND DRINK

It's Thanksgiving! The table almost groans under the good things that have come in from the kitchen.

Brown-roasted and almost bursting with his savory dressing, King Turkey holds the place of honor in the center of the table. Nearby are piping-hot vegetables, celery as crisp as early morning, tart cranberry sauce, smoking fruit puddings—and pies of golden pumpkin and crinkly-crusted mincemeat.

And a magic drink—to top off the delicious feast—to speed the frolic and fun . . . . BUSCH Pale Dry!

The minute you hear the cork pop and see each dancing drop trickle down the side of a thin glass, you know that BUSCH Pale Dry is no ordinary ginger ale.

But it's when you lift your glass and drain it dry that you realize that *BUSCH Pale Dry* is indeed the friendliest drink that ever bubbled out of a bottle . . . . the drink that's in tune with good taste and good times.

Imported? No. It's better.

By appointment? Yes. To the American palate.

Try it. Then try to be content with any other.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH, ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 186)

kind with him. A secretary whose duty it was to pay for anything that was needed followed him about wherever he went. I have seen the old gentleman take a paper from a boy in the street and keep right on walking, or go through a wicket at a railroad station without a pause. Just how the secretary managed it I don't know, but the arrangement seemed to work out all right, for His Lordship never put his hand in his pocket. Not that it would have done him any good, for there was never anything there in the way of currency. England is made for men anyway, and self-willed men in particular.

Although he was kind to me and I think liked me, my master laid it down as a positive rule that I shouldn't speak to him or expect to be spoken to except on occasions of real importance. Many Englishmen carry their love of privacy to such extremes; and it was one of the Dukes of Westminster, I believe, who made it a fixed rule that any servant who was unfortunate enough to be seen by His Grace up to eight o'clock in the evening was then and there discharged.

A Foreign Office Aid

We communicated, my master and I, by written messages. Every Friday a note telling me to "copy these" appeared, attached to a small pile of manuscript on the dressing table. One of my master's duties in the Foreign Office was the preparation of replies to questions put to the government on the floor of the House of Commons. These memoranda had to be very carefully worded; strong enough to answer the attacks of the opposition and yet not calculated to offend the government of the foreign nation involved. We had a typewriter in the flat, on which I would copy the notes or the different variants of the same note. My task did not end there, for after dinner my master would ask me to stand in an adjoining room and read the different drafts out loud. I was not allowed to hurry and I was constantly urged to speak up. Cries of "Open your mouth! Open your throat!" reached me from the sitting room, when my master failed to get the full effect of his precious notes. This practice has been a great help to me in after life. A good servant should be able to make his voice carry under all circumstances.

Flowers were a favorite extravagance of my master's. I went twice a week to Covent Garden to buy them, and we received a hamper of plants and cut flowers every week from the country. I had got into a bad habit of drinking more than was good for me about this time. I no longer went to my club. My old circle of friends bored me. They talked too much and put on airs.

We were having an unusually fine and mild spring. I would sit reading in the parlor, slowly consuming Irish whisky, until a half hour or so before my master might be expected to return from Downing Street. While the House was sitting he worked, in company with all the government staffs, far into the night. I would then wander out into a small private park before the house, to which we had a key, and sit on a bench, finishing the whisky. I would be there I don't know how long, in the spring night, half asleep, half drunk.

One evening I must have come home much later than I imagined, for, as I fumbled with the switch in the front hall, the door behind me opened suddenly and the knob caught me in the small of the back. In the life of every servant there come times when he ceases to be an automaton and his ordinary man's nature comes unexpectedly to the surface. I have known a maid or manservant, whose mentality for years has not risen above the level of a sheep, suddenly break out and refuse to do the simplest thing. But the spectacle of a worm actually turning, though explicable, is always surprising. I had an attack of that kind in the dark hall. A sort of berserker rage took possession of me, and the next thing I knew I had kicked my respected employer smartly in the stomach.

I was up bright and early the next morning. Two months' wages were pinned on the hall table. I packed my belongings, took a cab for Victoria Station, arrived in Southampton late in the afternoon, and an hour later had shipped as a saloon steward on the Cedric. We sailed the next morning. One of the first persons I saw in the kitchen was a French pastry cook I had known for many years in London. He at once took charge of me, and the captain's steward being sick, had me installed in this man's place. I held this position for the six months I was at sea. The life on board was in every way an excellent one for me. I had been getting soft morally and physically. I quit drinking and attended strictly to my duties. The captain's quarters, just aft of the bridge, were commodious, and it was a pleasure to keep them in order. The captain was old-fashioned and did not approve of mixing too much with his passengers. He dined in the main saloon only on Sundays and on the King's birthday, and the rest of the time I served his meals to him in his own cabin. He was a handsome old man, very fond of horse racing when ashore, and had many friends on the turf.

The night before we arrived in New York the captain had a Mr. —— to dinner, an American multimillionaire who had set up a racing stable; more, I had heard, as a piece of social advertising than for any other reason. He had dined often with us in London. "Sherry and bitters, Mr. ——," said I. He looked up and recognized me. When he left he tipped me and said he would like to see me in his cabin. It appeared he and his wife were just opening a big new house in New York, and would I come to him as butler. I was beginning to get restless at sea; the wages he offered were very high and I was glad to accept.

American houses both inside and out are far superior to European; domestic architecture and taste in interior decoration are on a far higher plane. But what most appealed to me were the new fixtures and conveniences—the electric heaters, irons, knife cleaners, ice-cream freezers and lights everywhere, even in the spacious closets. There was a phonograph in the servants' dining room and an independent telephone. I was like a child with a box of new toys.

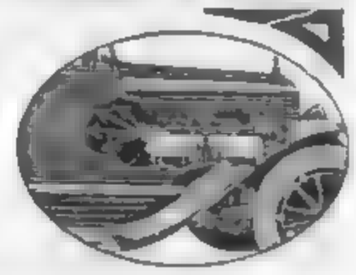
Ruling the Servants

A servant's life in Europe is one of hard manual labor. In my new surroundings I was better off than I had ever been in my life, and yet in a month or so I felt I would rather break rocks than stay where I was much longer. It was not the work, as I say, or the pay, which was high. But up to this time I had always been left alone to perform my duties. I had my own life to live, so to speak, and was left in peace. My new mistress did not know the meaning of the word. She did not realize that to have a house run smoothly all you have to do is to get good servants, show them at the outset that you know what is expected of them, and leave them to themselves. Good servants make themselves responsible for good results. My mistress knew nothing about housekeeping—how to set a table, store linen, make a salad, coffee, or even make a bed. Yet she thought she did, or rather had a lot of silly housekeeping notions. She was always buying new-fangled cake knives, or cups, or little platters, or ribbon with which to decorate the table. Before a large dinner she would roam around the house, talking disjointedly to me or to the chef, who was much less patient than I was and would tell her point-blank he would not lengthen the menu. "A good dinner," he explained, "there is only one kind. A few, a very few, special dishes, served fast and hot."

Both the lady of the house and her husband talked to the servants too much. I like to talk as much as any man, but I don't like to talk shop, especially when I'm busy. I knew my place and expected my employers to know theirs. Although I think they were a little afraid of me and my English ways, I could not make them see that simplicity was better bred, was smarter

THE FRANCISCO AUTO HEATER

For All Makes of Cars



WHEN your car is equipped with a FRANCISCO HEATER you will wonder why every motorist has not long ago availed himself of the luxury of riding in *cozy comfort—even on coldest winter days.* There is a FRANCISCO for every make and model of car—and all insure plenteous warmth, invigorating ventilation and added motor efficiency. The FRANCISCO'S ample heat puts a quick stop to numb hands and all the other discomforts of cold weather driving.

Heats

Heat pours forth from the register of the FRANCISCO *almost instantly* after the car is started—heat in such quantity that even a big touring car, equipped with curtains, is quickly warmed. You can instantly regulate this heat, shutting it off entirely or allowing only so much to enter as will keep you comfortable. The heater is never in the way and need not be removed in warm weather.

Ventilates

The FRANCISCO takes up fresh air back of the fan, warms it over the manifold and delivers it directly into the front of the car. No exhaust gases can enter the FRANCISCO HEATER. The warmth which it pours into your car is *clean, pure, fresh-air heat!* So positive is its circulation that the air in the car is changed completely every two or three minutes. *Ventilation is perfect; no stuffiness, no steaming or frosting of windshield.*

"Hot-Spots"

Because the FRANCISCO encloses both manifolds, it acts as a "hot-spot" and intake shield, improving carburetion and greatly increasing motor efficiency. This feature is covered by basic patents. No other heater can give the same results. Exhaustive tests made by Prof. Jacklin of the Mechanical Engineering Department of The Ohio State University have demonstrated that in continuous running under actual road conditions with a Ford sedan the FRANCISCO HEATER made possible *a decrease of 20% in gasoline consumption!*

THE FRANCISCO HEATER is quickly installed without changing the motor or interfering with its functions or servicing. Insist on the *genuine* FRANCISCO which *completely encloses both manifolds.* At your dealer's—or write direct to us.

THE FRANCISCO AUTO HEATER COMPANY

Dept. 26, Cleveland and Essex Avenues Columbus, Ohio

Francisco Canadian Auto Heater Co., Hamilton, Ont., Canada

C. E. Immel, 616 E. Pine St., Seattle, Washington

FRANCISCO HEATER installed on Dodge.

My Dealer's name is.

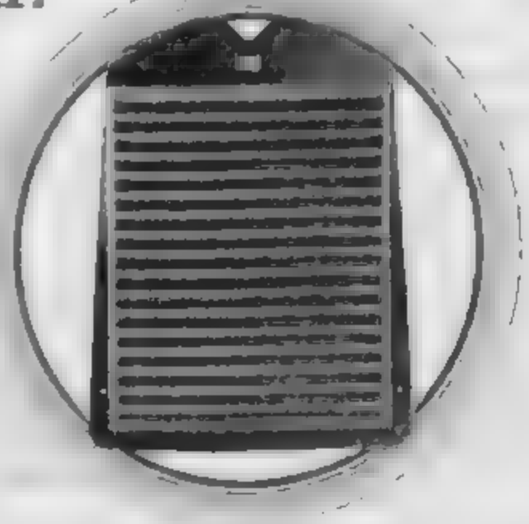
You may send me information about the FRANCISCO AUTO HEATER.

Name

Address

When Winter says "Go!"

and opens up the way for bitter cold / for snow and sleet you should put a Vernay Shutter on your car. It saves gas / prevents excessive carbon and oil dilution / Keeps your engine, your feet and you warm and happy. The Vernay is a good-looking shutter with rustless rattle-less brass bearings. Hand controlled from the dash / Ask your garageman to show you one for your car.



BUICK	$9.00
NASH	$9.00
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DODGE	$7.50
STAR	$7.50
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PRICES FROM $5.50 to $11.00

MADE BY
LAMINATED SHIM COMPANY, INC ~ Long Island City, N.Y.
Sold by car dealers, auto supply houses and garages

VERNAY SHUTTER ALL YEAR ROUND

than overelaboration. I am afraid they had a vague feeling they were not getting their money's worth.

One night, after Mrs. —— had come up to me for the twentieth time, fussing over the table arrangements, I made up my mind I had had enough of it. Not to put them to inconvenience in the middle of the season, I agreed to stay until the family left for Palm Beach. We parted good friends, in fact I think they were a little relieved; I have been told my manner to my superiors is at times a trifle overwhelming.

I took a room in a small hotel. I went to the theater a good deal and visited my friends. I made a practice of dining at some good restaurant every evening and I always dressed for dinner. I much preferred the Knickerbocker. There was one hotel in particular where the service, the food and the atmosphere were exceptional. On my second or third visit, the head waiter, seeing, as he supposed, a regular client, came up to my table. "I trust your dinner has been satisfactory, sir," said he.

"All of that," I replied; "and I ought to know," and I told him who I was. He was very much amused and interested, and after a short chat we made an appointment to go to a prize fight a few days later. Nowhere else in the world, by the way, can you get an evening of clean high-class fighting for so little money as you can in this country.

A week or so later my new friend had me appointed head waiter in a new hotel about to be opened by the same management. It is a step I have never regretted, and it is now five years since I took it. The work is harder, certainly, than in private service, but there is more time off that is all your own.

As the following conversation will show, I found other ways of adding to my income. "A lady wishes to speak to you, Mr. Wennyss, at table Number Five," said one of my men to me during supper. I presented myself at table Number Five and found a sister-in-law of my former mistress.

"Oh, Wennyss," she said, "I want you to take charge of closing the Fifty-fifth Street house. We are going abroad on the twelfth. Mr. —— will be in town most of the time, so we must keep the house looking nice. Can you come and see me tomorrow?"

The next morning she showed me which rooms were to be closed and which left open and left me to my own devices. I decided how many servants I would need and notified the lady's secretary, who paid off the rest. I never employ a caretaker to look after a house. There is less risk from theft or fire if a house is thoroughly locked up and wired and left empty.

Breaking Into the Movies

Then I went to buy material for slip covers and bags for the brocade curtains. I disapprove of taking curtains down and storing them away folded. They never hang properly again. The rugs were taken up; some sent to the cleaners and some stored. Muslin was hung in front of the books in the library; clothes aired and packed; silver sent to the safe-deposit vault, and so on. Altogether a week's work, for which I got a hundred dollars. In the autumn I opened the house again and I did this for four or five establishments.

Whenever a dinner or reception is too large for the regular staff of servants to handle, the hostess employs one or more extra menservants. I know only one house in New York where there are always enough servants to wait on a dinner of twenty-five or thirty people. I go out in this capacity quite often; sometimes assuming entire charge of the entertainment—ordering the menu, employing extra servants, and all such details. Many hostesses who cannot afford a regular butler have one in if they are giving a dinner of a certain size. During the summer I go down to Long Island or to Tuxedo over Sunday, whenever my patrons are giving a large house party.

Not long ago I had an unusual and profitable piece of work. A very well-known and fashionable lady had found it necessary to go into the interior-decorating business after the war. I had known her for many years; since I had been in service in London, in fact. When I heard of the change in her fortunes I took the liberty of suggesting to her that the management would esteem it a favor if she would use the restaurant whenever she wished, at a minimum or nominal charge.

The assistant manager gave me permission to make such an arrangement with a few selected patrons. In the case of this lady it had worked out very well, as she knew everybody. At lunch, one day, she sent for me.

"Oh, Wennyss," she said, "this is Mr. ——, the well-known director. He is making a picture, the action of which is an English country house, and he wants to be sure to get the liveries and details about the servants absolutely right. Can you go over to Long Island City for a few days and lend your expert help?" Of course I was delighted, and I found everybody in the studios perfectly willing to listen and not in the least temperamental. There was one thing they wouldn't do, however. Despite my piteous protests, they insisted on the flunkeys standing with their arms akimbo and their stomachs out, a position dear to the American stage, but something I have never seen in real life.

An Apartment-House Censor

I have been getting restless again and am on the lookout for a new position. A well-known architect, who is also an operator in real estate, has his office next door to us and lunches here every day. He has just completed a high-class bachelor apartment, small and select. I asked him the other day if the apartment was to have a restaurant, because if so, did he want a good steward to run it?

"I want a steward, Wennyss," he said, "but I want something more than that too. The apartment is exceptionally located and the rents are high. It looks like a large private house from the outside and we are trying to make it as private and exclusive as possible.

"We can't have a racket or scandal around the place. On the other hand, we must not police or spy on our tenants. They must be allowed to do anything they please. In other words, I don't give a darn what they do as long as they do it quietly and decently."

"I see, sir," said I; "though it seems a knotty problem."

"It is," he answered. "A good deal depends upon the agent—who he lets in and who he keeps out. I am only going to sign one-year leases to start with. If we don't like a man, he can't renew. I will put you in charge not only of the restaurant and the valeting, but I will expect you to keep in touch with the tenants and their servants. You know a gentleman when you see one, and how to get on with one. You can be of great help to me in making the place a success along the lines I have described. I am very glad you spoke to me. Come around to the office as soon as you get off, and I'll send someone up to the apartment with you. You might have a look at the kitchen and pantry and report what you think of them; and then get samples and ideas generally for the liveries."

The one great advantage of having a trade—of being a good servant or a good plumber—is that you are able to make a living anywhere, anytime. A twenty-five-thousand-dollar-a-year man has a good deal to worry about if he loses his job. Though a poor man, I have enjoyed some of the luxuries denied to the rich. I am really independent and have always had change and variety.

I read in the paper the other day that my young gentleman of the Foreign Office was slated for a position in Teheran. So after I get the new apartment running in good shape I may go to Persia.

No wonder Coral Gables is one of the world's favored winter resorts . . .

with 5 hotels, 102 apartment buildings, 2 country clubs

. . . and golf, tennis, swimming, boating, riding . . . every day

This is the Miami-Biltmore Hotel in Coral Gables. It is one of the most magnificent hotels in the world, representing a value of ten million dollars. It is the social and sport center of the entire Miami district.

The Miami-Biltmore Country Club has two of the finest 18-hole golf courses in the South. Another golf course, 10 tennis courts and 2 magnificent swimming pools are available to visitors as well as to residents.

CORAL GABLES is ready for its winter visitors with complete facilities for entertainment, for sport, and for the comfort and relaxation that our only American tropics offers during the winter. The many hotels and apartments meet all tastes and preferences. A wide range of rates and prices fits the limited as well as the unlimited income.

The rates for the Miami-Biltmore Hotel are low compared with other resort hotels of this type. They range from $8 to $14. Rates at the Hotel Casa Loma range from $5 to $7. . . . At the Hotel Antilla, $3 to $5. . . . At the Hotel San Sebastian, $2 to $5. . . . At the Hotel Cla-Reina, $1.50 to $6. . . . At the Coral Gables Inn, $1.50 to $4. All these rates are quoted for one person per day, European plan. Apartments range from $500 per month at the luxurious Venetia Apartments to $50 per month for more modest quarters. *The Chamber of Commerce of the City of Coral Gables directly controls all hotel prices and rates, and co-operates with visitors to the fullest extent.*

Coral Gables is within 40 hours by rail of three-fourths of the population of the United States. It may be quickly and easily reached by several steamship lines from New York and other Atlantic ports. It is within 12 hours' travel to Havana and 15 hours' to Nassau. Dept. S-3 of the Chamber of Commerce of the City of Coral Gables will, upon request, send you any information you may require about Coral Gables. Write for it today. Spend your winter where the American tropics is at its best.

This is the Venetian Pool, famous for its tropical beauty as well as for its size. It is one of many facilities for sport and pleasure that make life so enjoyable in Coral Gables.

This is the Venetia Apartments, one of the 102 completely finished apartment buildings in Coral Gables. Each is modern, substantial, beautifully designed and decorated.

Music, dancing and entertaining programs enliven the restaurants in the Coral Gables Golf and Country Club, the Miami-Biltmore Hotel, the Miami-Biltmore Country Club, the Hotel Antilla and the Hotel Casa Loma.

A Unit of Greater City of Coral Gables *Miami, Florida*

The new *Doubledeck Barbourwelt* with its double row of stitching gives an added style touch to this sturdy oxford.

When you buy winter weight shoes buy them *Barbourwelted*

A sturdy tan oxford for business wear, shape-insured and dampproofed with *Barbourwelt.*

A good boot for heavy weather with the extra protection of *Barbourwelt.*

Now that you've dug your heavy winter overcoat out of the closet, it's time to put your lightweight summer shoes away. Buy a pair of sturdier shoes, now, that are built to protect you against the uncertain underfoot conditions of winter weather.

As an additional assurance of enduring style and foot comfort, this winter, make sure your winter-weights are *Barbourwelted. Barbourwelt* does a double job in making good shoes better. Constant wetting of your shoes in winter lessens the resistance of the leather. Shoes lose their shape quicker. But the sturdy, upstanding solid-leather rib of *Barbourwelt,* hugged tight into the inseam of the shoe against the upper, resists the natural tendency of the leather to "spread" and spoil the trim style lines.

And by sealing the seam where dampness usually enters, *Barbourwelt* will save your feet a wetting on days when you're caught without rubbers.

Three hundred and eighty manufacturers make *Barbourwelted* shoes in all styles, lasts, and leathers. You can get them in most any shoe store. Have your shoe man show you the new *Doubledeck Barbourwelt* that has the added style touch of double-row stitching.

BARBOURWELT

BARBOUR WELTING COMPANY, BROCKTON, MASS.

Manufacturers of High Grade Goodyear Welting for over 30 years

THE GIRL FROM RECTOR'S

(Continued from Page 25)

lamb. The jury decided that it was cold-blooded murder, with extenuating circumstances, and the boarders marched out under their own colors. It may have been a queer verdict. But you can expect anything in a town where a culprit's lawyer once handed in a plea of justifiable bigamy.

I am citing this incident because landladies and chefs are up against the same problem of variation in menus. If Rector's had displayed no more ingenuity than this landlady, we would have been forced to close our doors in a week. We had four separate daily cards—luncheon, tea, dinner and after-theater supper. We were not open for breakfast. There was also a fifth card in booklet form. As this was a wine list, we may as well change the subject.

Our efforts to secure a variety in food meant that we had to remain in touch with the universe. No traveler ever took stranger journeys than the Rector market basket. It skidded over the snows in the Russian droshky, climbed the Andes, and bobbed on camels through the Sahara. Travel is educational, but it was saddening to learn that there are no Frankfurters in Frankfort. It was with three kinds of astonishment that we heard there was no chop suey in China. Chop suey is strictly an American idea of Mongolian cuisine.

All we imported from Hong-Kong and Shanghai were swallow's-nest soup, shark fins, pigeon eggs, rice wine and bamboo shoots. Many of our patrons developed a Chinese slant in food after attending the armistice dinner held to celebrate the end of the warfare between the two powerful tongs of Chinatown, New York. All the tong shootings and murders were within the jurisdiction of Judge Foster. His rulings were so impartial and fair that the tongs asked him to act as go-between during the peace conference. He smoothed out all Celestial bickerings and the tongs signed a Manchurian document that must never have been a peace treaty. I attended the dinner given in honor of Judge Foster by the hatchet and gun men at the Port Arthur restaurant. I don't know what I ate, but to this day I have a suspicion that I dined on a tiger's gizzard, a rhinoceros' ears and a mandarin's beard stuffed with marble dust. From that day to this I have never cared for Old Peking crab waffles or Canton-flannel éclairs.

When West Meets East

We must give great credit to the Chinese for their earnest, if not Christian, endeavors to secure a varied menu. The small fins of sharks are really delicious if prepared properly. I could supply you with the recipe, but will not, as I think that a bride should stick to her biscuits. Crow's-nest chowder is strictly an Oriental dish and does not live in captivity. I also have the recipe for that, but have been requested by the War Department to keep it a secret. Dragon whiskers in rice-wine sauce is another beautiful dish, but I think that most people would order me to bring on the wine sauce and to bob the whiskers. Humming-bird kidneys with shattered sardines taste very well, and so do green beetles and powdered elephant tusks.

They were all served at Judge Foster's dinner. I attended as a guest and was perfectly satisfied to leave the same way. I expected the hatchet men to revert to their trade at any minute. Vincent Astor also was a guest who did not choose up sides. The dinner was so long ago that I do not recollect the names of the diners, but there were a number of high police officials present. A few minutes after the dinner Judge Foster and I had the pleasure of meeting in a lunch wagon. We dined heartily. I still have a set of inlaid chop sticks which have never been used. No reasonable bid refused.

The patrons of Rector's who dined on shark fins and bamboo shoots were men who were pioneers in Chinese trade and whose calling compelled them to live in the Far East six months of the year. Although there is great variety in the cuisine of the Far East, the Near West is good enough for me. There are many things served in restaurants that the cook is too smart to eat.

We did plunder one Eastern country of its richness, and that land was India. It was from India that we got the famous curries and chutneys. We are indebted to India for curries of chicken, lamb, lobster, sweetbread and shrimp. Here is the recipe for a famous sauce which garnished curry of chicken à la Rector:

Chop three medium-sized onions and brown in a quarter of a pound of butter. When brown, add a quarter of a pound of chopped cooked ham, a scant half teaspoonful of celery salt, about two dozen whole black peppercorns, several cloves and a large pinch of thyme. Cook for about ten minutes and add a quarter of a teaspoonful of salt and two tablespoonfuls of curry powder. Mix thoroughly and add one quart of stock. Cook about twenty minutes. Now take two egg yolks beaten lightly with half a pint of sweet cream and add to curry sauce. Mix well, but do not allow to boil again. Now strain through a fine sieve and add two tablespoonfuls of fresh grated coconut. Then add cooked chicken cut up in pieces about an inch in size and a quarter of an inch thick.

Plain boiled rice and chutney are always served with a curried dish.

Serve the rice separately and allow guests to mix rice in with curry to suit themselves.

Jewels From Russia

The same sauce is used also in all curries of lobster, lamb, sweetbreads or shrimp. I have taken the presumption of writing it here, although I have no doubt that most housewives already know it. The Bengal chutney is strictly a native Indian dish, as it is a peculiarity of tropical citizens to love hot condiments and peppery foods. The chile con carne of Mexico is plenty of proof of this weakness—or it may be a strength. I suspect that even inhabitants of temperate zones have a fondness for hot dishes. In fact, I became convinced of this after once having served an irritable New Englander with a tureen of cold clam chowder. He arrived in the kitchen only a belligerent jump behind the waiter.

We raided Russia for its most important dainty, beluga caviar, which is taken from its original owner, the large sturgeon. The sturgeon is trapped alive and then confined in a small tank. As the fish is always caught when it is on its way upstream to spawn, it is held in pawn until the eggs grow larger. Then the sturgeon roe is removed by an expert and the eggs are salted. The caviar is very perishable and must be kept packed in ice.

Berlin was the caviar market in the old days and may still hold its scepter. It shipped its caviar all over the world. The pure-food laws allow packers to use only benzoate of soda as a preservative of foods, and then only to the extent of a hundredth of one per cent. We were up against a problem in the old days, as benzoate of soda was apt to sour the delicate caviar on its way to market. We fought for years to induce Doctor Wiley to permit us to substitute boracic acid for benzoate of soda, but the good doctor always withheld his official permission.

I have always thought the doctor was wrong in this one case, as in my judgment boracic acid is much less harmful than the benzoate. Beluga caviar is the brightest of the crown jewels of Russia, and seems to be the only one that has not been taken out of circulation by the Bolshevists.

Another famous Russian institution is borsch, which is not a cathedral, castle or native dance, but a soup. Borsch is to Russia what clam chowder is to New England. Everybody eats it, and those who don't eat it rub it into their hair. It fed hundreds of millions of Russians during the last few years of famine. There are different grades of borsch. The poorest kind

Be thankful that your pipe was not a Pilgrim...

PRITHEE ponder upon the plaintive plight of poor Pilgrim Pipe... His life was one of bitterness and woe—a quagmire of quandary. He fared miserably. Poor Puritan!

They even punished him for being possessed of a devil... when the devil of the whole works was the fact that they filled him full of raw tobacco bartered from the indigent Indian... *Yea*, thank your lucky stars you never knew such trials and tribulations.

Imagine: the Pilgrim Pipe never knew the fragrant mellowness of good Granger Rough Cut... Never tasted the spicy richness of nut-brown old Burley, mellowed Wellman's way. Never puffed a pipeful of cool, sweet, *rough-cut* tobacco...

Here's something else to be thankful for: Compare the price the Pilgrim paid for his woeful weed—sometimes it cost him his life—with the trivial outlay we lay out for good Granger Rough Cut. We should celebrate 365 *thanks-giving days* every year ... for the rest of our lives!

GRANGER
Rough Cut

The half-pound vacuum tin is forty-five cents, the foil-pouch package is ten cents

Made for pipes only!

Granger Rough Cut is made by the Liggett & Myers Tobacco Company

EVERY BUSY MAN *Will Appreciate This*

NEXT to actually "breaking in" new shoes a man hates to go shopping for them. He thinks it's a bore, a nuisance—a waste of time! It is. But for thousands of men buying shoes has become mighty simple. They call up the store and say, "Send me over another pair of GROUND GRIPPERS—you know the kind I'm wearing."

And without fuss or delay these world-famous health shoes are delivered to him. He wears GROUND GRIPPERS because their flexible arch, straight-inner-line and exclusive rotor heel keep his feet ignorant of corns, bunions and a host of other foot agonies. He wears them because they invigorate him *from the ground up!* He wears them—and his wife and children wear them—because they combine comfort and trim, graceful style!

Get yours today.

If a Ground Gripper Store is not conveniently accessible, write to the factory direct.

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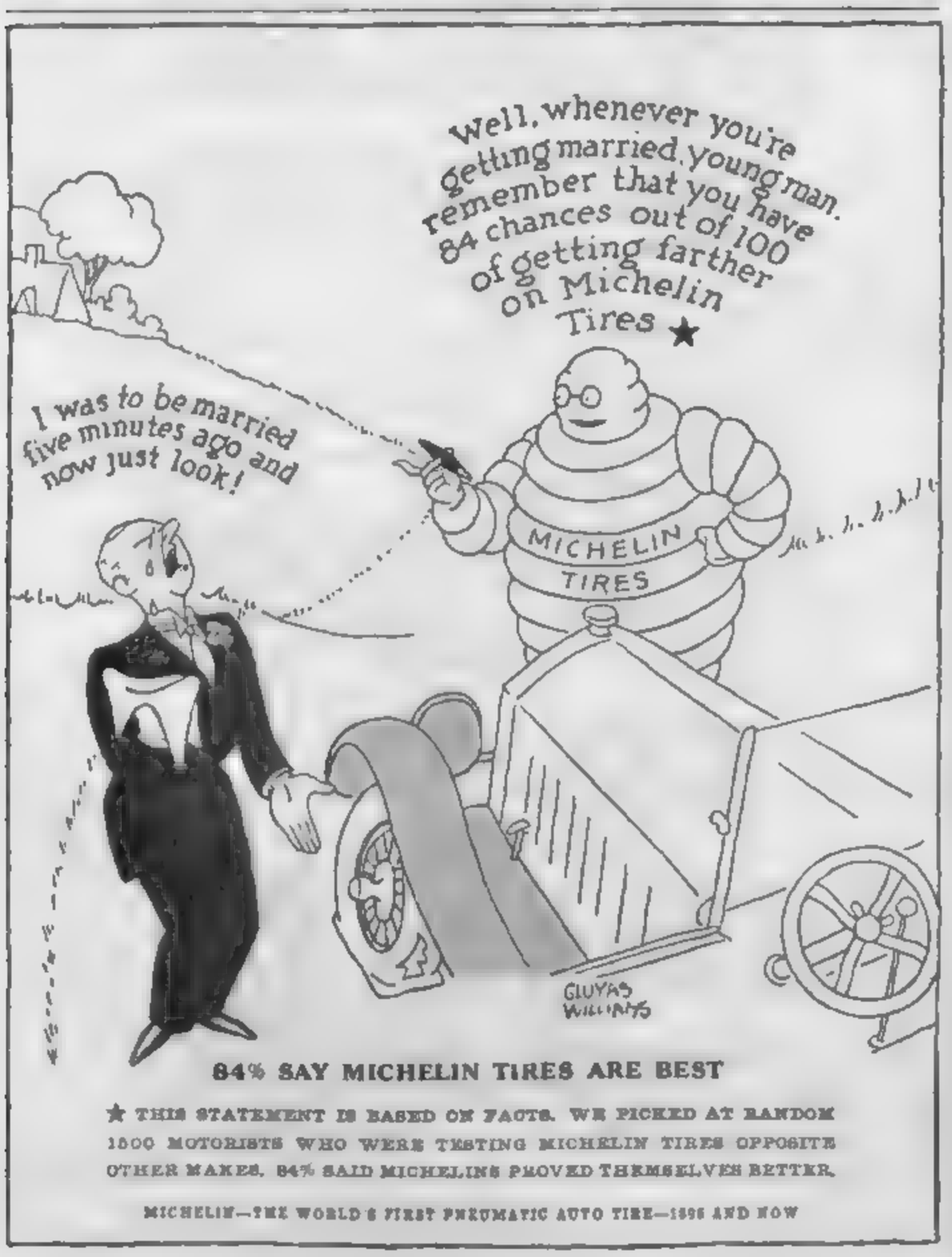
Send for a free copy of our book "What You Should Know About Your Feet." It will tell you a lot about health, happiness and poise.

4 HOUR FEET Can Stand the Gaff of an 8 Hour Day

Ground Gripper SHOES *The Most Comfortable Shoe In The World*

For Men Women and Children


Well, whenever you're getting married, young man, remember that you have 84 chances out of 100 of getting farther on Michelin Tires ★
I was to be married five minutes ago and now just look!
MICHELIN TIRES
GLUYAS WILLIAMS

84% SAY MICHELIN TIRES ARE BEST

★ THIS STATEMENT IS BASED ON FACTS. WE PICKED AT RANDOM 1500 MOTORISTS WHO WERE TESTING MICHELIN TIRES OPPOSITE OTHER MAKES. 84% SAID MICHELINS PROVED THEMSELVES BETTER.

MICHELIN—THE WORLD'S FIRST PNEUMATIC AUTO TIRE—1895 AND NOW

made by the peasants is brewed from red beets and water with beef stock added. Aristocratic borsch, as served in Rector's for many years, is distilled thus:

Prepare for roasting two Long Island ducks. Place in very hot oven and allow to brown, not to cook. Remove the ducks from the oven and put them in a large pot containing water. The water should be cold. Boil slowly for five or six hours. Take the ducks out of the pot. What remains in the pot is the consommé of the fowl. Into this consommé grate a dozen fair sized cooked beets. Strain the consommé through a very fine sieve. Clarify the consommé by the use of the white of an egg. It should be a deep-purple color. It is served piping hot to each guest, along with a small pitcher of sour cream. As the soup is served the guest drops the sour cream in the dish.

This is the national soup of Russia.

At first we used to import Spanish and Portuguese sardines, but later on we changed to those that come from the northern waters of France. Sardines grow harder and firmer in the cooler waters of the Atlantic. As a matter of fact, France supplied us with most of our rare and intricate table delicacies. I have already mentioned truffles, mushrooms, *pâté de foie gras* and Burgundy snails.

There was another novelty which attracted much attention some years ago. This was a monstrous apple. The French farmer would strip his tree of all apples except a dozen. All the force and growth of the tree went into these dozen apples instead of being diffused among a thousand. Photographic negatives of Washington, Lincoln and Roosevelt were placed on the apples while they were still green. The sun would do the developing of the negatives during the summer and the result would be apples bearing pictures of these famous Americans. We served them on national holidays, much to our patrons' astonishment.

All our cheeses were imported from France with the exception of Limburger, and New York cheeses from Herkimer County. We tried one experiment with Persian cheese made from goat's milk. It was fortunate for us that we opened the cheese in the cellar. The rich goaty perfume automatically rang seventeen fire-alarm gongs and our kitchen crew stampeded upstairs to the street. In all my career, spent in inhaling the odors of frying and stewing, I had never had that experience. Persian goat cheese is the ancestor of all odors. We immediately withdrew our ambassador from Persia and severed diplomatic food relations. We had a foreign representative who did nothing but travel through Europe in search of queer things to eat. He was advised by cable to stay out of Asia.

To be Served on Blotters

We went far afield when we imported the African peach from Algiers. This peach arrived around January, at a time when the Delaware and Georgia fruit was well out of season. It was a magnificent peach, golden and luscious. We served it in a cone-shaped glass about a foot high. The peach was peeled and then dropped into the glass. It was then drowned in a pint of champagne. The diner would then drink the champagne and the glass would be refilled. Each peach would stand three pints of champagne before it was eaten. The glass was about six inches wide at the top, and I assure you that it was a very pleasant channel to swim. It was also very costly, as each peach would average around ten dollars when complete with champagne and other accessories.

Champagne seemed to be the fitting bath for all food in those days. We had one guest who always insisted on having his ham cooked in champagne sauce. He had a friend who claimed that champagne sauce did not flavor the ham in the least. He said that he could cook a ham in ink and that it would taste just as well as one stewed in champagne. After much argument the experiment was finally tried out in a famous buffet in Washington. I might state that one of the contestants was formerly postmaster-general of the United States. The other was an excongressman. The champagne was easy to procure at that time, but all the stationery and drug stores of the District of Columbia were stripped of their bottles of ink. Finally enough ink was procured to fill a tin bucket. Another pail was filled with champagne and a whole ham was dropped in each. They were placed on a hot stove and simmered side by side for hours. The aroma of hot, evaporating ink permeated the city for miles around. The champagne threw off a dignified, spicy bouquet which caused lawmakers on Capitol Hill to sniff the air in prewar suspicion, and mules in the far Virginia hills slanted their ears to the north and pulled their wagons with new vigor. At the end of the day it was found that the ink dried so rapidly that it cost more than the champagne. When the experiment was concluded the contest was called a draw. The inky ham tasted just as well as its more stylish brother.

Economical Extravagance

We will explain the joker in the deck. The man who bet on the inky ham knew that the fat of a pig protects the meat from all outside poisons. We know that the bite of a rattlesnake has no more effect on a Kentucky razorback than the bite of a hoss fly has on a locomotive. The hog lets the snake get tired of biting and then proceeds to stamp it into the ground at leisure. I tasted both the ink and the champagne ham, and there was no difference. I might state that the frequent rounds of glasses which passed while the experiment was going on were not filled with ink. They did contain a writing fluid that makes you write home and state that you will not be home that night.

There was a ham from Spain which was in demand. This is the ham of the wild boar of the Iberian Peninsula. It was carved in thin, transparent slices and was served on breast of guinea hen. But there was a greater demand for Virginia ham served with risotto of rice. I might warn you that if you care to experiment on ham cooked in ink, make certain that you use a whole ham protected by its inch of fat. Sliced ham would speedily absorb all the ink and you might as well try to chew a busy bookkeeper's pen wiper.

Another far land which supplied Rector's with unusual dishes was Egypt. The Egyptian quail and partridge had considerable vogue for a while. But they could not be compared with American quail in anything except price. We had to bring them over from the Nile in cold storage, with the result that they lost their flavor, if they ever had any. Some of our patrons insisted on Egyptian quail in a loud, expensive voice, but they were the type of men who love to display their wealth and power by dragging their mustaches through the most costly of soup.

In fact, like Sherry's and Delmonico's, the Rector menu was based more on the vanity than the palate of our diners. There was one lady who ordered strawberries in January. These strawberries came from Southern Europe and cost fifty cents each. She would nibble one berry and then order the rest sent back to the ice box. As she held the fruit aloft on a fork she looked all around the room to make sure that everybody saw her. She ate there every night, and one box of berries would last her for a month. It was a rare case of combining economy with extravagance. She didn't care any more for hothouse berries than a leopard cares to chew a wet whisk broom. She ordered them just to make her neighbors jealous.

Whenever we heard a man ordering Egyptian quail in a broadcasting voice we could generally tell that he was a salesman trying to make an impression on his out-of-town buyers. Although we served English pheasant, it could not be compared with the grouse from the Adirondacks. Nevertheless, the English bird outsold its American cousin two to one. There was a snobbishness in those days which demanded

(Continued on Page 197)

A Gorgeous Christmas Package that Every Woman Wants

Fill her kitchen with Aluminex and make it smile all over . . . .

A splendid big package of Aluminex —the wonderful new aluminum ware that all the women are talking about.

Every piece of Aluminex is as beautifully designed, as highly polished —*inside as well as out*—as fine silver.

Rid her kitchen of all the old, battered, unhandy relics, and replace them with the gleaming beauty, the smart, clean-cut efficiency of Aluminex.

No selection necessary. The Christmas Package is complete, and every piece in it is something she needs and will be delighted with.

Go to any good hardware, house furnishings or department store and ask for the Aluminex Christmas Package.

Or send us your dealer's name and $22.50 (money order or draft) and we will ship direct to you, express prepaid in U. S. A.

THE BUCKEYE ALUMINUM COMPANY
Wooster, Ohio

Makers of fine aluminum ware for more than a quarter of a century

Smile into it . . . if it smiles back it's ALUMINEX

This Package Contains

Double Boiler (2 qts.)
California Covered Sauce Pan (2 qts.)
Covered Sauce Pan (3 qts.)
6 Quart Covered Kettle
Deep Pie Plate
Double Lipped Fry Pan

ALUMINEX ★

The aluminum ware with the smooth inside finish

★ Note: Aluminex is a new, exclusive, different, cast aluminum ware, not to be confused with the cheap, thin, sheet aluminum ware in modern kitchens.

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knit jackets & vests *for* men & boys

For comfort, good looks, health and economy

THIS season be comfortable in "travelo," the aristocrat of knitwear! Enjoy its soft, luxurious warmth, do away with chilliness and colds, cut down your doctor's bills and let this durable, sensible, practical knit jacket take the wear that would destroy your suits!

You'll be proud to be seen in your "travelo." Its rich colors and handsome Scotch heathers are supremely becoming; its outstanding style, quality and finish are apparent to all. Wear it either under a coat or without a coat. Its original freshness may be restored by washing, without harm to the jacket.

The store you like best can probably show you "travelo" knit jackets and vests in a wide variety of good looking styles, colors and heathers. Stop in there today. Try on a "travelo." Get acquainted with the famous knit jackets over a million other men and boys wear!

also makers of "travelo" *Swim Suits* for all the family

PECKHAM-FOREMAN, INC., 1909-1915 Park Avenue, New York

THEY HOLD THEIR SHAPE

Lido

Knit Jackets

for men and boys. Priced a little lower than even the modest cost of "travelo" and offering incomparable value for the money.

(Continued from Page 194)

a foreign label on its packages. I think that we have outgrown that now, as we realize that home industries and products are not only better but cheaper. With Florida and California growing practically every known fruit, the only things we are forced to import from the Old World are red noses and Egyptian mummies.

Even alligator pears, guava jelly and other tropical foods are now raised in Florida, while we formerly were forced to buy them in the West Indies and South America. Bamboo also is raised in that state. It wasn't so long ago that all bamboo shoots were exclusively Chinese property. I don't know just exactly whether the Floridian shoot is eating bamboo or not, although I guess that bamboo is bamboo when it isn't a chair leg or something else.

California invaded foreign rights when it started to produce the artichoke and the endive. Twenty years ago France had the full monopoly on both these salads. We were absolutely dependent on the incoming French liners for most of our fancy vegetables and greens. The best melon we could get in those days was the Canadian, eight or ten inches in diameter. This has been supplanted by the delicious native honeydew melon and the Casaba. And so far as meats were concerned, American beef always did lead the world. As there are exceptions to rules, I must admit that Southdown mutton from the Sussex district of England was of the finest.

It would have been possible for us to roll along very nicely without a single importation of European delicacies, but, as I have stated, we utilized foreign dishes as bait for the vanity of the snobs—and they bit fast and often. Of course there were many people who had grown accustomed to these things abroad, but they were generally the men who gave the big dinner parties. They demanded everything just so. With the others we did not have to be careful. Everything could be so-so.

I remember one dinner given by Andrew Freedman, builder of Subways and then owner of the New York Giants. This dinner was given to celebrate the opening of the first Subway on Manhattan Island. The guests were men who were closely connected with the financing of the project and also the engineers who designed the sub. One hundred celebrants sat at a long table laid out to represent the entire Subway line. Little toy trains ran along the tracks, carrying the guests' food and drink. There was a guest at each station and his signal lamp was a bottle of champagne. The trains were perfect mechanical models and a live third rail ran down the center of the banquet board. A little dinner like this cost only around ten thousand dollars.

A Good System Gone Wrong

The heaviest dinner check ever picked up was gathered in by Reggie Vanderbilt, who celebrated his coming of age with a stag party. Among the guests were Monte and Larry Waterbury, famous poloists, Foxhall Keene, Eddie and Billie von der Koch, Malcolm and Louis Livingston. All the diners were drawn together by their common love of ponies and four-in-hand driving. They were the finest amateur whips in the world.

There have been many rumors about the closing of Canfield's, but the money lost there by a young millionaire was the real cause. His parents got busy when they heard of it and brought tremendous pressure down on Mr. Canfield.

The raid on Canfield's was under the personal direction of William Travers Jerome, famous district attorney who conducted the Thaw case. He decided to make it a day's work while he was about it, and made a tour of Honest John Kelly's, Davy Johnson's, Daly's, Westcott's and about twenty others. From that night to this day there has not been a roulette wheel in New York City. Jerome went on record by saying that no roulette wheel was on the level, and he was almost right. Jerome was going so strong in those days that they called him the pocket edition of Roosevelt. He drove them all out, big and little.

I have played roulette at Monte Carlo, Biarritz and Trouville. I had a splendid system if it hadn't been for the fact that I always lost. The system was given to me by one of my college professors, who worked it out on a wheel, but it must have been a cart wheel. He perfected it in the seclusion of his study and assured me that it was unbeatable. The Monte Carlo croupiers may have been uneducated, but their reach was longer than mine. The wheels may have been crooked, but we all know the story about the old-timer who spent his time and money in playing roulette in a Denver gambling palace. One of his friends told him that the wheel was crooked. He retorted sadly, "I know it. But it's the only wheel in town."

The Horsey Dinner

Getting back to the dinners, I think the smartest one was given by C. K. G. Billings, owner of the illustrious trotter, Lou Dillon. The dinner was held at Sherry's and the guests were all on horseback. The ladies rode sidesaddle and the gentlemen cross-saddle. The tables were seven feet high and, of course, there were no chairs. The waiters were on foot. The problem of getting the horses in was almost as difficult as getting the guests out. Although the stunt got immense publicity, I suspect that it was a very uncomfortable dinner, as the steeds developed a natural appetite for celery, ignored the soup and meat, but insisted on sharing the salads with the ladies and gentlemen. The nags must have been terribly disappointed when dessert consisted of orange sherbet instead of baled hay. However, they got some good bites in on the lump sugar. Anytime I invite a mounted cop to dinner at my house, I insist on him parking his horse outside in the vestibule.

Then there was the fishermen's dinner given by Jerome Siegel. Among the guests equipped with rod and reel were Lillian Russell, Valeska Suratt, Nora Bayes, Lord Fitzgerald and his cronies, Tommy Lipton and Lord Dewar, Nat Goodwin, Wilton Lackaye, most of the Shuberts, and about every famous theatrical name that used incandescent lights for ink. The table was a hollow square, with the tank in the center. Live trout sparkled and speckled in the tank and everybody was forced to catch his or her own dinner.

It was a question whether the theatrical or the horse clique was the gayest in Broadway night life. The polo bunch always put on an extra sprint during Horse Show Week, and I guess they earned the honors of the year. There was never any seven days like Horse Show Week in New York. Remember that I am speaking of the days when it was no disgrace to be run over by a horse and wagon and when there was always plenty of parking space for bicycles. A dollar went farther in those days even if the headache did not last as long. The week was one long whirl of dinners and entertainments.

Madison Square Garden was decorated at enormous expense and society flocked there from all over the country.

Some of the exhibitors were Judge Moore, Frank Gould, Harry Payne Whitney, George Watson and our old friend Foxhall Keene, who rode his own jumpers.

It taxed our ingenuity to supply novelties in food during Horse Show Week, and I guess Sherry's and Delmonico's were in the same fix. But I imagine we managed to strike a fairly good average for good food and wines. We figured that the honor of the establishment was at stake with every meal served. There was only one dinner in which we fell into a slump. That was the dinner given by members of the Lambs Club to Harry Woodruff, the star of Brown of Harvard. The guests numbered forty-four. Woodruff was a fine-looking man and was at one time rumored to be engaged to Anna Gould.

"Boy! Oh Boy! Wait Till They Drop!

"Maybe we won't do a thing to that box of Spratt's! The only biscuit we'll leave will be the one on the *outside* of the box!"

A box of Spratt's is just about as tempting to a healthy pup as the jam jar on the shelf to a normal small boy! Dogs *instinctively* like SPRATT'S—like it much better than the left-overs from the dinner table. It is only natural that they should, because Spratt's formula is based on more than fifty years' study of the requirements of the dog constitution.

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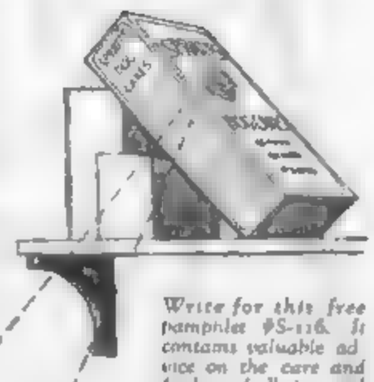

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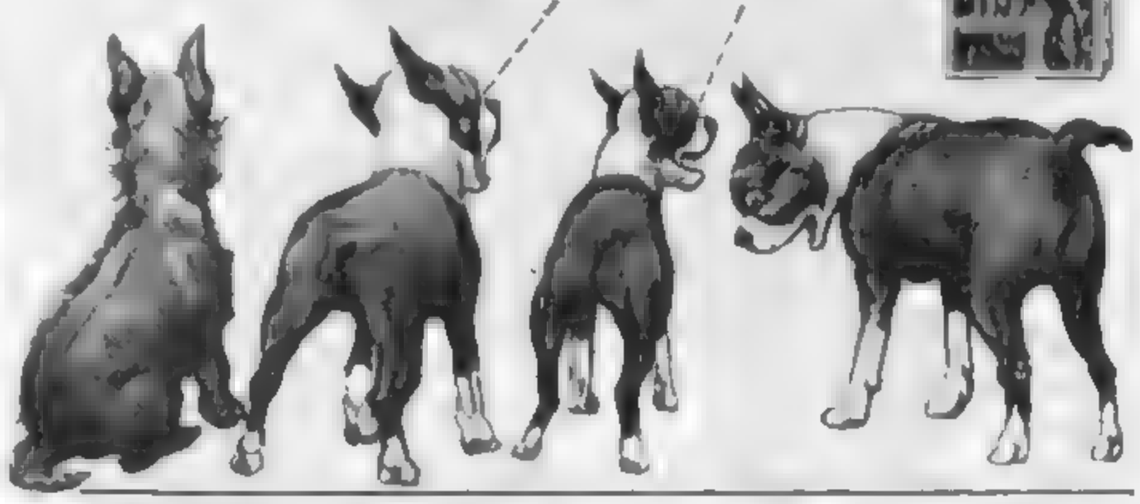

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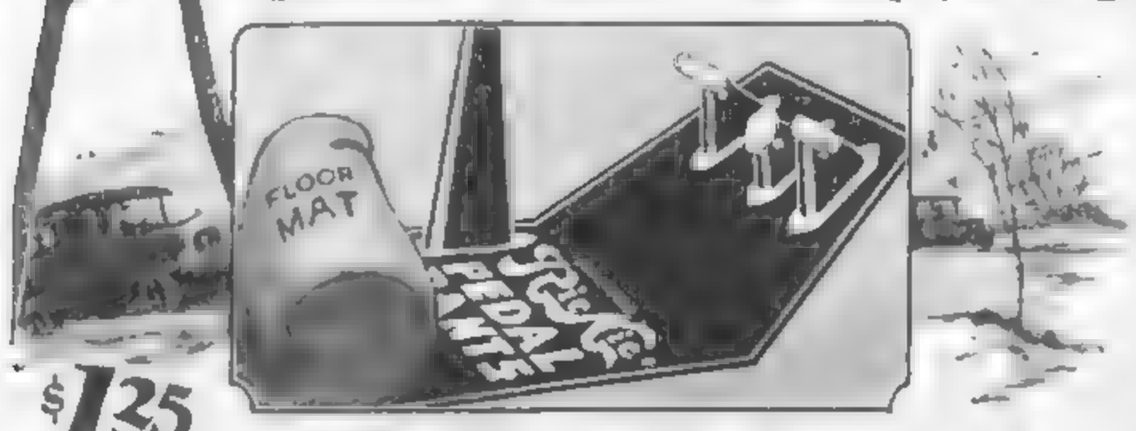

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Ask your dealer for Rie Nie Pedal Pants today! He can get them for you. Or mail the coupon with money direct to us, specifying make and year of car. $1.25 for Ford Cars; $1.50 for the following: Chevrolet, Star, Overland 4, Overland 6, Whippet, Pontiac, Oakland, Dodge.

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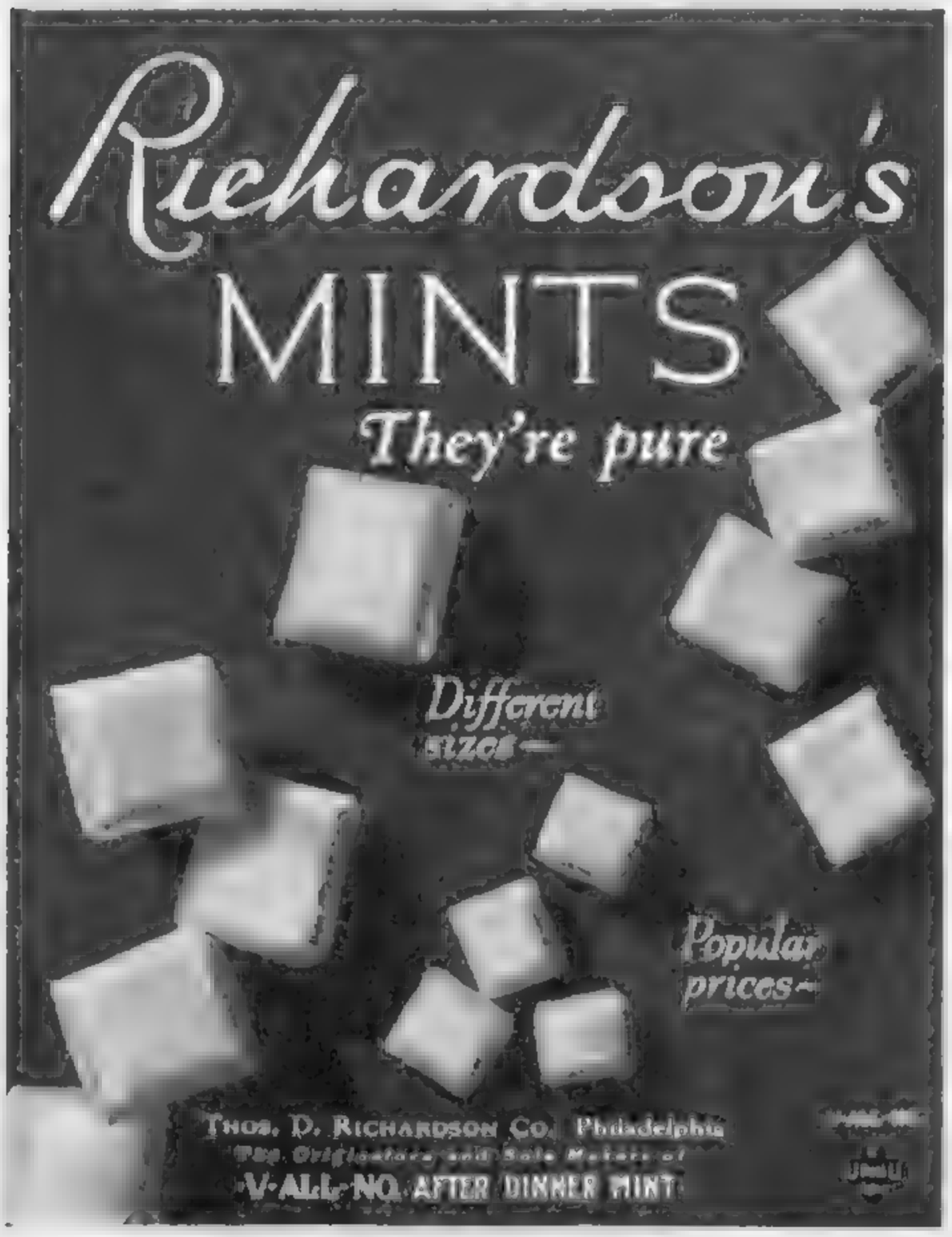


I remember the food served at Woodruff's dinner because we received special written instructions from the Lambs present. At that time Rector's was known as the Lambs Annex. The Lambs who had been suspended from their club for a week or a month always joined Rector's. There were some days when our membership was larger than the parent club.

We got so that we used to suspend the members ourselves. A famous comedian was a member of Rector's for one year hand running. He had been suspended from the Lambs for that period for sweeping the glassware off the bar with a very fine Malacca cane. He crashed a magnificent array of cut glass to the floor with one dignified sweep. After his suspension was up he went back to the club and met a friend at the bar. His friend asked him where he had been

The actor replied, "I was suspended for a year."

The friend asked, "What for?"

"This." And with the remark, the comedian swung the same fine Malacca cane over the bar and again splintered a beautiful collection of glasses on the floor. He renewed his membership in Rector's for another season.

Lone-Wolf Eccentricities

It is usual to start a well-ordered dinner by first serving *canapés* of caviar and anchovies. This being the case, we omitted them altogether at the Woodruff dinner and served nothing. The next course was soup, which was served cold. The oysters were warm. So was the celery, and the olives were red-hot. The fish was frozen stiff and impossible to bite, much less eat. The meat was served all right, but when a guest tried to salt or pepper it, the tops came off the shakers and the meat was deluged with Cayenne pepper and salt. The salad consisted of old banana skins and rubber bands. The coffee was served in tin cups and the cigars were the finest stumps we could find in an exclusive neighborhood. The ice cream was stuffed with absorbent cotton. If any guest asked for a serviette the waiter would bring in a piece of a burlap bag.

This remarkable dinner was almost equaled by an eccentric character who actually ate all his dinners backward, starting with coffee and reversing through the entire menu, finally winding up with oysters. He always dined alone and never varied his culinary routine. I used to get seasick watching him eat.

Another lone diner was a South American who ordered a double carafe of beer and four portions of ice cream. To my amazement, he dropped the ice cream into the beer and then drank the mixture. A queer diet for a lone wolf.

We had many solitary guests who strode in night after night, sat at a table and brooded amidst the laughter and conversation. It would be an accurate guess to judge them to be men with domestic or financial troubles or lawyers figuring out intricate problems.

There was one lonely patron who stuck out like a pump handle on a farm. You could spot him farther than a shipwrecked sailor can see a lighthouse. He wore three kinds of full dress. One was a vivid blue, one was red and the third was grayish green.

He came into Rector's for years and had what we might call the right of way. That is, none of the boisterous regulars ever insulted him or called attention to his garb. Nobody ever knew who he was, although a cabby informed us that the mysterious blue-red-and-green stranger lived at the Plaza Hotel, which was as costly as it was exclusive. No man or woman ever dined with the tricolored hermit. A full-dress suit is terrible enough without being forced to see one in bright red.

I have already mentioned Dan Daly, who dined alone on snails and champagne. But he had a reason, for he was a very sick man. Every organization or club has its member who doesn't fraternize and insists on spending his nights sunk to his hubs in the deepest and best morris chair. Such a man always casts a chill over me. It is best illustrated in a theater. Drop one single grouch in a row of happy people and he will envelop them all in gloom. Try it yourself some time. You will be able to freeze an entire row in the audience

I may be wrong about this. But it was my business to see that everybody in our establishment was happy. Therefore a frowning face was a challenge to me. Possibly all the other diners were too busy to notice one exception.

There was another single guest who always came in alone and always left alone. He was the jolly man about town who knew everybody in the place, and before the evening was over he would have made the rounds of the tables, nibbled at many a chafing dish and sampled numerous free drinks. He enjoyed himself immensely, was a good story-teller and never allowed the fun to simmer down. But when the check arrived he was on his way to another group of friends at another table. He would flirt gently with the ladies at a table, but never openly enough to risk a quarrel. The queer thing about this type is that he was always welcome in spite of the fact that he was looking out of the window when the waiter arrived with the total of bad news The waiters were wise to him and never bothered him with the bill. However, he added to the gayety of nations like a paper hat at a birthday party.

It takes one of every kind to make a world, but it's worse when they're twins. The man who runs an omnibus must expect to carry all kinds of passengers just so long as somebody pays the fare. Green full dress, men about tables and individuals who ate their dinner backward must fit into the scheme of things somewhere. We couldn't tell just what eccentricities our patrons would develop after being seated at the table, and didn't care much, provided they paid the check and left without a declaration of war.

A Water-Marked Check

Sometimes, after a man had dined heartily, we were confronted with the problem of collecting the price of the meal. Very often he might have left his pocketbook at home on the usual convenient piano. If we knew him we would take his personal check. If he couldn't identify himself and seemed sincere, there was nothing to do but show him the door in a courteous manner. If we thought he was trying to defraud us we might threaten him with arrest. But we never accepted a stranger's check after a sad experience with one drawn on the Bank of Lake Erie. That bank must have been in the lake. All restaurants must charge this loss up to experience. Some people make a practice of defrauding restaurants in this manner, but have never met with much success in an automat.

We had at least five hundred charge accounts for years, with practically no loss. Each one of the five hundred was entitled to sign his dinner tabs, which meant we always had a considerable sum out on speculation. This system may seem as loose as a shirt on a shad, but the only time we lost an account was when a tab signer had met with financial reverses in business. The restaurant proprietor of today has a decided edge on the old-timers. Now it is possible to attach a patron's motor car and secure the money. In those times all we could attach was a bicycle

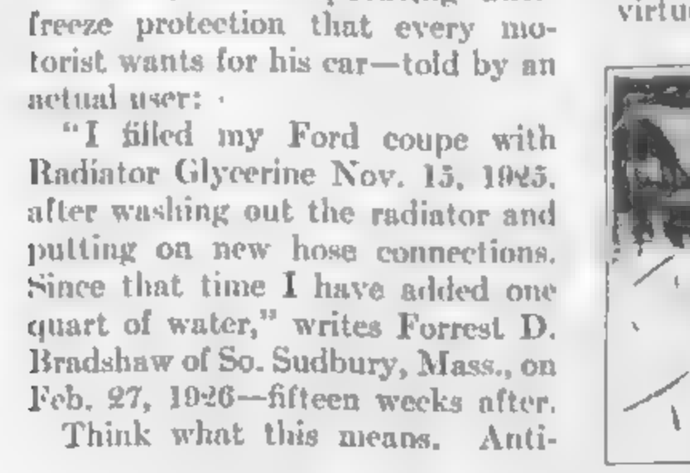
You must take risks in all businesses and bad checks are included in the hazards. However, the paper hanger who follows this precarious means of livelihood generally has a career shorter than Tom Thumb's bed. He is soon getting his consommé strained through iron bars, which operation doesn't improve the soup or his chances of escape.

Editor's Note—This is the sixth of a series of articles by Mr. Rector. The next will appear in an early issue.

The anti-freeze that won't evaporate

One of the remarkable properties of

RADIATOR-
Glycerine
ANTI-FREEZE SOLUTION



It's an easy job to make your car glycerine-tight. The instructions below tell how and the chart on the left shows how. This chart is reprinted by permission from "Automotive Construction and Operation" by Wright & Smith, published by John Wiley & Sons, Inc.

Just a quart of water in 15 weeks—

because his cooling system was glycerine-tight . . . .

HERE is the story of the dependable, non-evaporating anti-freeze protection that every motorist wants for his car—told by an actual user:

"I filled my Ford coupe with Radiator Glycerine Nov. 15, 1925, after washing out the radiator and putting on new hose connections. Since that time I have added one quart of water," writes Forrest D. Bradshaw of So. Sudbury, Mass., on Feb. 27, 1926—fifteen weeks after.

Think what this means. Anti-freeze protection that won't steam out on a warm day—dependable because glycerine won't evaporate. No fuss and bother of constantly replacing the solution. Absolute certainty of protection at all times as long as the cooling system is tight—for only by leakage or overflow can glycerine escape (see instructions below).

Even before the Bureau of Standards of the U. S. Department of Commerce pointed out the many virtues of Radiator Glycerine for protecting motor cars from freezing, automotive experts had used it in their own cars and recommended it in instruction books.

It is absolutely safe for the car, as it will not attack the metal or eat the rubber hose connections of the cooling system. If spilled on metal or lacquer finishes, it can be wiped off without damage.

You will find, too, that it makes the motor run better, for its high boiling point permits higher and more efficient operating temperatures. As it won't evaporate, Radiator Glycerine is economical. Be careful not to waste it through leakage and it should last indefinitely.

Mr. Bradshaw adds: "During the recent storm my car was in a drift for three days, the radiator was exposed to a sweep of wind during that time, and when I started the engine, I am glad to say it was not frozen. I have plowed my way through snow that would have caused other substitutes to boil away; Radiator Glycerine is still there."

READ THESE SIMPLE INSTRUCTIONS

ALTHOUGH the permanence of Radiator Glycerine makes it cheaper in the long run, its first cost is greater than that of other anti-freeze agents, so it is of prime importance to prevent its waste.

Above all, be sure the cooling system is tight. Remember glycerine takes advantage of minor leaks. Your garageman can easily flush all dirt and sediment from the cooling system, tighten hose connections, cylinder head gaskets, and pump packing, so there can be absolutely no question that the system is leak-proof.

Also don't waste glycerine through the overflow pipe *inside* the radiator. Never fill radiator higher than within 3" of the top of this pipe. This allows the solution to expand without overflowing when heated up.

Remember only leakage or overflow can impair the permanence of glycerine's protection. No replacement for evaporation is necessary except an occasional replenishment of the *water* in the solution as in summer.

Use only pure distilled radiator glycerine solutions vouched for by a reliable maker and be sure your car is carefully serviced according to the instructions. You can then drive your car in all kinds of weather free from all worry over the possibility of a frozen motor.

At What Temperature Do YOU Drive
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CORRECT FOR EFFICIENT DRIVING
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BELOW THIS DANGER!
A motor without a shutter front is hard er to start in cold weather
Cold weather is very hard on batteries. Don't let winter force you to use the crank.
Cold weather causes excessive dilution of oil. Oil dilution rapidly brings scored cylinders and heavy repair bills.
Why let cold weather fill up your cylinders with carbon? Keep the motor warm, and minimize carbon
Do you find yourself shifting gears oftener in winter? That means that cold weather is stealing power from your car.
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5 Ways that Cold Weather Harms Your Car

MANY motorists fail to realize the serious harm that comes to their car through cold weather. They seem to think that as long as their motor keeps running, all is well.

There is serious danger to your motor—danger that cuts years from its life and service—unless you take the right step to ward off this trouble.

To operate at its proper efficiency, your motor should run at a temperature of about 190°. As soon as it gets below this temperature, trouble begins. Here are some of the ways that damage can be done from running below this correct heat.

Have You Had Troubles Like These?

Cold weather causes hard starting. It puts a terrific strain on your batteries, exhausting and often ruining them. It causes dilution of lubricating oil, resulting in worn and scored cylinders and pistons. It causes rapid and heavy accumulation of carbon. It results in startling lack of power. Trouble enough you will admit—but the real damage becomes increasingly apparent when you are faced with heavy repair and replacement charges.

How To Avoid These Dangers

You can stop these losses with no trouble and small expense. The Allen Shutter Front keeps your motor warm on the coldest day, and gives you absolute control, from the seat of your car, over its running temperature. So simple and inexpensive that thousands use it in preference to any other form of radiator protection. So handsome in appearance that the Rolls-Royce and other fine cars use it as standard factory equipment.

There is an Allen Shutter Front for every car. It can be quickly and easily installed by your accessory or garage man. Don't take chances with cold weather; have an Allen on your car without further delay.

It always works.

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The ALLEN SHUTTER FRONT

Positive Hand Control From the Dash!—*It Always Works*

ALLEN SHUTTER FRONT

THE SONGS YOU FORGOT TO REMEMBER

(Continued from Page 45)

About the same time, or a little earlier, Joseph Warren, a fire-eating patriot, whose might split the difference between pen and sword, had the happy idea of writing Free America to the tune of The British Grenadiers. He rimes "America" with "sway," "away," "day," "prey," "betray," "array," and "obey," successively, not to speak of "tomb" and "Rome." One line in the opening stanza runs, "Oppose, oppose, oppose, oppose." In the second, third, fourth and fifth this is changed to "Huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza." The sixth stanza introduces the original variant, "And fight and shout, and shout and fight," while the last plays safe with "The sons, the sons, the sons, the sons, of brave America."

But even in the earliest days sentimentality had its fling. The romantic ballad became popular at the very start of the nineteenth century and it has never lost its grip. One of the most elegant was called Love's Ritornella, and its heroine was Gentle Zitella who was invited by a strange gentleman to hear him sing, but declined to wait because of her fear of a dreaded bandit, and, of course, it wasn't a gentleman at all, but the bandit himself. This song was popularized by James Wallack in a play called The Bandit, at the Park Theatre.

Famous Sob Ballads

Woodman, Spare That Tree drew tears from nature-loving audiences until it was parodied by a bold collegian of the late 40's as Barber, Spare Those Hairs; and many a beaker of beer or ale went bottom up to the sentiment of Wife, Children and Friends. A pathetic ballad of the 40's was Old Rosin, the Beau—frequently spelled "Bow" by those who seemed to think it had something to do with a fiddle—and this tune was used for several political songs, including one for Henry Clay and one for Lincoln, and kept its vogue right on into the 70's.

Songs of self-pity took an early hold on the American public—Old Rosin belonged to this class—and today the suggestion of martyrdom is still the surest way to stir an audience. Do They Miss Me at Home? ran through several variations, and nobody seemed to suspect that the answer was probably "No." Nobody's Darling led to They Say I am Nobody's Darling, and there were many others. This habit of demanding gratuitous sympathy was parodied in The Son of a Gambolier—"I'm a rambling rake of poverty"—but persisted, nevertheless, concentrating finally in the great mass of songs in celebration of death, before, during or after the event.

References to a specific grave have always been popular, as in Alice Hawthorne's Listen to the Mocking Bird, which, contrary to general opinion, is not just a whistling solo, but a very pathetic lament over the deceased Hally. She may have been related to one of the H. P. Danks heroines—he wrote much more than Silver Threads Among the Gold—whose name was Allie, and the first stanza runs:

Allie darling, blue-eyed Allie,
Do you not remember well,
In yon little vine-clad cottage,
Loving stories we did tell?
Sweetest flowers bloomed around us,
Gentle zephyrs flitted by,
Bidding fair a happy future,
*Allie, dear, for you and I.**

Why Did They Dig Ma's Grave So Deep? was a familiar question in the 70's and 80's, and made a very good quartet for the recent revival of Fashion. In the Baggage Coach Ahead, written in the early 90's by Gussie Davis, a colored Pullman porter, dramatized death by shipping the mother's coffin on the same train with the sorrowing father and a howling infant, and it is still popular. Mr. Davis also composed The Fatal Wedding, in which the husband commits suicide, after his child, by a wronged first wife, dies conveniently in the church, but this song belongs rather to the great scandal school.

Children were the favorite protagonists of macabre song writing, and the fashion was unquestionably encouraged by Dickens' Little Nell and Mrs. Stowe's irritatingly virtuous Eva. Put Me in My Little Bed started a whole series on the statistics of possible decease before dawn, and Thurland Chattaway dragged in the problem of race prejudice with Little Black Me, in which the innocent pickaninny wondered if the angels would object to her color. The prize of the whole collection, however, was Only Me, by Ford and Bratton, an early Witmark publication:

A mother of fashion was being arrayed,
By her dainty French maid Babette;
Her two little girls in the nursery played,
But one was her darling, her pet;
A sound from the room caused the mother to cry,
"Was that you, my dear Marie?"
The answer came back, 'twixt a sob and a sigh,
"No, mamma, it's only me."

CHORUS

"Only me, only me," sobbed in a weary tone,
Wrung from an innocent baby's heart, that felt so much alone.
One got the kisses and kindly words; that was her pet Marie!
One told her troubles to bees and birds; that one was only me!

Close to a white col, on a bright summer day,
The mother's heart weakened at last;
The life of her baby was ebbing away,
The tears of repentance fell fast;
"Now don't you cry, mother, dear; you needn't care,
It isn't your dear Marie,
And maybe the angels will have love to spare,
A little for only me."

Charles K. Harris, immortalized by After the Ball and Break the News to Mother, wrote a song in the manner of the Baggage Coach Ahead, but his chief contribution to infantile pathos was Always in the Way.

The Sentimental Song School

One of the best popular songs ever written about children, incidentally, was I Don't Want to Play in Your Yard, by H. W. Petrie. Another in the pathos group is Only a 'ittle Dirly Dirl, by Addison Fletcher Andrews, which demands quotation. Its author was a member of the New York Tribune staff, assistant manager of Carnegie Hall and the New York Symphony Orchestra, founder of the Manuscript Music Society, and a contributor to Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians.

I love to sit upon the floor, with nursey by my side,
Or munch a sweet big apple, my rocking horse astride,
I love to fool with all my toys, an' play at hide-an'-seek,
But most of all I love the boys, that live acwoss the stweet.

CHORUS

For I'm only a 'ittle dirly dirl, a innocent 'ittle dirly dirl!
With my dollies I play, in the nursewy I stay; unless I walk out with Papa;
Yes, I'm only a 'ittle dirly dirl, a good 'ittle, quiet, dirly dirl!
Ev'wy hour in the day twying hard to obey my dearwest, my sweetest Mamma.

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Rain and Telephone Calls

THE annual rainfall in the United States would weigh over three and one-half trillions of tons.

This vast weight is drawn up to the clouds by the unseen but effective power of the sun; representing energy equivalent to three hundred billion horsepower.

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There must be the man-power of 300,000 individuals to build, maintain and operate the telephone system.

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The rain sustains life; the telephone furnishes swift communication for the nation, and they are alike in requiring a vast amount of unseen energy.

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Why Not Make It an Even Hundred?

A hundred dollars extra! It would be right fine to have it in time to spend for Christmas, wouldn't it?

Under a plan which we have—it makes no difference what your age, or your sex—you should be able to make a long stride toward the "century"—perhaps to exceed it—by Christmas.

Send the coupon—today—for all the details.

"That's Better"

Put Vesta non-microphonic tubes in your set and note the difference. You'll enjoy sweeter tones, fuller tones and note the absence of vibration noises. They cost no more than ordinary tubes.

VESTA *Quality* TUBES

Dealers like to sell them because of the complete satisfaction they give. *Write for Booklet.*

VESTA BATTERY CORPORATION
2100 Indiana Ave. Chicago, U. S. A.

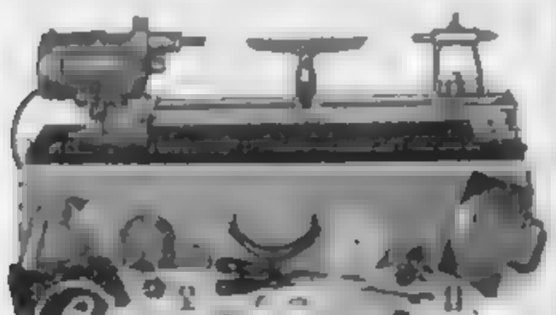
Vesta for Vitality

Vesta Battery Corp., 2100 Indiana Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Please send me your folders on Vesta Radio Tubes, and other Radio Products

Name _____

Address _____

City _____



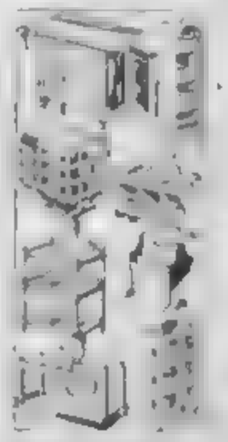
Easy to-

Make Things at Home with *Speed Way* Shop!

A compact and efficient electric work shop driven by the famous SpeedWay motor. Equipped with

Eight Motor Driven Tools

Gives you a complete Lathe—Bench Saw—Jig Saw—Portable Electric Hand Saw. A portable or stationary power drill, equipped for buffing, grinding and cleaning. Attach the SpeedWay Shop to any light socket and you have a completely equipped tool and machine shop.



Only $10.00 Down

A small down payment, balance in easy monthly payments, puts one of these efficient machine shops in your own home.

10 Days' Free Trial

Get free trial, and if you are not entirely satisfied that this shop is a better investment than we claim it to be send it back!

Make Things at Home

With this shop you can make attractive furniture, novelties, toys, radio work, [illegible]

Don't Delay – Write Today

Write for full information on [illegible] Write today.

Free Blue Prints

Write for list of working blue prints [illegible] each SpeedWay Shop.

Electro-Magnetic Tool Company
1830 S. 52nd Ave., Cicero, Ill. (Adjoining Chicago)

Manager, Dept. 111 B. Please send me particulars about 10-day free trial, free blue prints and $10 down payment.

Name _____

Address _____

I'm six years old two weeks ago, an' weigh just thirty-nine;
My hair is short but it will gwow, my eyes are large and fine;
I wear the cutest 'little fwocks that ever you did see,
An' all the way from hat to socks, I'm sweet as sweet can be.

CHORUS

Some day I'll be a gweat big dirl, an' have long dwesses, too,
An' wear a necklace made of pearl, just like my sister Lou;
I'll go to theaters, dances, balls, an' marwy some young man;
*He'll take me to Niagawa Falls, pwovidin' that he can.**

Close to the sentimental school of self-pity was that vague mass of song literature that merely hinted at causes of distress and implied that someone was not angry, only terribly, terribly hurt. An early specimen bore the title We Never Speak as We Pass By, and was musically interesting because of the now familiar echo form, in which a line of solo is repeated in harmony, as popularized by How Dry I Am, Sweet Adeline, Say Au Revoir, And When I Die, and so on.

Mrs. Charles Barnard adorned this style with her drippingly pathetic Take Back the Heart, which ultimately became a stock phrase and the foundation of ribald jokes about butcher shops. A fairly recent example of the school was The Curse of an Aching Heart—"You made me what I am today."

Maudlin sympathy expressed itself objectively also in a plethora of prisoner's songs of which the current atrocity is still rampant. An ancient ballad of Captain Kidd must have done much to feed the flame of morbid interest in criminals. Paul Dresser, of On the Banks of the Wabash, contributed The Convict and the Bird, and Gussie Davis w...ked out Picture 84, a charming story of a visit to the rogues' gallery, where a girl discovers her father's portrait. In the second verse, however, the gray-haired superintendent explains that it was "for her uncle's sake" that her father went to prison, for this scapegrace brother "foolishly forged a check" and it would have been bad sportsmanship to let him serve his own time.

The Plague of Drink

The Boston Burglar preserved the interest in criminology for the gay 90's, and not long ago the passing of an attractive cutthroat actually produced a ballad called The Death of Gerald Chapman. The cause of temperance has enlisted the services of some remarkable songs, and for each of these there has been at least one ditty to celebrate the pleasures of drink, and perhaps half a dozen. Outside of the familiar exhortation to the landlord—Fill the Flowing Bowl—the wettest song on record is Little Brown Jug, which bred whole generations of stein songs, culminating in Down Where the Wurzburger Flows and Under the Annheuser Busch, by Harry Von Tilzer. The outstanding tribute to intemperance in the 70's was Champagne Charlie, but there were many others of its kind.

It is difficult to realize that Henry C. Work, who wrote such sprightly tunes as Kingdom Coming and Marching Through Georgia, could have been guilty of Father, Dear Father, Come Home to Me Now. Such things as The Drunkard's Lone Child and The Face on the Barroom Floor are practically forgotten today; but a few will remember Somebody's Grandpa, which told of an old sot, ridiculed by the children, until one little girl defended him against them, saying "He's somebody's grandpa"; as, indeed, he was. The Volunteer Organist told of a similar lost soul, playing his life story on the church organ and then staggering away to oblivion. Incidentally, Ernest Ball, who composed Love Me and the World is Mine, made a most appealing chorus out of the mellifluous word "saloon," in waltz time.

Flirtatious songs had a real vogue in the second half of the nineteenth century, and usually they displayed geographic accuracy, although generalizing in sentimentality. One of the most daring of these songs was called Croquet—also revived in Fashion—and the repeated question, "Was that croquet?" implied that the lady and gentleman indulged in a little petting party, while the paraphernalia of the progressive arches lay about unheeded. It was Barney Fagan, still playing on Broadway, who later concocted the politest of all such songs—Decollette, which he described as "the latest fad in evening dress."

The Human-Interest Touch

Some scathing lyrics were directed at the perfumed dandies of the antimacassar period, among them The Captivating Dude and Lardy Dah, but the summit of such satire was reached in Major Gilfeather, a classic of the Harrigan and Hart régime. Central Park figured in two songs, Flirting on the Ice and Twilight in the Park, representing the opposite seasons of the year. The Dark Girl Dressed in Blue told of a meeting in Central Park, but ended tragically, as the mysterious lady succeeded in making her cavalier change a counterfeit ten-dollar bill. Such experiences assumed almost savage proportions in The Bowery many years later. Strolling on the Brooklyn Bridge was matched by Walking Down Broadway, and eventually the geography became more important than the love interest. This tendency has remained in evidence to the present day.

A whole cycle of songs grew up around the circus, always a fascinating subject, including P. T. Barnum's Show, Menagerie and other animal fantasies, the uproarious Oh, Fred, Tell Them to Stop, and a tragic ballad concerning The Man on the Flying Trapeze. Orientalism received due attention in the endless Abdul Abulbul, Kafoozalem and The Streets of Cairo, which brought the hoochy-koochy to the World's Fair in 1893. This was also the year of After the Ball.

The chief requisite of all such songs was a human-interest story, always with a sentimental angle and, if possible, a catch phrase to establish the leading thought, if any. Thus Paul Dresser added Just Tell Them That You Saw Me to the Harris titles, and contemporaneously there appeared Take Back Your Gold, My Mother Was a Lady, She is More to be Pitied Than Censured, A Bird in a Gilded Cage, and eventually the parody of all parodies, Heaven Will Protect the Working Girl. Less known today, but familiar in the 90's, were Gold Will Buy Most Anything But a True Girl's Heart, Don't Say I Did It, Jack—an early plea for the unwritten law, greatly modified—and I Won't Let You Insult Her.

The forerunner of the story ballad was the moralizing song, such as You Never Miss the Water Till the Well Runs Dry (Waste Not, Want Not), Always Take Mother's Advice, and so on. Harris gave a new twist to the technic by having his story told at secondhand, as in After the Ball, when "a little maiden climbed an old man's knee"—with the chief accent on the "a"—and dragged out of him the whole tale of a misunderstanding which lost him his true love, because he did not know it was her brother who was kissing her in the conservatory. Two Little Girls in Blue used the same technic, except that the little girl became a boy, and where Harris filled

(Continued on Page 206)

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ELEGANCE

A quality much sought after years ago when clothes were more colorful. Permissible to-day, provided it be not foppish. The fabrics used in

JOHN SHANNON'S ENGLISH COATS

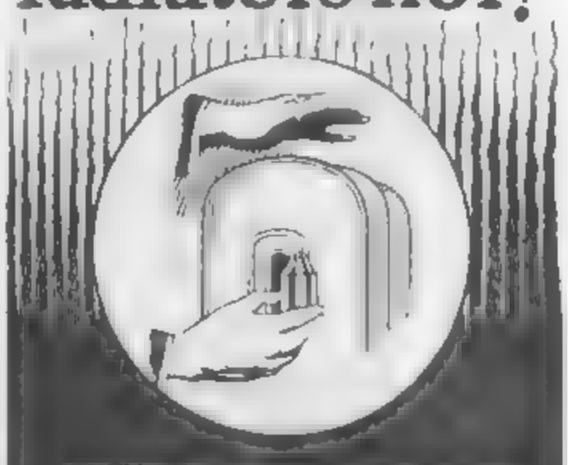
combined with the restrained outline of every model, assure that indefinable something which, for want of a better word, we call ELEGANCE.

Write for name of nearest Dealer and Illustrated Style Booklet

MAGNUS IMPORTS, LTD
Sole Selling Agents
208 Fifth Ave., New York City
Wholesale Only

AIRID

AIR VALVES make radiators *HOT!*



AIRID Air Valves make cold radiators *hot*. Attach easily to any steam radiator without tools—need no adjusting—[illegible]—make no noise—[illegible] heating and plumbing stores. Only $1.60.

Made and guaranteed by the world's largest manufacturers of heating equipment

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

BIG BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY

$400 MACHINE EARNED $5040 IN ONE YEAR. $240 machine $1440, $180 machine $2160. Many St. Louis machines earned annually $1000. One man placed 300. Responsible company offers exclusive advertising proposition. Unlimited possibilities. Protected territory. $1000 to $3000 investment required. Experience unnecessary. NATIONAL KELLAC CO., 320 N. 19th St., St. Louis, Mo.

You must control *any* force *to make it useful*

Science controls *Light* *with* HOLOPHANE

Life without light would be impossible. But light itself is useless until it is in the right place. For instance, no matter how much light is around you at this moment, you cannot read these words unless there is sufficient light *right on the words themselves.*

Every problem in artificial illumination is two-fold: first, you must create enough light—and second, you must convert that light into illumination by directing it to useful destinations.

For creating light you have the wonderful Mazda Lamp; for directing its rays to the proper destinations you have Holophane Reflectors and Refractors. Never think of one without the other.

Holophane units are made of prismatic glass, and are offered to you in many designs, each a *specific* answer to a *specific* (but typical) lighting problem. How they function is explained by the diagrams.

Ask yourself this question: "What am I doing to deliver the light I pay for to the places where I want it—on my desks, my machines, my merchandise, or whatever it may be?"

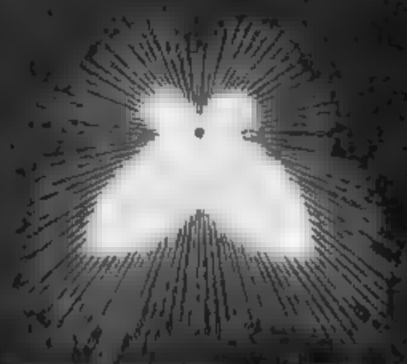
Remember that it actually costs you less to install Holophane units than not to do so, because the improved illumination they provide from a given amount of current pays for them many times over.

Write us about your lighting problem and you will promptly receive expert advice for specific application to your case.

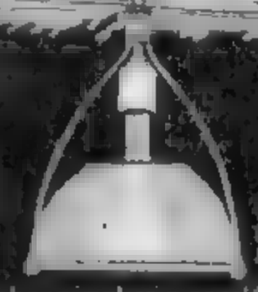
HOLOPHANE CO.
New York and Toronto

A ray of light passing thru a glass prism is bent from its original course. Holophane has developed a wide variety of prismatic glass units in each of which the prisms are shaped and placed to direct the light exactly as required by some *specific* lighting problem.

What Holophane units do is illustrated by the diagram above. The left half shows the light distribution of a bare lamp; the right half shows the distribution from the same lamp when equipped with one specific type of Holophane Reflector.



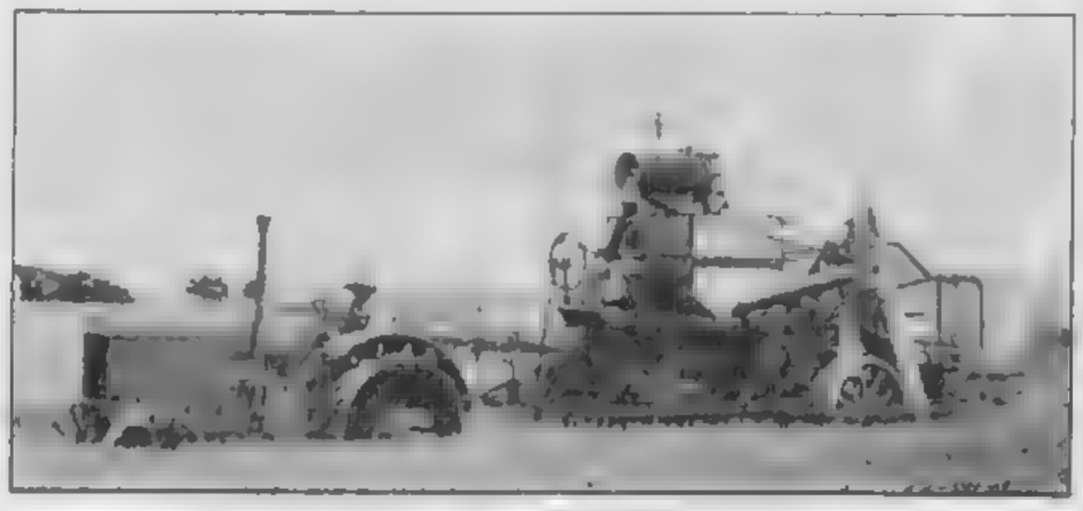
Another example. Above is shown the light distribution of the Holophane R-S (Reflector-refractor) extensively used in schools, stores and offices.



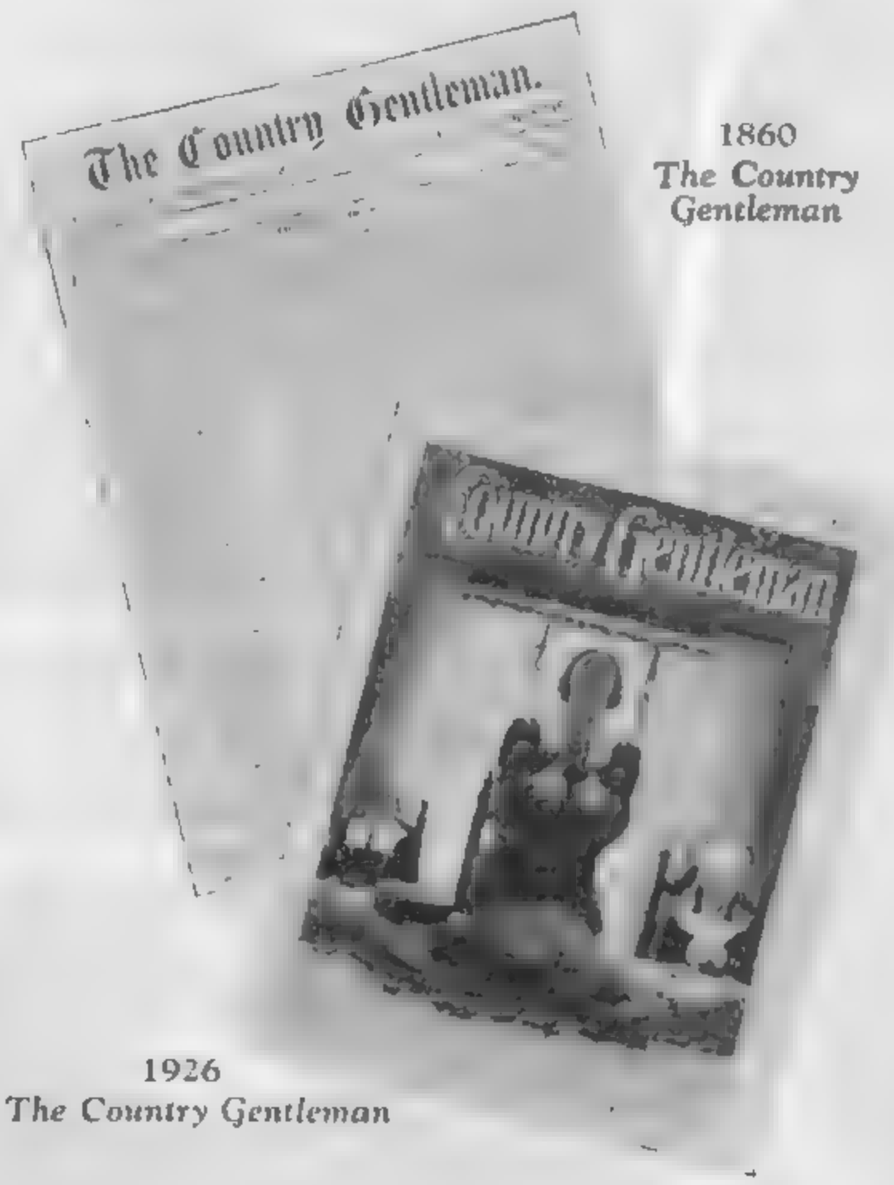
Holophane makes a specific unit for practically every lighting situation—whether it be a factory, office, school, show-window, street or other place—whether the best light distribution be concentrated, extended, symmetrical or non-symmetrical. Above is illustrated a Holophane Industrial Unit now widely used by the Ford Motor Co. and many other leading manufacturers.

HOLOPHANE CONVERTS LIGHT INTO ILLUMINATION

1860
The Tread-Power Thresher



1926
The Combine Harvester-Thresher



1860
The Country Gentleman

1926
The Country Gentleman

The progress of *The Country Gentleman* is as great as the progress of the farmers who are its readers.

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The Village within the city

How the proprietor of a neighborhood business can expand it to serve a larger and larger trade

IN their daily buying habits most city dwellers live in small towns and lead more or less small-town lives.

Cities are so big that city people live in little sections, bounded by a few streets.

City housewives buy their food, their ice, their laundry service, and all the other items of every-day trading from neighborhood tradesmen.

Business men eat lunch, get their haircuts, and make most of their purchases within a few blocks of their offices.

Inside that little area in which they move, they know the hotels, the cigar stores, the restaurants, the clothiers—in fact, every type of shop—thoroughly and well.

Take the men a half mile from their business or the women a few blocks from their homes and they are in a relatively strange place.

The merchant or shop of any sort that wants to enlarge its trading zone has but one economical and efficient way to do it. That is by using printing—direct advertising.

If you are the proprietor of a business that is too big to remain little, and too little to attempt to draw trade from the entire city, you will want to advertise, but you may not know how to begin.

The man who can help you most is a good printer.

Prepare a mailing list made up of names of people who live not too far away.

Engage a printer to help you prepare a continuous program of direct advertising.

Increase this advertising as your business increases. Increase your mailing list as you increase the number of your customers.

By the use of Better Paper and Better Printing the prosperous small business can become a prosperous large business. The neighborhood store that deserves to grow can lift its head above the little village within the city and become a part of the big-store life of the city.

Choose a good printer, if you haven't one, and talk to him.

From his experience you can draw much helpful guidance.

To merchants, manufacturers, printers, and buyers of printing

For many years S. D. Warren Company has devoted study to ways and methods for making printed pieces more effective. The results of this work are contained in a series of books on various phases of direct advertising. Some of these books are ready; some are yet to be issued. Copies may be obtained without charge from any paper merchant who sells Warren's Standard Printing Papers, or by writing direct to S. D. Warren Company, 101 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

WARREN'S
STANDARD PRINTING PAPERS
Warren's Standard Printing Papers are tested for qualities required in printing, folding, and binding

[better paper ~ better printing]

5

After-shaving Comforts
in one quick splash

WE make talcum powder, but we don't recommend it for use after shaving. We find that it tends to absorb the natural moisture of the skin, making it dry and uncomfortable. Besides—it's mussy—bothersome. So are most greases, and, in addition, they collect dust even when carefully wiped off.

That's why we perfected Aqua Velva expressly for after-shaving use.

One quick splash of this crystal-clear liquid gives your face these 5 after-shaving delights:

First: It gives the face an invigorating, lively tingle.

Second: It sterilizes and helps to heal little cuts and scrapes.

Third: It refreshes with a fine, man-style fragrance.

Fourth: It protects against wind and cold.

Fifth: It conserves the needed natural moisture of the skin. (Powders absorb this—leave the skin dry.) Aqua Velva conditions your face and keeps it just as comfortable all day long as Williams Shaving Cream leaves it.

Your dealer will supply you with Aqua Velva. It comes in 5-ounce bottles at 50c (60c in Canada). By mail postpaid on receipt of price, in case your dealer is out of it.

Let us send you a generous trial bottle of Aqua Velva, FREE. Just clip the coupon below—or send your name and address on a postcard.

FREE TRIAL BOTTLE!

SEND COUPON BELOW

The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. 411-B
Glastonbury, Conn
Canadian Address 1114 St. Patrick St., Montreal

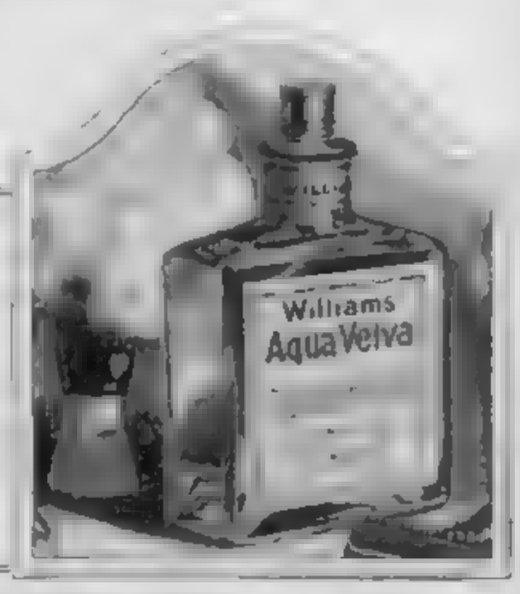
Send me test bottle of Aqua Velva.

Name

Address

City

S E P 11 20 26



Made by the makers of Williams Shaving Cream

(Continued from Page 202)

any hole in a line by simply using "pet" as a suffix, the later song substituted "lad."

The happy ending was definitely encouraged by The Little Lost Child, which introduced the custom of using song slides on the screen. Ed Marks and Joe Stern, two traveling salesmen, collaborated on this song and founded their publishing business on its success. The story of the passing policeman who found a stray child which turned out to be his own, carried away by an errant wife in a fit of temper years before, has a firmer hold on the memory than has the rather banal waltz tune. My Mother Was a Lady, by the same collaborators, can legitimately claim some of the most delightful lines in American song literature. The exposition concerns two drummers who sat at dinner "in a grand hotel one day," pleasantly chatting, "to pass the time away."

And when a pretty waitress brought them a tray of food,
They spoke to her familiarly, in manner rather rude.

She accepts their banter good-naturedly until "a remark is passed" that brings a blush to her cheeks, whereupon she delivers herself of this chorus:

"My mother was a lady, like yours, you will allow,
And you may have a sister who needs protection now.
I came to this great city to find my brother dear,
*And you would not dare insult me, sir, if Jack were only here."**

In the second verse the drummers are properly ashamed. "Forgive me, miss, we meant no harm," says one, and asks her name.

It turns out that he knows her brother well, "and he often speaks of you."

The language of our song writers may be more sophisticated today, but the sentiments are still much the same. Ballads still have a huge sale, whereas comic songs, dance numbers, and so on, are only passingly popular. The great American listener wants to cry, and he does not care how you accomplish his purpose. American song literature, however, has produced a few fine ballads like Frankie and Johnnie, and Casey Jones, and, in general, the songs you forgot to remember are more important than the songs you remembered to forget.

The vigorous coon songs of the past have degenerated into the Mammy palaver prevalent today. Animal monstrosities of frankly absurd character became labels for abnormal dance forms. Worst of all, the sugar daddy has replaced the impossible yet highly estimable suitor of nineteenth-century romance, and the most natural enthusiasms of mankind are turned to leering farce and snickering suggestiveness. Our foolish ancestors may have been naïve, but on the whole their taste in popular music was not to be despised.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Six Hundred Thousand Weekly)

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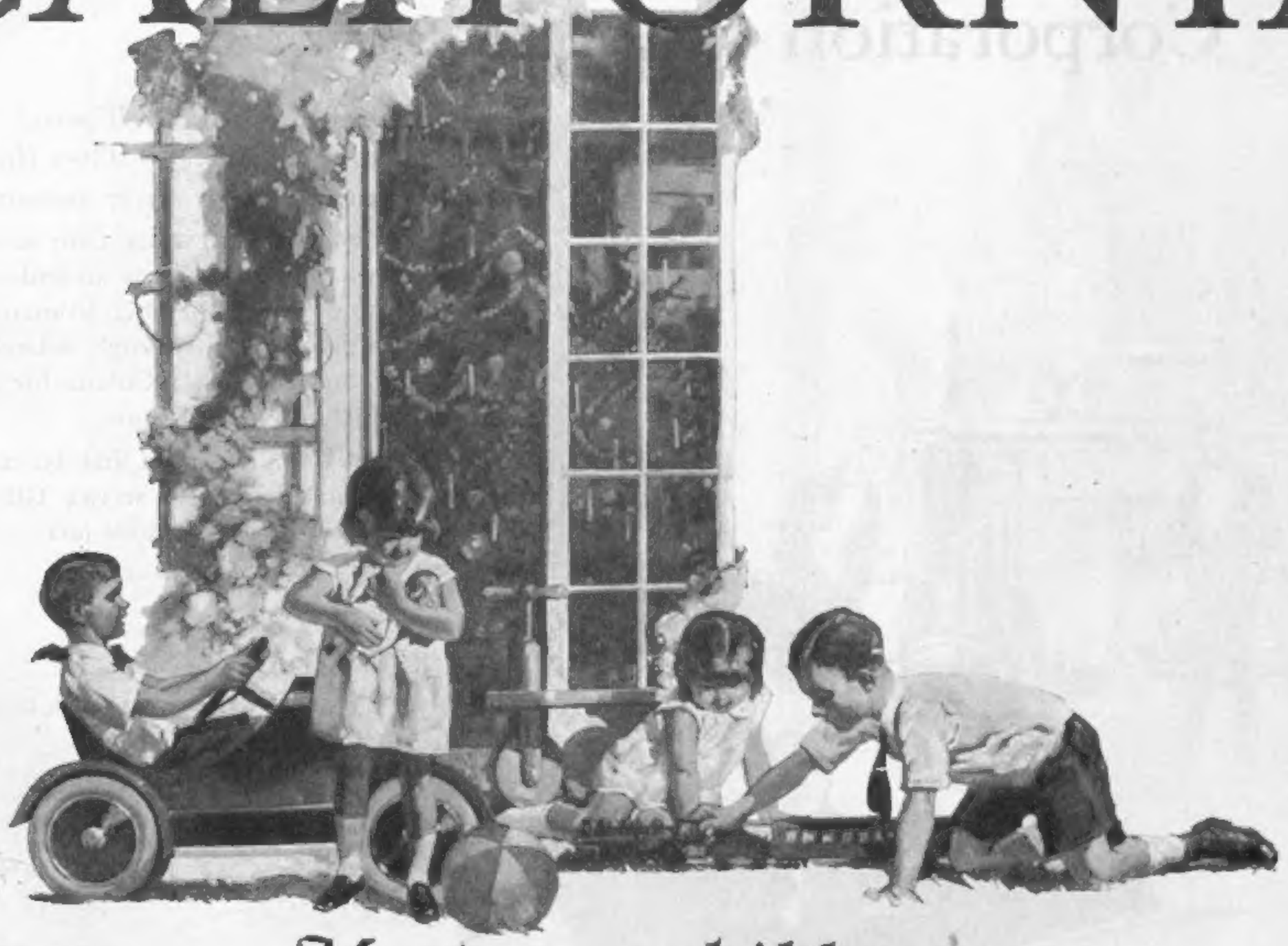
CALIFORNIA



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Think! If you had lived in San Francisco for the last 15 years, the thermometer in your garden would have averaged only *10 degrees* cooler at noontime on 15 Christmas Days than on 15 Fourth of July *noons!* And in the surrounding suburban cities you may discover even warmer winter temperatures.

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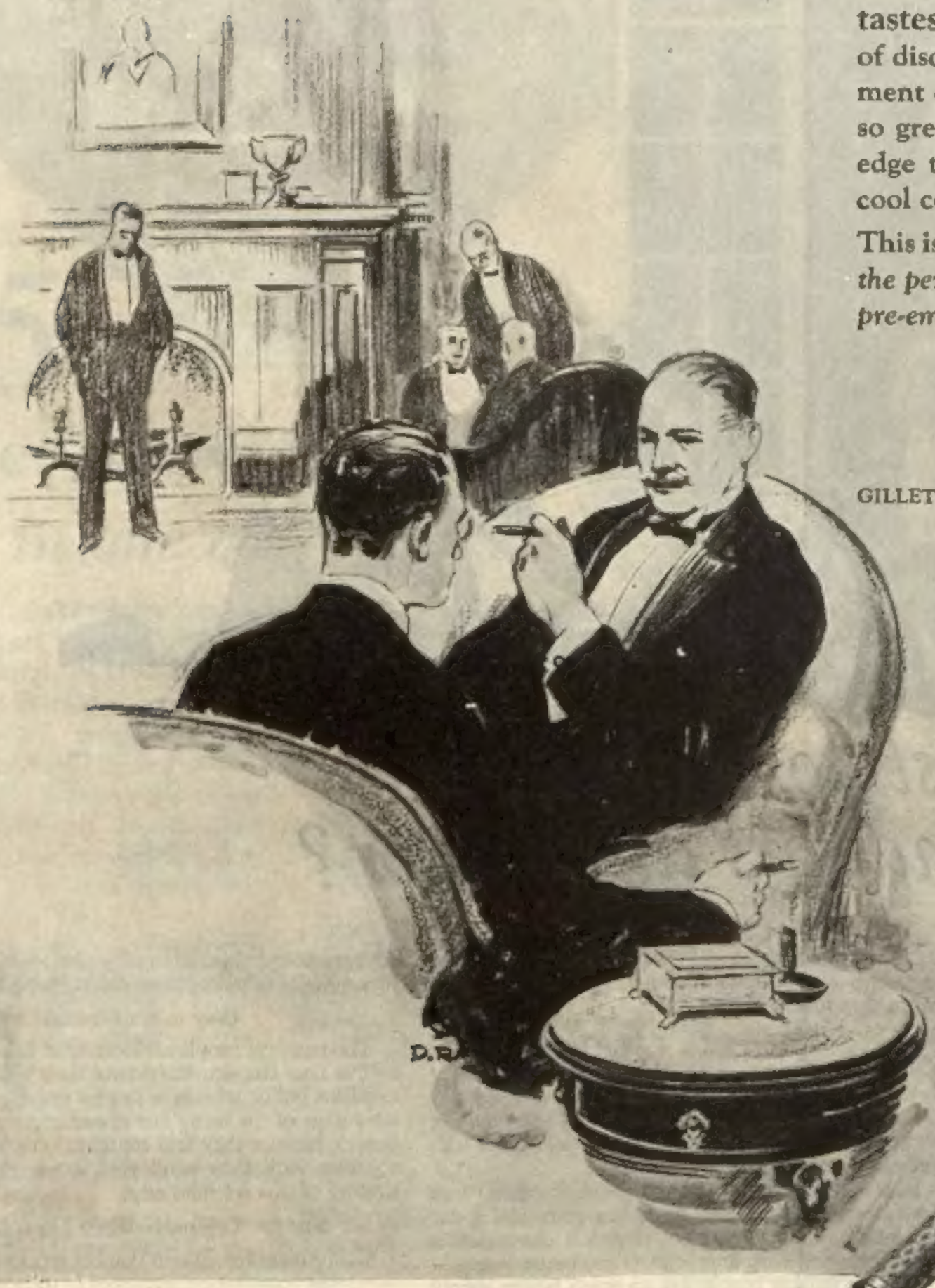

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